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THE PRINCE OF WALES'S
SPORT IN INDIA

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE EARL OF CROMER

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THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED
TO
MY DEAR MOTHER

PREFACE

BY THE EARL OF CROMER

THE interest of Mr. Ellison's book cannot fail to appeal to its readers. In the accounts given us of the sport enjoyed by the Prince of Wales during his Indian visit, Mr. Ellison has had the good fortune of having the experienced hand of Sir H. Perry Robinson to assist him in editing this work.

It is not for me, therefore, to amplify the story told in these pages by adding many words of my own in a preface, but the author having done me the honour of inviting contribution of some introductory remarks, it is with the greatest pleasure that my mind turns to those delightful days spent in the jungles, on the polo ground, and the racecourse.

To those who were privileged to be associated with His Royal Highness while in India, these pages will recall many an incident, either exciting, humorous or pleasant, and Mr. Ellison has succeeded in giving a graphic insight into the varied sporting activities of the Prince of Wales during this eventful period.

Probably nowhere in the world is so much sport of every kind obtainable as in India, Nepal and Burma. Opportunities of big and small game shooting, pigsticking, hunting, fishing, racing and polo were bounteously offered—and as gratefully and appreciatively taken. The ruling Princes of India, in their sumptuous and warm-hearted hospitality, gave of their very best, and I deeply regret that space precludes the mentioning of Their Highnesses individually in this Preface. If exception be permissible, a passing tribute of mingled admiration, praise and gratitude is surely due to General His Highness the Maharaja of Nepal for the infinite care bestowed upon the shooting camp which rendered accessible the jungles of this country so renowned in the annals of sport. It was due also to His Highness's generosity that the Prince of Wales was enabled to bring back to England some splendid specimens of wild animals and birds, with which His Royal Highness, in his turn, was able to enrich the collection of the Royal Zoological Society in London.

And here some of Mr. Ellison's readers will, I know, allow me to express to him the appreciation we feel of the services he rendered

to the whole party by his knowledge and experience in zoological matters, while others will also feel indebted to him for being instructive.

From first to last, during the intervals between occasions for duties and formalities, every endeavour was made by sportsmen, Indian and British, to give enjoyment to the Prince of Wales and his Staff in the wide range that India offers. In this they succeeded to the full, and how, indeed, could it be otherwise?

To the Prince of Wales and to many others, the forms of sport were novel, the country was new, and the excitement always exhilarating. Guests and hosts alike were fired by enthusiasm and with the leadership of youth; embodied in the personality and charm of the Prince of Wales, hazards and chances seemed to acquire additional zest.

This is no place for personal reminiscences, but there is one memory that is common to sportsmen all the world over, and that is the vision of a youthful face flushed with the heat, excitement and exertion of the chase, and wearing the smile of victory.

Thus did we often see the Prince of Wales in the jungle—after pig-sticking—after a race—after a polo match—or after other strenuous games, and thus will His Royal Highness always remain a vivid picture and an example in the minds of sportsmen in India, who will ever preserve the memories of this visit amongst their most cherished recollections.

CROMER.

October 20th, 1924.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

PORTIONS of the matter contained in this book, dealing with the larger shoots in the several Indian States, have already appeared (though now revised and added to) in three articles published in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society ; * and my thanks are due to the Committee of that Society for their permission to use those articles and some of the accompanying illustrations in the present volume. The last of those articles did not see the light in the *Journal* till the spring of 1923. It was not until still later that I came home to England on leave. It is these facts, together with the difficulty of accumulating information from—as any reader will observe—a very great variety of sources, often in remote parts of India, that have delayed the publication of this work until now.

The date does not, I think, matter. The contents of the following pages are not, so to speak, “news.” They are intended to form a permanent record of what was undoubtedly one of the greatest sporting expeditions, in both the excellence and variety of the sport enjoyed (though sport was not the primary object of the tour) which has ever taken place. Its remarkable character was due in part to the immense pains taken by the various ruling princes and others to see that the very best that India could provide was put at His Royal Highness’s disposal, and in part to the indefatigable keenness and the personality of the Prince himself.

The mere bald narrative of the incidents of the tour should continue to have an interest long beyond the present time. But I have endeavoured to make this volume something more than such a narrative. It would be claiming too much to say that an attempt has been made to make it a survey of the whole field of Indian sport up to date ; but I have written throughout from a natural history point of view, and in the miscellaneous incidental matters which are incorporated in the various chapters—the field notes, the descriptions of various animals, the notes on skinning and measurements and records and so forth—there is, I hope, much which will interest the zoologist and botanist as well as the sportsman.

For the chapters on Pig-sticking, Polo and Racing (without

* See Vol. XXVIII., No. 3. ; Vol. XXVIII., No. 4. ; and Vol. XXIX., No. 1.

which the record would have been very incomplete), I have had to rely almost entirely on the advice of, and *data* supplied by, others. I frankly confess myself no expert on any of these sports, however much I may enjoy watching them.

Both in connection with these chapters, and in every other department of the book, I cannot too earnestly express my gratitude for the help that I have received. The best-known sportsmen, big game shots and naturalists of India—many of them men whose names and achievements are famous—have shown me the greatest possible kindness. The mere mentioning of their names here and in the following chapters is a wretchedly inadequate recognition of what they have done. Their unbounded courtesy and helpfulness have made the labour of writing the book a delightful experience.

I also wish to declare my gratitude and indebtedness to the members of H.R.H.'s Staff. It would be useless to attempt to discriminate among them. If one has helped me more than another, it has only been because I have asked for more help. Lord Cromer, Colonel Worgan, Colonel Harvey, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Captain Poynder, the Hon. Piers Legh, Captain Metcalfe—all have helped me to an extent which the references to them individually in the following pages only very partially indicate.

Nor is it possible here to say how deeply I am beholden to the various ruling princes and members of their staffs and to the authorities in the several States. Both during the tour and since they have given me their assistance with unfailing generosity.

In the following list I mention some of those, not already mentioned, to whom I am gratefully indebted; and if I have omitted any one whose name should be included, I beg him to accept my apologies:

My thanks are due to General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who, besides being a great soldier and Chief Scout, is also a big game shot, polo player, and, above all, once won the Kadir Cup; to T. Bainbrigge-Fletcher, Esq., Director of Agricultural Research Institute, Pusa, Bihar; to Colonel Batten, of Edmonstone, Madura District, S. India; to Captain W. L. Beddington, the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards); to T. R. Bell, Esq., I.F.S., of Karwar, N. Kanara, S. India, late Conservator of Forests, Bombay Presidency; to Major R. L. Benson, D.S.O., M.C., formerly Military Secretary to H.E. the Governor of Bombay; to the Rev. E. Blatter, member of the Committee of the Bombay Natural History Society, and a distinguished botanist; to P. F. Bowring, Esq., I.C.S., Deputy

Commissioner in Mysore at the time of the Prince's visit to that State, one of the most famous fishermen in India ; to Brig.-General R. G. Burton, of Bafford Grange, Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire, who has been of great assistance to me, and to his brother, Colonel R. W. Burton, both being well-known big game authorities of great experience ; to C. S. Campbell, Esq., I.C.S., the well-known authority on Indian languages ; to W. E. Copleston, Esq., I.F.S., Conservator of Forests, Bombay Presidency ; to J. Counsell, Esq., of Poona ; to Captain T. C. Crichton, M.C., of the 3rd Cavalry Equitation School, Saugor ; to Frederick T. Daws, Esq., the eminent painter of animals ; to His Highness the Maharaja of Dhar ; to A. A. Dunbar-Brander, Esq., I.F.S., the well-known sportsman and writer on big game ; to Captain E. C. Ellison, 62nd Punjabis, my brother ; to Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe, M.C., I.C.S., recently Commissioner of Lucknow ; to V. H. T. Fields-Clarke, Esq., I.F.S., Burma ; to Major F. C. Fraser, I.M.S., the distinguished naturalist and writer in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society ; to Lieut.-Colonel J. Fuller-Good, I.M.S. ; to E. C. Gibson, Esq., I.C.S., of Bharatpur ; to Lieut.-Colonel K. N. Haksar, Political Member of the Gwalior Durbar ; to Miss Henderson ; to Lieut.-Commander Hopkinson, R.N. ; to J. E. B. Hotson, I.C.S., of Bombay ; to W. M. Hutton, Esq., Officer-in-charge of the Shikar Department of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala ; to Charles M. Inglis, Esq., Curator of the Darjeeling Natural History Museum, my much esteemed friend, and a high authority on birds ; to B. V. Rama Iyengar, Esq., I.F.S., Conservator of Forests, Mysore ; to W. E. Jardine, Esq., I.C.S., the former Resident of Gwalior ; to General Sir Kaiser Shumshere Jung, Bahadur, of Nepal, one of the greatest sportsmen in the East ; to Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Kennion, British Envoy to the Court of Nepal from 1919 to 1921, writer, traveller, and big game hunter ; to F. T. Kingsley, Esq., of elephant fame ; to Captain A. B. Knight, of the Indian Army ; to Percival Landon, Esq., the distinguished writer, and special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* on the Prince of Wales's tour ; to Lieutenant R. Leonard, of the Indian Army ; to Colonel C. E. Luard, the Political Agent in Bhopal, historian and bibliographical and natural history writer ; to F. Ludlow, Esq., of Tibet ; to Sir Henry Macnaghten, Kt., member of the Committee of the Bombay Natural History Society ; to G. T. Mawson, Esq., of Bombay ; to Lieut.-Colonel McConaghy, I.M.S., Agency Surgeon in Bhopal ; to W. S. Millard, Esq., formerly Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Natural History Society ; to G. W. Milroy, Esq., a great authority on elephants ; to Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary of the Zoological Society of London ; to J. Riley O'Brien, Esq. ; to Lieut.-Colonel

W. F. T. O'Connor, British Envoy to the Court of Nepal ; to Major E. W. Oliver, M.R.C.V.S., Veterinary Adviser to the Government of the United Provinces ; to Major T. S. Paterson, M.C., of the 19th Lancers' Equitation School, Saugor ; to T. S. Pipe, Esq., of Dharwar ; to S. H. Prater, Esq., my colleague in Bombay ; to J. G. Ridland, Esq., member of the Committee of the Bombay Natural History Society ; to Colonel Sangster, D.S.O., Commandant of the Equitation School, Saugor ; to Captain H. W. Seton-Kerr, the well-known traveller and sportsman, author of "Ten Years' Wild Sport in Foreign Lands," etc. ; to E. D. Shebbeare, Esq., I.F.S., of the 1924 Mount Everest Expedition, when he was in charge of transport arrangements ; to R. A. Spence, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Natural History Society ; to C. S. Steele-Perkins, Esq., for his courtesy in giving me the use of his photographs ; to H. Stevens, Esq., of Quetta, and of Tring, in Hertfordshire ; to Major C. H. Stockley, D.S.O., of Razmak, N.W.F.P., India ; to Major J. Taylor, D.S.O., of the Indian Medical Service, with the Pasteur Institute in Rangoon ; to William Theobald, Esq., Naturalist, of Mysore ; to Lieut.-Colonel G. E. C. Underhill, I.A., of the 62nd Punjabis ; to Eugene Van Ingen, Esq., Naturalist, of Mysore ; to Captain E. Villiers ; to D. Walker, Esq., Special Correspondent of the *Times of India* ; to Colonel F. Wall, I.M.S., the great authority on snakes ; to Colonel A. E. Ward, of Kashmir ; to Major-General Sir Harry Watson, Extra Equerry to H.M. the King ; to Captain Colin West, Honorary Secretary of the Meerut Tent Club ; to Dr. A. S. Wilson, of Madura District, S. India ; to Lord Wodehouse, M.C., big game shot and international polo player.

I also wish to express my indebtedness to the members of the staff of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, especially to Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, Mr. J. R. Norman, and Mr. Basil H. D. Soulsby, as well as to Messrs. Barton & Sons, the photographers, of Bangalore ; to Messrs. Edward Gerrard & Sons, the well-known naturalists, of Camden Town ; and to Rowland Ward, Ltd., of Piccadilly, without whose assistance no one can safely enter on a discussion of any subject pertaining to big game.

My gratitude is also due to the editors of the several papers from which extracts are made in the following pages : *The Times*, the *Field*, the *Times of India*, and the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society.

In conclusion, there is Sir Harry Perry Robinson, who insists on being called only the Editor of this book, though he has really been much more. Without him there could have been no such book. Not only has he given the whole thing shape and a literary form in

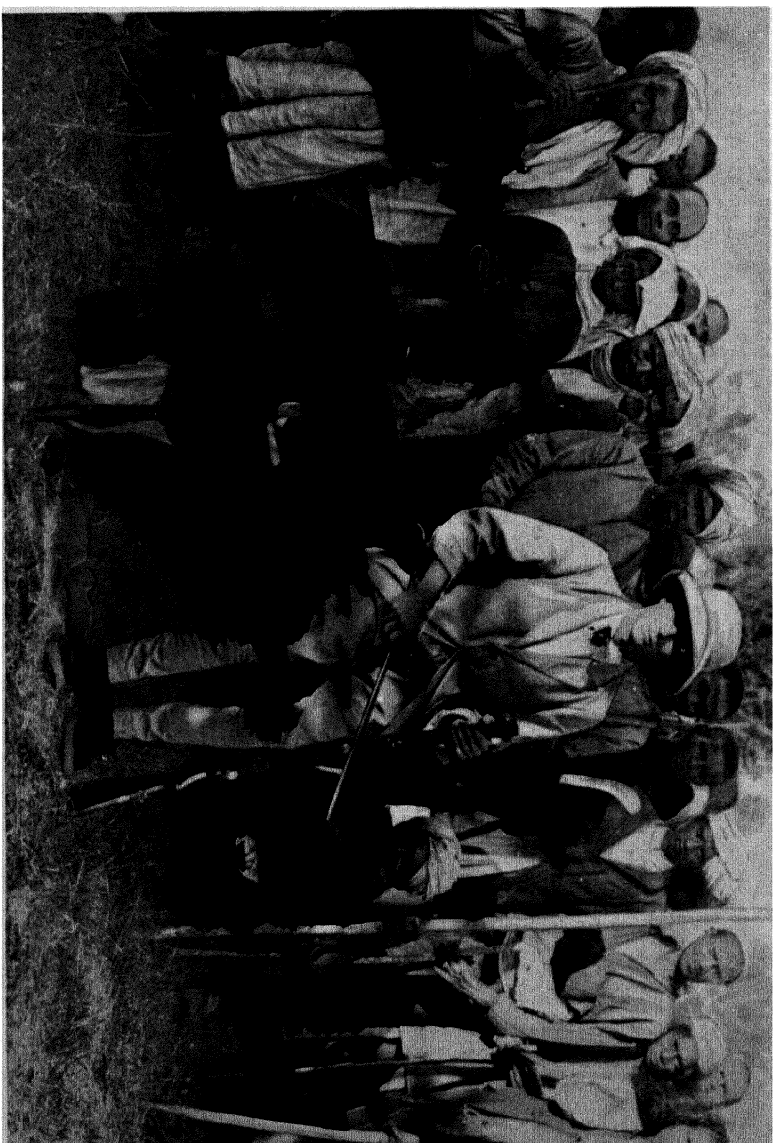
which I could not have clothed it, but I have been able to make free use of his own original writings, whether in his articles as Special Correspondent of *The Times* with H.R.H. upon the tour, or by quotation from his published works, especially from the charming book "Of Distinguished Animals," to which frequent reference is made in the following pages. Experienced readers will probably be able to tell fairly well how large a share of the writing in the volume is his. I would not like to confess.

B. C. E.



Photograph: (cont'd) News.

THE PRINCE AND THE MAHARAJA AND SHOOTING PARTY AT THE TIGER SHOOT, MYSORE (JANUARY 21ST, 1922).
 Left to right: Captain Metcalfe, Mr. Metcalfe, Sir G. de Montmorency, Mr. Campbell (private secretary to H.H. of Mysore), H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, Lord Louis Mountbatten, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., Colonel O'Kinealy, Lord Cromer, Colonel Worgan.



Photographed through the kindness of Messrs. Barton & Sons, Bristol, etc.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS BEATERS AT THE END OF THE TIGER SHOOT.

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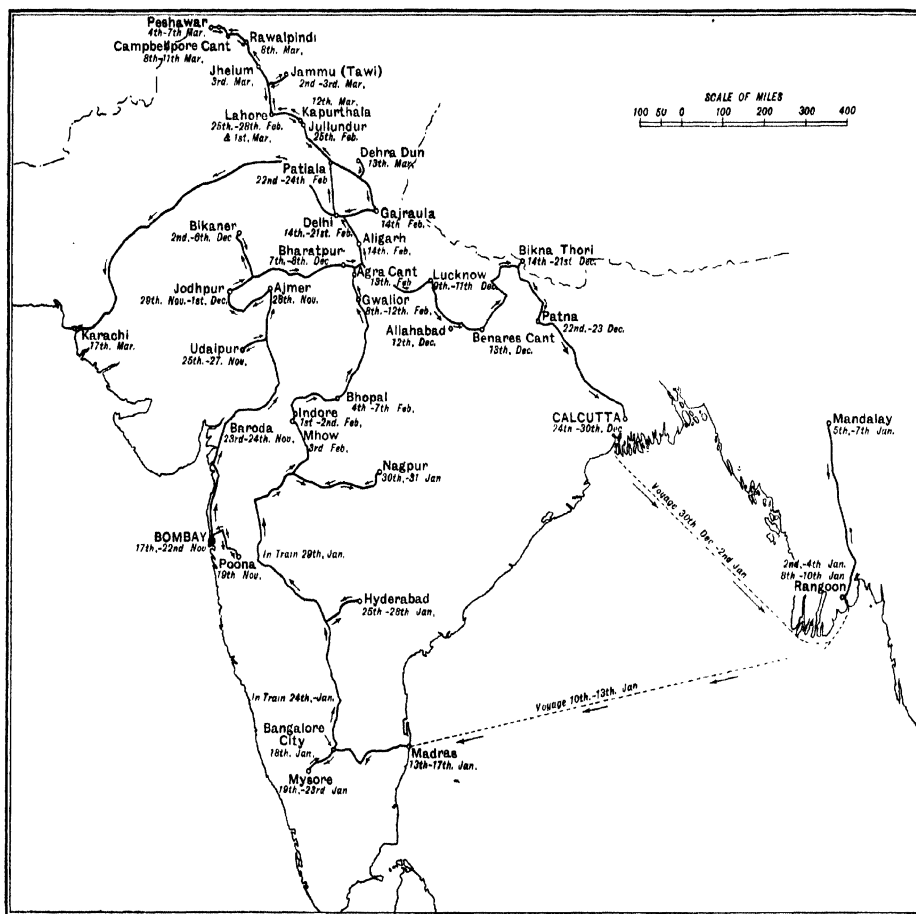
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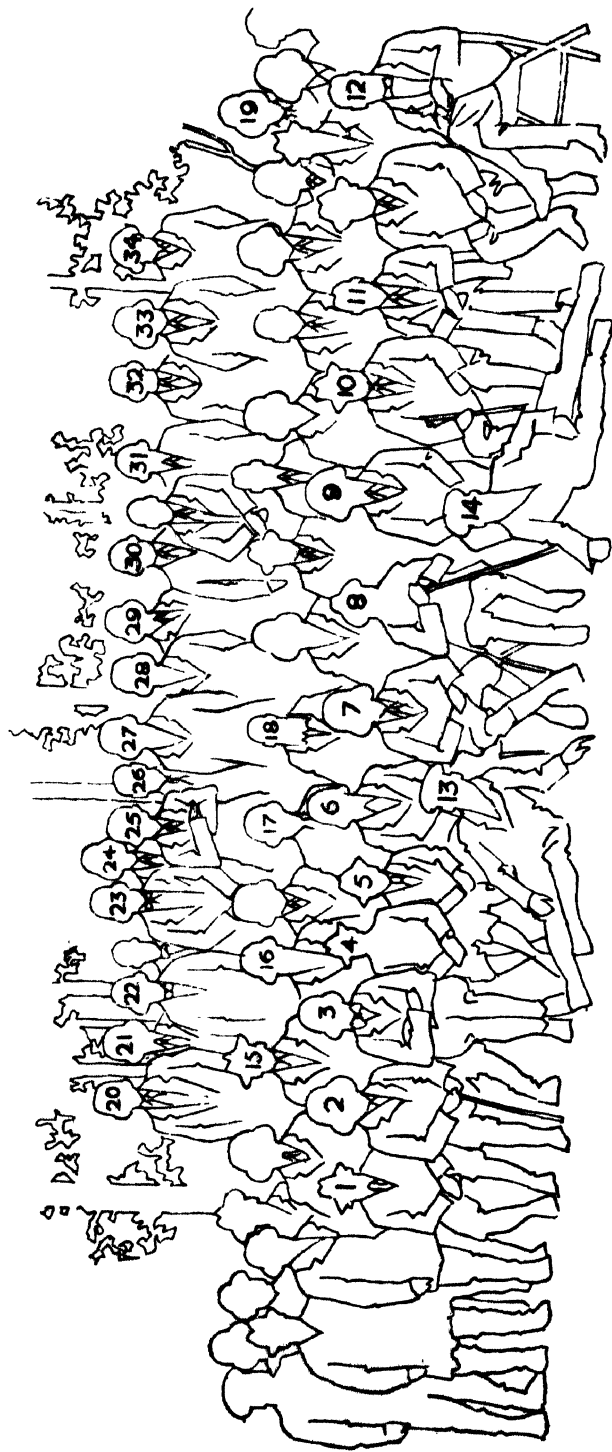
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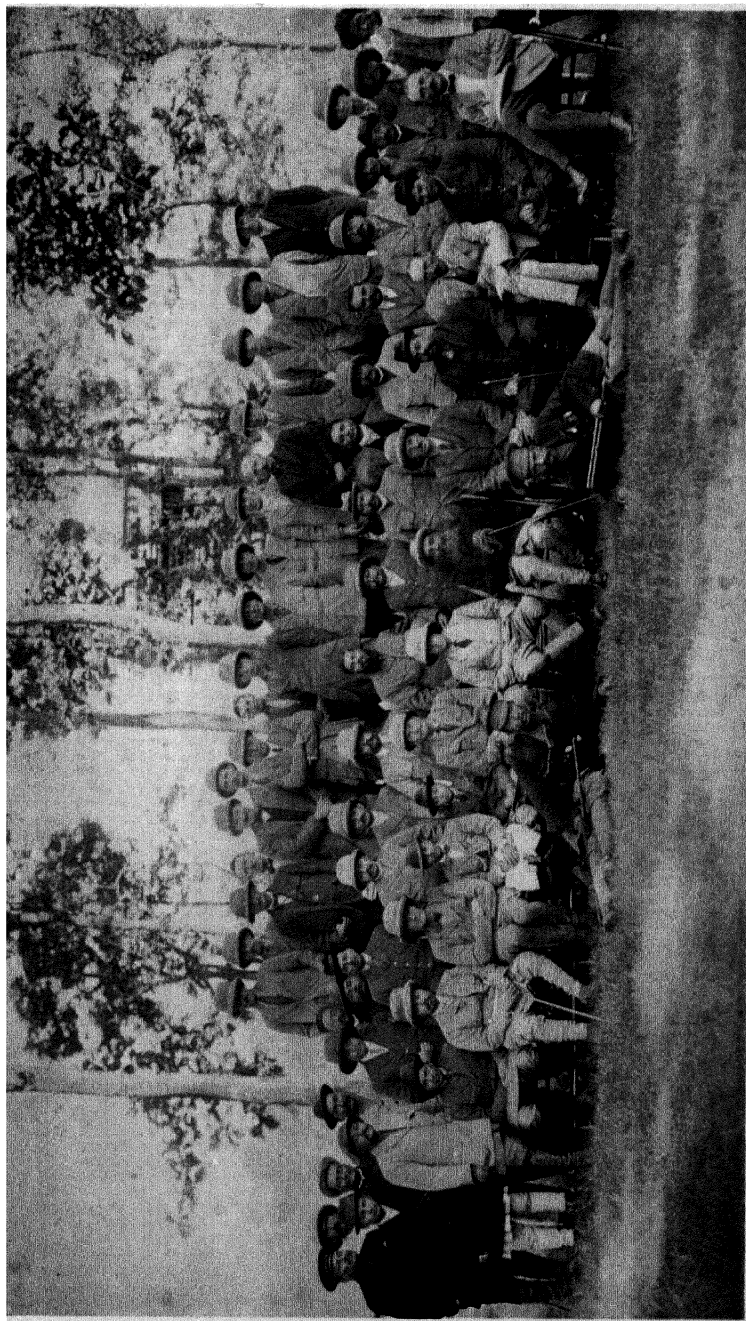
ROUTE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN INDIA AND BURMA FROM BOMBAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1921, TO KARACHI, MARCH 17TH, 1922.



Front row sitting (1) Grandson of the Maharaja of Nepal. (2) General Sir Kaiser (H.H.'s Third son). (3) Admiral Hailey. (4) H.H.'s Sixth Son. (5) H.H.'s Seventh Son. (6) Colonel O'Connor (British Envoy to the Court of Nepal). (7) H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. (8) H.H. the Maharaja of Nepal. (9) The Earl of Cromer. (10) Brother of the Maharaja. (11) Sir G. De Montmorency. (12) Colonel Worgan. (13 and 14) Armed A.D.C.'s attached to H.R.H.'s Staff.

Second row standing : (15) H.H.'s Fifth Son. (16) H.H.'s Fourth Son. (17) H.H.'s Second son. (18) H.H.'s Eldest Son. (19) Captain Villiers.

Back row : (20) The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy. (21) The Hon. Piers Legh. (22) Colonel Molesworth. (23) Mr. Petrie. (24) Colonel Harvey. (25) Colonel O'Kinealy. (26) Captain Poynder. (27) Sir G. Thomas. (28) Commander Newport. (29) Lord Louis Mountbatten. (30) Captain Metcalfe. (31) Mr. Metcalfe. (32) Mr. Ellison. (33) Captain Dudley North. (34) Lieutenant Armstrong.



THE STAFF OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
on his Indian Tour at the Shooting Camp in the Jungles of Nepal, December, 1921.

<i>Chief Medical Officer</i> . . .	Lieut.-Colonel F. O'KINEALY, C.I.E., I.M.S.
<i>Assistant Military Secretary</i> . . .	Lieut.-Colonel C. O. HARVEY, C.B.E., M.V.O., M.C., 38th King George's Own Central India Horse.
<i>Assistant to Chief Secretary</i> . . .	H. A. F. METCALFE, Esq., I.C.S.
<i>Police Officer</i>	D. PETRIE, Esq., C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., Indian Police.
<i>Personal Medical Officer to H.R.H.</i>	Surgeon Commander A. C. W. NEWPORT, M.V.O., R.N.
<i>Aide-de-Camp</i>	Captain E. D. METCALFE, M.C., 3rd Skinner's Horse.
<i>Aide-de-Camp</i>	Captain F. S. POYNDER, M.V.O., M.C., 9th Gurkha Rifles.
<i>Aide-de-Camp</i>	Lieutenant the Lord LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, M.V.O., R.N.

CHAPTER II

BIG GAME IN NEPAL

December 14th to 21st, 1921

BY the average Englishman in India, little is known of Nepal or its people. Brian Hodgson, to whom we are indebted for most of what we know of the natural history of the country, gives an account of the physical characters of Nepal, dividing it into three distinct regions according to the elevation of the several districts. The lower region consists of the Terai, or marshes; the Bhawar, or forest, and the lower hills, with a climate approximating that of the plains of Hindustan, with a certain increase of heat and a great excess of moisture. Next comes the Central region, composed of a "clusterous succession of mountains" varying in elevation from 3,000 to 13,000 feet, with a temperature of 10 to 20 degrees lower than the plains; and lastly, the juxta-Himalayan region, consisting entirely of high mountains whose summits are buried in snow for the most part of the year, and whose climate has nothing tropical about it except, perhaps, the succession of seasons.

Before describing the arrival of H.R.H. and Staff in Nepal on December 14th and the subsequent experiences of the party, it is necessary to explain shortly the arrangements made by H.H. the Maharaja to take the utmost advantage of the extraordinary sporting resources of his country.

General [now Sir] Kaiser Shumshere Jung Bahadur, President of the Nepalese Committee relating to the Prince's visit and Officer-in-charge of the arrangements of the shoot, in a letter, says :

"It was only in July (1921) that definite news of the Prince's visit to India being available, the question of H.R.H. having a shoot in Nepal was raised. The Prime Minister of Nepal had pressed the Government of India to arrange the dates of the Royal Shoot to fall in January, or better still in February, so that a better bag of big game might be anticipated, but in view of the extended tour in India and the Far East, the 14th to 21st December was given as the only possible date. The Prince's stay in Nepal was, therefore, shorter than those of his father and grandfather.

“In 1910 previous notice of more than a year had been received, enabling the men to work for two seasons—*i.e.*, on either side of the rainy season—to erect two shooting boxes and camps in the interior of Chitone, for the use of H.I.M. the King-Emperor in 1911. The short notice on the present occasion compelled the Prime Minister to abandon the idea of a shoot in Chitone, and consequently Pathenghetta off Bairagnia was suggested, but considering the poorness of game on that side, a camp at Thon, the gate of Chitone, was finally decided upon.”

The venue for the Royal Shoot was the Terai, which is one of the richest and most strictly preserved game tracts in the world. The shooting camp prepared for the Prince was about two miles from Bikna Thori Station on the Nepal Border.

On the occasion when H.M. King George visited Nepal, His Majesty's camp was about thirty miles away from the frontier, at a place called Kasra, where a permanent pavilion was built for the use of His Majesty. The present camp had no wooden pavilion, but nevertheless it presented a most delightful spectacle, being a mass of creamy white tents, shaded by giant forest trees, flanked by and overlooking the river : beyond the river lay a great tract of forest land, and still further in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. On all the other sides jungle of the thickest kind ; and then the Indian frontier.

One remembered the description in “The Light of Asia” :

Northwards reared
*The stainless ramps of huge Himala's wall,
 Ranged in white ranks against the blue,—untrod,
 Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
 And lifted universe of crest and crag,
 Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
 Riven ravine and splintered precipice
 Led climbing throughout higher and higher, until
 It seemed to stand in Heaven and speak with gods.
 Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp-laced
 With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds :
 Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
 Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
 Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
 Of circling eagles : under these the plain
 Gleamed like a praying carpet at the foot
 Of those divinest altars.*

There were really three different camps. The Royal camp was on a plateau by itself, directly overlooking the river bed. Descending from this, one came to the Press camp, which, though on a lower elevation, still commanded the same view. Opposite this was the servants' camp, which housed the huge following which generally accompanies a gathering of this description. About a quarter of a mile away through the forest lay the camp of H.H. the Maharaja, Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc., the Prime Minister of Nepal. Before the middle of November, the locality covered by the camp had been rank jungle—the haunt of wild animals, which had left their tracks even after the grounds had been tramped.

Both camps, that is to say, H.R.H.'s and that of the Maharaja, were completely surrounded by palisades and guarded by Nepalese troops. Great fires were lit at night to keep away a possible marauding elephant or wandering rhino or tiger. Such unwelcome visitors were always a possibility in a spot where wild animals abounded. A further provision against incidents of that description was a huge machan, termed very aptly the "Funk Machan," designed as a haven of refuge in the event of a stampede of elephants or the visit of a wandering rogue.

The greatest attention to detail was displayed in the lay-out of the camp, and every provision was made for the comfort and convenience of the guests. The roomy tents, which were beautifully furnished and fronted by garden terraces, flanked an open lawn scattered with chairs and tables where people might sit in the evenings. Here also a huge bonfire flared all night, and a giant log blazed—quite the biggest I have ever seen. The whole camp, both inside and outside, was lit with electricity, from the great arc lamps, which hung picturesquely from the trees (under which all the trophies shot during the day's sport used to be shown before being handed over to the ministrations of the skinning camp), down to the little reading lamp by one's bedside, which one could switch off before turning in.

The Royal suite of apartments was simple, yet all that could be desired, and ornamented, as befitted the occasion, with emblems and trophies of the chase. The floor of the mess tent was carpeted with leopard skins, pieced together as a great mat; the effect, as can be gathered, was extremely rich and striking. The very appointments of H.R.H.'s writing table were all mementos of sport in Nepal, being made up from rhino hoofs, horns and hide, and even the waste-paper basket was made from the lower joint of a rhino's leg. The albums on the tables of the mess tent held the photographic record of many a famous shoot in the Nepal Terai.

The camp had a well-appointed post and telegraphic office attached to it.

On the eve of the Prince's arrival, it was inspected by H.H. the Maharaja, who, though in indifferent health, insisted on visiting the camp with Lieut.-Colonel W. F. T. O'Connor, C.I.E., etc., the British Envoy, to see that everything was as it should be for the reception of the Royal guest. H.H. the Maharaja impressed one immediately by his character, brimming over with good nature and kindness. One met here also the Maharaja's sons, all of them generals. It is the custom in Nepal, I believe, to have all Royalty created generals practically simultaneously with their birth. The youngest boy, though only eight years of age, had a few days previously accounted single-handed for his first tiger.

Very efficient arrangements were made by the Nepal authorities for the disposal of the game after each shoot, and Lieutenant Hem Bahadur Rajbhandair, the Nepalese officer attached to the writer, was most helpful. The skinning camp was situated about a mile from the main camp. This was a mistake, in my opinion, although the reasons for it were good. The people who placed it there considered that for sanitary reasons it was advisable to have all the skinning done as far away as possible. On all the other shoots I asked to have the skinning camp within a quarter of a mile of my own tent, and accommodation for my own men provided on the spot. This worked better, I found, as after the animals came to the camp and had been viewed by H.R.H. and the people who shot them, they were immediately sent to the skinning camp without delay, and on arrival were at once dealt with by our department. In shooting on a large scale, celerity in skinning is of importance, particularly when, as in the present instance, one has only two men * with one who could be trusted to attend to the more intricate points of skinning, such as the head and limbs. We obviated difficulties of smell, etc., which otherwise would have made the skinning camp intolerable, by a plentiful scattering of lime and disinfectants. In spite of this, however, at times, when we had five or six disarticulated rhinos, together with numerous tigers and an odd bear in different stages of skinning, the stench was very bad.

Before describing the shooting, I must comment on the elaborate and extremely efficient methods adopted for giving prompt and exact news (*khubber*) of kills and the movements of game. This was

* I brought with me from the Bombay Natural History Society two skinners—N. A. Baptista, a Goanese skinner of considerable experience, who for many years had been in the employ of the Society, and my servant Rawjee Kaneira, a Hindu, who had a knowledge of skinning. Under my supervision they did all the skinning in the principal shoots in India and Nepal, and worked exceedingly well.

accomplished by a precise system of signalling, on a scale which I think has never been attempted before on a shoot of this description. The whole arrangement was under the direction of Lieutenant Leonard, R.E., who had arrived in Nepal some weeks previously and, by establishing telephonic communication between the Royal camp and certain suitable spots within the forest for a radius of thirty miles, had organised the equivalent of what would have been known at the Front during the War as a Corps Intelligence system.

Lieutenant Leonard was assisted by a party of English sappers, who, during the period for which they were engaged in putting up the necessary wires and installation, spent a very thrilling fortnight alone in the jungles. Considering that these jungles even in normal times abound with dangerous game of all descriptions, and that at this period in preparation for the Royal Shoot there had been a close season for some time, it can be readily understood that Lieutenant Leonard and his party had some exciting experiences to recount of the time spent in the Nepal jungles.

One of the receiving field stations was fixed to the trunk of a tree near my tent, and every morning on my visit to the skinning camp I would ring up for news and would be promptly informed as to the whereabouts of the last "kill" or the location of a tiger, perhaps, ten or fifteen miles away. No rhino was untracked or tiger left to itself. The rhino no sooner began to doze off as the sun grew warm, as is his wont, than the tracker climbing up a neighbouring tree made signs to his mate on the ground, who ran off to flash the news from the nearest telephone station.

FIRST DAY

December 14th.

At Bikna Thori the camp was aglow with excitement from the early morning. I was awakened by the trumpeting of elephants and the shouts of an army of Nepalese attendants. I watched the little Gurkhas passing to and fro near my tent. What a noise the stout little fellows with the *kukris* made! Talk was of nothing else but the arrival of the Prince, and the prospects of the shooting. A very large tiger had been seen, and it was hoped that it would fall to the Prince's rifle.

Shortly after 9 a.m. a fanfare of bugles announced the arrival of the Prince. The Nepalese guard presented arms, and the Royal car swept into the camp, followed by the cars of his suite. The Prince stepped out, looking remarkably well and boyish in light khaki

Jodhpur breeches, shooting coat, and sambhur leather shoes. A few minutes were spent in introductions. Then off we all went in the cars to the shooting beat, which was quite near the camp, at a place called Sarasoti Khola. We got out of the cars and mounted the pad elephants which took us to the line of howdah elephants, in position by the river bed.

His Royal Highness mounted into his howdah, which, by the way, was the same as was used by his father when he last shot in Nepal. The rest of the party were the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Colonel Worgan, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Captain the Hon. piers Legh, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and myself.

Everybody was expectant, though nothing happened for some time. On the other side of the huge river bed, now reduced to a narrow stream, stretches the jungle for mile on mile. It is very hot, the elephants are impatient, and every now and then one of them gives utterance to restless trumpeting. Suddenly there is a movement on the left-hand side of the line. General Sir Kaiser, the Master of Ceremonies, who had organised all the shikar arrangements in connection with the shoots, rides in on a fast-trotting pad elephant with news of a tiger, and off we start.

The elephants move forward with their weird lumbering gait. H.R.H. leads the procession, followed immediately by the party, and then an army of pad elephants, and still more pad elephants to be used in case of accidents. Ponderously the line proceeds through the dense jungle, crossing many a placid stream, and emerging at times from the cool shade of the giant trees into some glade where the sun beats hot and fierce, only to plunge again into the cool depths of the evergreen jungle. One cannot but be impressed with the calm and twilit grandeur of these gigantic forests. Within their depths all is stillness, and no movement is discernible. There is nothing to break the monotonous tread of the elephants save an occasional burst of drumming from cicadas whose shrill music subsides as quickly as it rises.

Suddenly there is a stir in the line. All the elephants begin to close up, shoulder to shoulder, and the great beasts stand to form the ring. All is expectancy: there is an outburst of shouting from the beaters: out rushes a deer and escapes terrified into the jungle, to be shortly followed by another and another. Then the real thing happens, and there is a cry "*Bagh! Bagh!*" from the beaters. The tiger at last!

A glimpse of a yellowish form is seen in the long grass for the space of a few seconds, and is at once lost to view. Once again it is seen behind a tree trunk. Closer advance the beaters, the tiger charges

out, but he is a wary beast, and seems to know intuitively where the guns are posted, and gives them a wide berth. Again and again he is driven out, only to seek cover in the long grass away from the guns. A shikari climbs a tree and pelts him with stones. The manœuvre succeeds, and once again we get a half-length view of the tiger as he makes a spring at his tormentor in the tree top. The ring closes in upon him, but with a roar he dives into the long grass; another roar, and he shows himself quite near the Royal howdah. A moment's suspense, and H.R.H. fires, and a second afterwards two more shots ring out. The Prince has hit. The tiger, though mortally wounded, has plenty of go in him, and charges to the opposite side, and is buried once more in the heavy cover. The ring closes in : a shot rings out : and the tiger rolls over dead.

As I descended from my howdah to measure him, it was a striking scene ; this great circle of sportsmen, beaters, mahouts and elephants, waiting in silence while the measuring was done. The tiger taped 9 feet, but he was a royal beast, and looked splendid when I saw him later stretched out for the Prince's inspection near the great log fire in the Royal camp.

In the evening we had news of three more tigers having been shot by another party who had gone farther afield. There appears to have been much excitement, and no little risk, experienced on the occasion, as several of the party were filled with more zeal than experience of tiger shooting. Guns were pointed in all directions, and the poor tigers eventually succumbed to a perfect fusillade of bullets. One of the members of the party contributes the following description of one exciting episode :

“ The tigress came out straight towards my elephant, but turned very quickly to its own right, and I fired just as it turned back into the jungle. I hit it on the near quarter, and broke its hind leg with the first barrel. The second barrel I fired as it was disappearing into the jungle, and from what we found afterwards apparently hit it on the tip of the tail ! There was great difficulty in stirring the tigress out again from the jungle, so we went in on our elephants when she suddenly came out and charged the elephant P. was on, which turned round so quickly that P. sat down on his topi and squashed it flat. The tigress was finished off, I think, by H., but I am not quite certain.”



THE GATEWAY OF CHITONE, IN THE LAND OF THE GURKHAS.

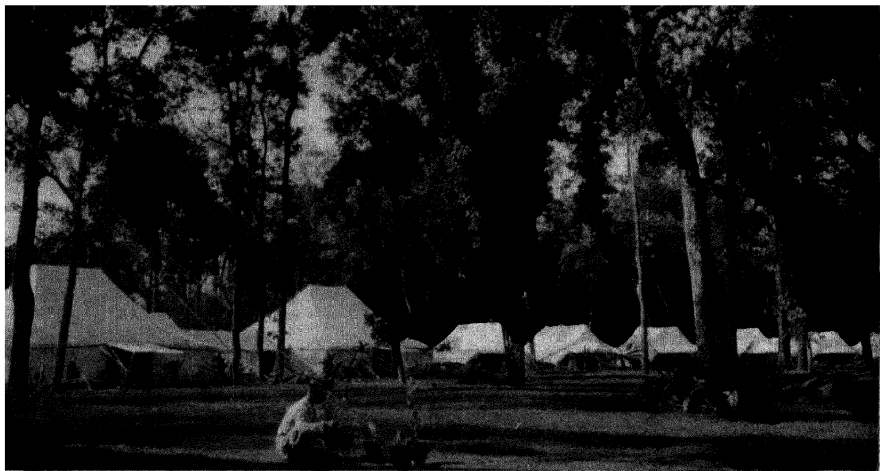
When the Royal party crossed the border, the Prince passed through a unique arch composed entirely of skins of animals shot in Nepal, including those of tiger, panther, rhino, the Tibetan shou stag, Chiru antelope, musk deer and other animals found in the country.



Photographs by Colonel Shumshere, through the kindness of General Sir Kaiser.

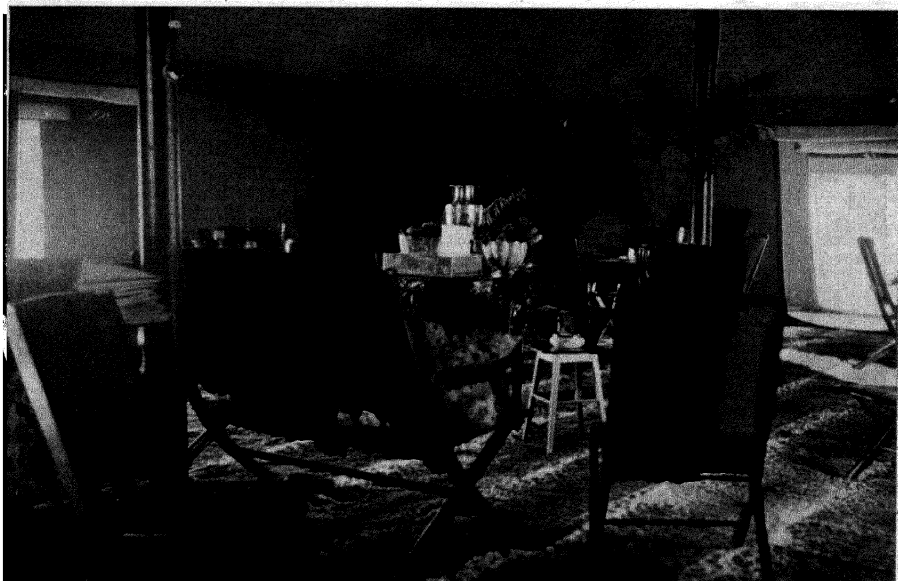
THE FUNK MACHAN IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SHOOTING CAMP, NEPAL.

Designed as a haven of refuge in the event of a stampede of elephants or the visit of a wandering rogue. It was erected opposite the Prince's tent, and was built so strongly that it would be impossible for elephants to knock it over.



VIEW OF PART OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SHOOTING CAMP IN THE JUNGLES OF NEPAL.

It was situated in the midst of one of the richest and most strictly preserved game tracts in the world and presented a most delightful spectacle, being a mass of creamy white tents shaded by giant forest trees with in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. It was completely surrounded by palisades and guarded by Nepalese troops, and great fires were lit to keep away elephants, rhinos and tigers. H.R.H.'s tent is on the extreme left of the picture.



Photographs through the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel W. F. T. O'Connor, C.I.E., &c.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MESS TENT AT BIKNA THORI CAMP.

The floor of the mess tent was carpeted with leopard skins, pieced together as a great mat. The appointments of H.R.H.'s writing table were made up from rhino hoofs, horns and hide, and the wastepaper basket was made from the lower joint of a rhino's leg.



DINER

 Consommé Printanière.

 Saumon a la Grand Duc.

 Suprême de Poulet Mascotte.

 Selle d'Agneau.

 Perdreaux sur Canapés.

 Haricots verts à l'Anglaise.

 Crème Viennoise.

 Petites Rissoles Nantua.

 Dessert.

 Café.
Bikna Thori.

14th December, 1921.

A ROYAL DINNER IN THE JUNGLES OF NEPAL.

The menu card shows the lavishness and wonderful care taken in everything by the Maharaja of Nepal to entertain the Prince of Wales.

This dinner was served in the impenetrable jungles of the Nepal Terai, miles away from any civilisation.

After dinner I went down to the skinning camp to see what had been done in the matter of the disposal of the trophies. It was an eerie experience tramping through the heavy jungle after nightfall. Of course, in the present instance, with so many people about, there was not much danger, though everywhere one saw the pug marks of tiger, and the tracks of elephants. Thanks to the efforts of my men, the work of skinning the various trophies had been satisfactorily concluded, and so, with an easy conscience, I went to bed.

SECOND DAY

December 15th.

To-day was fixed for the first rhino shoot. We did not get off till 10 a.m., as there were several delays. Even after a start had been made there was a stoppage through a huge lorry breaking down on the very steep hill leading up to the entrance of the camp. None of the cars could get past the obstacle, and there was nothing for it but to get out and push, and H.R.H. was the foremost of all in helping.

At last we were all speeding along, bumping over the forest road that had been specially constructed for the purpose of the shoots. The first part of the journey was through a piece of thick jungle, and one realised how difficult a task a hunter would have in bringing his quarry to bag in a forest of this description; which is one of the main reasons why the "ringing" method of hunting tigers is practised in Nepal.

The density of the jungle found in the foothills of the Terai must be seen to be appreciated; massive elephant grass up to 20 feet in height, and so thick as to almost obscure the elephant from the view of the howdah occupants in his passage through it. Often it is not possible even to see the next elephant though it is only a few yards away.

Our destination this morning was Dhoba, a run of twenty miles by motor. The road led for the most part of the way through the cool depths of the forest till the vicinity of Dhoba was reached. Here the country was open with fields of yellow mustard on either hand. The machans erected in their midst told of the eternal warfare waged by the ryot against the jungle denizens. At the twenty-second milestone we left the cars to mount the pad elephants. Besides H.R.H. the party included Lord Cromer, Admiral Halsey, Colonel Worgan, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Lord Louis Mountbatten and myself. H.R.H. looked very tired, as, even after yesterday's long journey and long shoot, he had been playing polo at 6 a.m.

Before our arrival at the spot where the ring was formed, it transpired that the tiger had broken back. Shortly afterwards the elephant on which the Prince was riding got bogged in crossing a stream, and H.R.H. transferred to an ordinary pad elephant.

The sight of a line of elephants crossing a stream is always impressive. No one who saw will ever forget the stately array crossing the Thute River at sunset, when the great grey beasts plunging through the swirling water, the red light of the setting sun, and the dark forest background, all combined to make a wonderful picture.

One quickly gets accustomed to elephants as a means of transport. A pad elephant is generally the most comfortable, and certainly the

best as far as celerity goes, though possibly not the safest, as in the case of a charging tiger the man on the pad takes his chance of being mauled. All honour to the plucky mahouts who guide these great beasts, sticking gamely to their posts often in moments of extreme danger! Many have paid with their lives for their coolness and daring. In fact, one of the brave fellows was killed on a pad elephant a few days after the Prince's departure.

The occupant of a howdah is practically safe from the onslaught of a charging tiger, but there is one risk which is always present in shooting from an elephant in heavy forest, and that is the possibility of the elephant taking fright and bolting, when mahout, howdah and occupants stand a very good chance of being swept away in the headlong rush of the beast through the jungle.

To return to what happened. The party arrived at the spot where the shooting was to take place at 1 p.m., and an adjournment for lunch was agreed to with general acclaim. Several rhinos had been seen in the swamp in close proximity, and the chances of a good afternoon's sport seemed assured.

After lunch we mounted our elephants and it was not long before a rhino was discerned in the thick grass cover. H.R.H., whose position was rather disadvantageous, since he could scarcely see the animal from where he was, fired. Lord Louis Mountbatten fired immediately afterwards, and the rhino made off. A prolonged search was made for the beast. The blood-spattered leaves and grass showed clearly that a bullet had found its mark, but it was not till many days later that the beast was found dead. It was then too decomposed for preservation, but the skull and horn were recovered. It proved to be the best of all the rhino heads obtained in Nepal during the present shoot.

A second rhino wounded on this day by Captain Dudley North was picked up afterwards under similar circumstances, as will be told later.

As we blundered through the dense forest in search of the wounded rhino, one could not help wondering what would have been the effect on our ranks if a rhino had taken it into his head to charge, bunched up as we were at the moment. The resultant stampede would not exactly have been a pleasant experience; and a rhino is not at all particular as to what it charges.

Just before the search was abandoned, a tiger was seen, a ring was immediately formed and the animal was soon accounted for. H.R.H. fired at the beast, but missed. The tiger took cover, but immediately reappeared, giving Sir Godfrey Thomas a broadside shot at close range.

Shortly afterwards H.R.H. returned to camp, but certain enthusiasts remained till dark without any results beyond a rather exciting five minutes with a pig. In the fading light the animal was discovered moving in the bushes. Everybody thought it was a panther or a tiger, a ring was formed. Whatever it was, it took a great deal of dislodging, but at last, with a protesting squeal, out rushed a much harassed and disgruntled porker, who promptly dodged through the lines of elephants and vanished into the jungle.

THIRD DAY

December 16th.

There were several different parties on this shoot. H.R.H., Colonel Worgan, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Commander Newport and Lord Louis Mountbatten motored to the thirteenth milestone, to a place called Baghai.

A ring had been formed about half a mile from the road, and after the party arrived H.R.H. himself posted the guns, placing them at intervals of about 50 yards. Shortly after the beat commenced, a tiger broke in front of the Prince's howdah. H.R.H. fired, and was immediately followed by a right and left from Captain Piers Legh. The next twenty minutes were spent in an effort to dislodge the beast from some heavy cover. Very suddenly the tiger put in a second appearance, but a shot in the leg from Lord Louis Mountbatten sent him limping back into cover. The ring now closed in upon him, and the animal making his last bid for liberty, sprang gamely at Lord Louis' mount, and was dropped with a shot through the head. A subsequent examination showed that only the last two shots had taken effect, and the trophy accordingly went to Lord Louis Mountbatten.

H.R.H. returned to camp after lunch, while the remainder of the party went off on a fruitless quest after more tiger.

A second party consisting of the Earl of Cromer, Captain Dudley North and two others spent the morning after rhino at Kasra. One was secured which fell to Captain Dudley North's rifle.

The party went into some very thick jungle bordering a lake, where the shikaris had previously located a few rhino. The rhinos were heard moving about as the elephants approached, and presently one of them was seen by a young member of the Maharaja's family, who, being in the howdah with Captain Dudley North, urged him to fire. Captain North had previously won the toss for the first shot, and the occupant of the adjoining howdah, who had also seen the animal, excitedly pointed it out.

Captain Dudley North, writing to me, said :

"I could see nothing, and told my friend so ; he, however, still urged me to shoot. I could not see anything, so I aimed at what I presumed was the object he intended and fired. Absolutely nothing happened, and the conglomeration of the tree stump and grass which might have been, or looked like, a rhino, remained exactly where it was. Even the real rhinos in our vicinity did not stir. We continued groping about in the big grass, and shortly afterwards two rhinos dashed out of the pool away from us and in an impossible position for a decent shot. We tracked them for some distance, and were in a small clearing on the edge of some very high grass when we observed a great commotion going on near by. The top of the high grass was violently agitated as though some great beast was pushing through, and there was no doubt that a rhino was coming our way, and shortly afterwards he did, with a rush, charging straight at my elephant. The high grass parted, and directly I saw the horn on the top of his nose, through the dense cover, I fired. Lord Cromer, on my left, fired two barrels in quick succession, and my elephant, immediately I fired, wheeled round and was for getting out of it ; so I did not have much time to see exactly what happened.

"The impression was that the rhino stumbled and almost fell, but recovered and made off through the grass. Lord Cromer was of the same opinion, and thought both our shots had taken effect. In the confusion of elephants trying to bolt, no one had time to shoot at another rhino which came out on our right, but went back into cover very quickly. There were blood traces which we tracked for some time, but eventually lost. This rhino was picked up dead some days after the Royal party left Nepal."

After the above incident, the party formed into line moving slowly through the jungle. Shortly afterwards a rhino was seen, and very fortunately bagged by Captain Dudley North. The beast was hit through the spine half-way down its neck, and dropped in its tracks, needing only another shot to give it its quietus. Captain North was using a double-barrelled 470 Gibbs rifle with a solid bullet.

Admiral Halsey, with a party consisting of Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and Colonel Harvey, secured a tiger late in the afternoon of the same day.

The morning had been blank, and after lunch a second attempt was made. A very long trek through dense jungle, where every one got more or less lost, brought no result. So a man was sent ahead

to reconnoitre ; it seemed that all arrangements had failed, and a return to camp was decided on at 4 p.m. A few minutes after, however, khubber was brought that a tiger had been ringed quite close by. Soon all the guns were in position, and a few minutes later Admiral Halsey bagged his tiger with a shot through the neck.

FOURTH DAY

December 17th.

H.R.H. spent the morning after small game, and with his party accounted for some twenty-five head.

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Colonel Harvey and Lord Louis Mountbatten motored to Kasra (thirty miles) after rhino. They saw none, and had a tiger beat which was also blank.

The same morning Captain Poynder and Captain Dudley North both had a shot at a rhino which fell to the former's rifle. She was found to be a gravid female. When she was being skinned, a calf was found *in utero*. The animal gave no trouble, and did not charge, but, as Captain Dudley North afterwards said, "She took a terrible lot of killing."

The rhino shoots in Nepal showed very clearly the extreme difficulty of bringing these animals to bag without a vital shot. In the dense swamps of the Terai a wounded rhino is practically impossible to track and recover. In the present instance, the rhino was spotted in a strip of grass jungle, flanked on three sides by forest, and on the fourth by a watercourse. "Stops" were posted in trees on two sides, and Captain Poynder and Captain Dudley North walked their elephants through the thick grass to a point from which the animal could be seen. The rhino moved off on their approach, but was turned back by the tumult raised by the stops, and blundered back to within ten yards of the guns. It was extremely difficult to see in the heavy cover, but both Captain North and Captain Poynder fired, putting four high velocity .470 bullets into it. The rhino lurched forward, but got away, and was again turned by the stops, some 200 or 300 yards off, when the brute was finally dropped with a shot through the neck from Captain Poynder's rifle.

All five shots had taken effect, four of them in the region of the shoulder. The shot in the neck had finished it. But for this, and the "stops" posted in the trees, the animal would in all probability have got away to perish miserably in the trackless swamps. A shot in the vertebræ in the forepart of the neck will drop a rhino in his tracks. This and the brain shot would seem to be the most effective.

Another party, consisting of Colonel Worgan, Mr. Petrie, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Commander Newport and Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, left camp on elephants late in the morning. They went down to the river bed from Bikna Thori Station about four miles, and changed from the pads on to howdah elephants. The ring was formed, and very soon a fine tigress gave Sir Godfrey Thomas a shot.

"It was not a difficult one," wrote Sir Godfrey later, "and Rushbrook Williams who was in my howdah is certain that I hit it. Personally I am not at all sure, as my elephant had no guts, and turned round and more or less bolted as soon as the tiger appeared. I was on the floor of the howdah, and Rushbrook Williams nearly fell out while the elephant began to make for the woods. Luckily the mahout stopped the brute, and we got back near the line to see the tiger down with every one shooting at it. It took an awful lot of lead to kill it stone dead.

"An uproar then began down the line, and we discovered that there were two cubs outside the ring. The line closed in upon them, as we had an idea of taking the beasts alive, but they were too big to catch without nets and a good deal of preparation, and too young to leave, as in all probability they would not have lived without their mother. Colonel Worgan got one, and Commander Newport the other. All the way home the jungle was beaten, but nothing was seen."

A tiger measuring 9 feet 2 inches was also shot by Captain Bruce Ogilvy on this day.

A DAY OF REST

December 18th.

It being Sunday, there was no shooting to-day, and this was rather a relief to my skinning department, which had been working at high pressure for the last few days, getting rid of the great mass of material that had been sent in. I was up all night with my men, as, with so much already having come in, and with great disarticulated limbs of rhino arriving continually, I had to work against time to prevent anything being spoilt. Day and night operations thus became the order. We had a generous supply of disinfectants which were scattered with a lavish hand, but even so it was an obscene business, and not to be dwelt on more than is necessary. An entry I saw in the diary of a member of the Staff succinctly describes the case:

"I visited the skinning camp where Ellison is dealing with the stuff; there was an appalling stink there!!!"

The skinning camp was guarded day and night by Gurkhas. Tigers' claws, whiskers and fat and kindred articles are of much value to the native, who has uses for them not dreamt of in our philosophy, and with such a profusion of riches lying about, one had to guard against the intrusion of the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. One such gentleman we caught red-handed, and his subsequent fate at the hands of the Nepalese officials was a sufficient deterrent against further attempts of this nature.

Anent the tigers' fat: Divers petitioners came to me pleading for a modicum of the precious adipose, reputed to be a panacea for many ills, but as Pharaoh of old to his starving Egyptians, I commended them to Joseph, in this instance Baptista, my head skinner. To him in the course of his labours had fallen a bountiful harvest of the desirable unguent, and to the waiting multitude he bestowed his favours, with, I am afraid, a somewhat niggardly hand.

Sunday afternoon was spent in the distribution of gifts and mementos from the Maharaja to his guests. Among these were a number of beautiful silver-mounted *kukris*, which were presented to various members of the party, a fitting memento of their days in Nepal.

According to time-honoured custom, H.R.H. was the recipient of a number of live animals and birds, a list of which is printed elsewhere in this volume.

Among the animals was the famous "unicorn" sheep of Nepal. These are normally two horned. When quite young the horns are bound closely together, so that they grow up in contact with one another, giving them the desired "unicorn" effect.

The birds included a very fine series of pheasants. Particularly striking were the gorgeous monauls, the tragopans with their crimson white-spotted breasts, and the little blood pheasants with their green splashed over with blood-red markings.

After being inspected by the Prince, the collections were handed over to the writer, and at the close of the shoot in Nepal, were brought down to Bombay, where the animals and birds were temporarily housed in the Victoria Gardens previous to their being shipped to the London Zoological Gardens, their final destination.

SIXTH DAY

December 19th.

On this day H.R.H. shot a rhino at Sarasoti Kola. Captain Dudley North describing the shoot writes:

"I went out with H.R.H. after rhino. We went to where one was reported, and soon sighted a rhino lying down. H.R.H. had not seen one properly before, so that at first he did not recognise it, as they are very difficult to distinguish in heavy cover. However, when the brute rose he saw it. The rhino moved slowly towards us, and I suggested his firing a raking shot into it, but H.R.H. very rightly preferred to wait for a more advantageous position. The rhino turned to the right and the Prince fired. His first shot hit, though rather high, and the beast swung round and H.R.H. fired again, hitting it this time on the neck.

"We followed the beast into very heavy cover, but the trees were so thick that it was impossible to get a shot, the elephants were just getting clear of the trees when the rhino was dropped by General Sir Kaiser Shumshere Jung, who fired as he was under the impression the beast was going to charge.

"H.R.H. used my .470 Gibbs rifle which I lent him."

A separate party, consisting of Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and Lord Louis Mountbatten, spent a fruitless morning after rhino at Kasra. The day was not without its excitement, however, as in the course of operations Lord Louis Mountbatten's elephant suddenly went "musth" while he was in the howdah.

The party was going through what one of them described as "the longest and thickest grass I have ever had the misfortune to encounter"; it was several feet above the head of a man standing up in a howdah. Without any appreciable warning, Lord Louis' elephant attacked another animal, on which a Nepalese colonel was sitting, and disappeared into the bush. Fortunately the mahout managed to stop him by slashing at his head with a kukri. Lord Louis was then rescued and transferred to another elephant.

After that the party went through "still worse country"; the noise the elephants made crashing through the tangle of tree and grass was sufficient to scare any game within a radius of miles, so the shoot was abandoned, and the party retired to the base and motored back, reaching camp long after dark.

Near Dhoba, one mile to the south of the twenty-second milestone, the same morning Mr. Percival Landon, who was with another party, bagged a fine bull rhino with a shot clean through the brain. Mr. Landon writes the following graphic description of the day's sport :

"The rhino was shot after the first ring at which Lord Cromer secured a fine leopard as well as the largest tiger that had yet been

shot. The party divided, as the beaters had reported two finds three or four miles away—some animal, probably another tiger, cornered in a dense bit of jungle, and a rhino in an open plantation. Mr. M. A. Metcalfe, Captain Poynder and Mr. Percival Landon went after the rhino on elephants.

“By this time the sun was getting low. They made their way across more or less open country for about two miles and then entered the plantation. This was irregular in character, large woods of free-growing young *sal*, alternating with treeless stretches of coarse, shoulder-high grass, indicating swampy soil, the whole being surrounded by a ring of thick and sometimes impenetrable undergrowth. The light was fading, tending to become yellow, a fact which only enhanced the unusual beauty of the surroundings. The party moved forward in silence, broken only by the steady crash of what light undergrowth there was under the *sal* trees, or the tear and the squish of the high marsh grass. Several times, where the mud was exceptionally deep, they came upon signs of recent wallowings, but of rhinoceros they saw nothing, though they spent over an hour in carefully quartering the plantation in response to the noise and whistles of the beaters on foot.

“They were on the point of giving up and returning to the rest of the party when a soft but insistent whistle some distance to the right turned them back for a last chance. Mr. Landon was on the right-hand elephant with a Nepalese officer, and slightly in advance of Mr. Metcalfe and Captain Poynder, when he suddenly came in sight of a huge rhino. It was standing sideways, motionless among *sal* trees well lighted for a shot. It stood about 6 feet high, and as roughly paced out afterwards, was 9 feet 10 inches in length. In the low evening sun it looked as big as a locomotive.

“Mr. Landon fired twice, the first bullet hitting it nearly opposite the centre of the spine, though whether the bullet did much work through the plate at that angle one cannot say. It did not seem to have any effect. With the second shot he hit it clean through the brain, and the rhino sank down in his track, without a movement, stone dead. The distance was just 90 yards, and everybody came up to find the beaters already closed in and celebrating the occasion, with the amazing rites that always accompany the killing of a rhinoceros in Nepal.

“Everything that could hold blood was requisitioned, and the thick blood flowing from the nostrils was collected with the utmost care. This was not a concession to the spirit of the monster, as in the rite of the dabbling of a tiger's whiskers in his own blood. A rhinoceros's blood is apparently unrivalled as a *viaticum* for the

dying, ensuring for the soul both a peaceful departure and a happy re-birth on the other side. There are indeed many superstitions about a dead rhinoceros, but it is worth noting that its power for ensuring peace for the departed soul is retained by the mere empty shell—it is hard to call it skin—of the beast for years after its own decease.

“The scene was a strange one, and Captain Poynder aptly recalled the prehistoric association of ‘Tarzan of the Apes’ as half a dozen elephants closed in from nowhere, and ranged about the inconceivable scene of blood ritual which was carried a step further by the decapitation, amid fountains of blood, of the beast’s head.

“There was no time for witnessing the ‘gralloching’ of the carcase, another messy and obscene ceremony of great importance.

“The head was measured from the top of the snout to the fold of the hide over the jaw bone, and found to be a shade over $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches straight. The horn was of no great height, perhaps 8 inches, but of massive construction. The colour was of an unusually light grey, and the only mark on the head was that of the .350 bullet, 3 or 4 inches in front of the root of the ear.”

In the afternoon news was brought to the camp that a tiger had been ringed about six miles out; the following party therefore went out after him: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Colonel O’Connor, Captain Dudley North, the Hon. Piers Legh, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, and Captain E. Villiers.

In about three-quarters of an hour the party reached the spot where the tiger was surrounded, the ring being a fairly large one and the jungle in the middle unusually thick. The tiger, or tigress, as she turned out to be, gave very good sport, and was finally bagged by Captain Piers Legh, who dropped her with a very fine running shot clean through the heart.

Information was then brought that there was another tiger not far off, which there was a chance of ringing if people liked to hurry out; but as it was getting late, and the chances were not very great of reaching the spot in time, H.R.H. and Colonel O’Connor returned to the camp. The remainder, however, went on, on the off chance; and after they had plunged into inordinately heavy jungle for the space of a further half-hour, came to the spot where the shikari said the tiger should be, and started trying to ring him. Captain Villiers thus describes what happened:

“I suddenly saw a tigress cantering quite slowly diagonally across towards my elephant, and after waiting till she was within easy range

I fired and got her through the shoulder, dropping her immediately, but not killing her outright, since the shot just missed the heart; I finally dispatched her with a second shot.

"I was shooting with a .22 bore double-barrelled rifle made by Messrs. Manton & Co., which, I may mention, is without any exception the nicest weapon I have ever handled. It comes up to the shoulder just like a well-fitting 12 bore, and it was interesting to see how effectually this extremely small-bore weapon, but of very high velocity, stopped the tigress. She proved to be a tigress measuring 8 feet, and was in excellent condition."

Judging from the trophies received at the skinning camp, this day, Monday, December 19th, provided the most successful sport. In addition to the rhino bagged by H.R.H., and the one shot by Mr. Landon, a third rhino was accounted for by Commander Newport.

The Earl of Cromer shot a fine tiger, the largest obtained in Nepal during the Prince's shikar, taping 9 feet 10 inches, and a leopard.

All this meant a considerable amount of work for my men, but it is to be recorded that they carried it through with the utmost zeal and fervour.

SEVENTH DAY

December 20th.

H.R.H. did not go out in the morning, but remained in camp till after lunch when he rode out with Sir Godfrey Thomas and a few others into British Territory, where he shot small game.

Lord Louis Mountbatten and Colonel Worgan motored to the twenty-second milestone at Dhoba, where a rhino was shot by the latter. They then joined up with Colonel Harvey, Colonel O'Kinealy and Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, and went to a tiger ring which proved to be blank. Later a ring was made for leopard and provided an exciting evening.

On the elephants beating the ring a bear was found which caused a great deal of amusement, charging round the ring and giving every one a chance of a shot. The shooting appears to have been promiscuous, but it is to be recorded that the bear eventually succumbed.

After the firing subsided, the presence of the leopard became a matter of doubt, as he had not put in an appearance during the tremendous bombardment of Bruin, but on the ring closing up, they flushed him, and he charged straight through the elephants, and broke the ring. He was hit by Mr. de Montmorency, but was not deterred in his charge, and went straight through. The ring reformed rather raggedly, and the leopard again broke through, springing on an



AN ADJOURNMENT FOR LUNCH IN THE NEPAL JUNGLES.

Colonel Harvey (second on left), Captain Metcalfe, Admiral Halsey, The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Sir Godfrey Thomas and Colonel O'Kinealy, resting on the day the Prince of Wales first went out rhinoceros shooting. Several had been seen in a swamp in close proximity.



H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF NEPAL, SIR CHANDRA SHUMSHERE JUNG, G.C.B.,
G.C.S.I., &c., ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SONS.

On his right is his youngest son who, though only eight years old, had,
a few days previous to the visit of the Prince of Wales, single handed
accounted for his first tiger.

elephant's trunk. He was dislodged, but it was too dark to continue that evening. The leopard, however, was shot the next day, and proved to be a fine animal, taping 7 feet 6 inches.

Lord Cromer and the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy each accounted for a rhino in the course of the day, and Captain Poynder bagged a bear just outside the Royal camp.

EIGHTH DAY

December 21st.

This was the last day of the Nepal shoot. H.R.H. rode out after lunch with Colonel O'Connor, the British Envoy, Sir Godfrey Thomas and others.

In the course of the evening, near the village of Persanni, in British Territory, the Prince encountered a hamadryad, or King Cobra, which he luckily killed. The party were walking up jungle fowl at the time. H.R.H. first shot at the snake as it was moving away, and apparently hit it, for the brute turned and appeared to be about to attack him when he killed it with his second barrel. The snake was brought into camp with the rest of the day's bag. It was first assumed that it was an ordinary rat snake, or dhaman, when examined in the fading light. Subsequently when the skin was examined at the Bombay Natural History Society's Museum in Bombay, the identity of the reptile was revealed. The Prince's King Cobra taped 10 feet 3 inches.

The hamadryad, the largest known poisonous snake in the world, grows to over 15 feet in length. In the Sarawak Pavilion, at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, in 1924, a hamadryad was shown measuring 14 feet 4½ inches, and said to be the "largest specimen known," but the record specimen is now in the Bombay Natural History Society's Museum, and measures 15 feet 5 inches. Much has been written about the ferocity of the king cobra, and its propensity for making an unprovoked attack. When cornered, a king cobra may show fight, or a female will very probably attack, should her nest or eggs be endangered, but experience has shown that these serpents, like others, under ordinary circumstances usually seek safety in flight. One writer says :

“ ‘ The scourge of the jungle ’ it has been called. It lives largely in the trees, but takes to water readily. There used to be a living hamadryad in the possession of the Bombay Natural History Society, which was said to be 12 feet long. It did not look it. But the

incredulous were invited to run a tape over the creature to satisfy themselves ; always provided that they first deposited with the Society a sum to cover their funeral expenses.

“Happily the hamadryad is comparatively rare. Happily, too, though so equipped as to be able, if it chose, to prey on any living thing, it has the commendable good taste to confine its diet almost entirely to other snakes.”

A fuller account of the hamadryad, with especial reference to the vexed question whether or not it voluntarily attacks man when unprovoked, will be found in Chapter XV. below.

On the morning of the 21st, a party consisting of Lord Louis Mountbatten, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Admiral Halsey, Colonel Worgan, Commander Newport, Colonel Harvey and Mr. Metcalfe, went down to Dhoba near the twentieth milestone where a tiger had been ringed. The following is an extract from Sir Godfrey Thomas's diary :

“The ring was in very thick jungle, and we spent some time in getting the elephants to trample down a patch in front of each gun. Nothing happened for some time till we got a fright when a big pig suddenly dashed out. Shortly afterwards we heard a tiger woofing in the middle, but he could not be seen.

“Suddenly he appeared in the same place as the pig, and was just coming out when Metcalfe got him with a very good shot in the head. We could not see where he fell, but he subsequently proved to be stone dead. Metcalfe was all for getting down to have a look at him, but as they shouted out that there was another tiger in the ring we quickly resumed our places.

“Sure enough a tigress came dashing out again by an extraordinary coincidence right in front of us. Metcalfe missed with his first shot, whereupon the beast charged the elephants on our left. There was a regular mix up, elephants trumpeting, squealing and going in every direction. I did not dare fire, but Metcalfe took what looked like a pretty dangerous second shot, apparently without result. By then all the elephants had cleared off, and seeing a gap, the tigress went straight through. I turned round in my howdah, and got a broadside shot just as she was disappearing, and thought I hit but couldn't be absolutely certain. However, they swung the elephant round, and made a big ring round the place she was going to. They beat about in the middle for some time without anything happening. I thought she had probably slipped right through, as had she been wounded, they would have known it. However, they

suddenly discovered her quite dead, having burrowed right under some grass so as to be practically invisible.

“Metcalf and I were lucky in getting both beasts from the same elephant. My shot had gone right through about six inches behind the shoulder.”

All the shooting was finished by 6 p.m., and the remaining time was spent in saying good-bye. H.H. the Maharaja and his sons went down to Bikna Thori Station to see the Royal party off, and the Royal train steamed out of Bikna Thori Station at 6.30 p.m.

Thus ended H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's shoot in the Nepal Terai, which for the colossal scale on which it was carried out, is to be ranked among the greatest in the annals of big game shooting in India.

NOTES ON THE GAME SHOT IN NEPAL

TIGER (*F. tigris*)

The method of “ringing” tiger with elephants is, I think, peculiar to Nepal and certain parts of Assam, and is necessitated by the dense jungle, found in the foot hills or Terai. This must be seen to be appreciated. Elephant grass grows up to 20 feet in height, and is so thick as almost to obscure the elephant from the view of the howdah occupant in its passage through it. One of the photographs in the later chapter on “The Indian Elephant,” shows this very clearly.

The training of the elephants that beat the inside of the ring is astonishing. Time after time they will beat through the dense jungle, and are not infrequently mauled by the tiger. It is an operation, also, which demands a good deal of courage in the mahouts. When the Prince of Wales's grandfather, the late King Edward VII., was in the Terai in the course of his Indian tour, a tiger charged one of the elephants with great determination, happening, sagaciously, to select that ridden by a non-combatant, the Rev. Julian Robinson, who was officiating as chaplain to H.R.H. Both the mahout and the reverend chaplain were in great danger until the tiger was shot by another member of the suite, Colonel Ellis, from a neighbouring elephant.

The method of ringing was very interesting and exceedingly skilful. Two lines in a “V” advanced through the jungle, where the “kill” was known to have been dragged to, one line beating up towards the other. As soon as the tiger was flushed, the open ends

of the "V" closed in an incredibly short time, and in only two cases in the course of the Prince's shooting, failed to enclose the game.

The vitality of one tigress calls for comment ; she and two cubs were ringed on, I think, the fourth day, and was still alive and dangerous with two bullets through the head, one in the neck, one in the chest, two in the shoulders, and one in the body.

The author of "Of Distinguished Animals," says :

"Though there may be times when, as Captain Glasfurd says, a tiger, is 'almost ridiculously easy to kill, at other times the more bullets it gets into it the livelier it seems to get.' Colonel Pollok tells of a tigress, not over large, which, its covert being beaten in the day-time, again and again charged the elephants, badly mauling some of them, as well as nearly killing a mahout, and was finally left in possession of the field, only to be found dead next day with eleven bullets in her, 'any one of which ought to have crippled her.'

"In hot-blooded, flesh-eating beasts, like the large cats, the chances are that any bad wound, especially if a bone be broken, will, under the conditions of their life, mortify and ultimately prove fatal ; but even with modern arms it is impossible to say that any shot can be so placed as to kill immediately. More men have doubtless lost their lives in following up a supposedly mortally-wounded tiger than in any other department of sport.

"One Indian writer, in whom familiarity has bred contempt, speaks of the tiger as 'naturally a harmless, timid animal,' a description the accuracy of which seems to depend largely on what one means by 'harmless.' There are, of course, man-eaters ; and there has been much argument as to what prompts a tiger to turn to a diet of human flesh. In most cases it probably begins almost by accident. A tiger, after two or three nights of hunting without a kill, waits hungrily beside a jungle path for what may pass. Perhaps it has been beaten off and bruised by some animal, boar or buffalo, which it had attacked, and, besides being half-famished, is in no mood to tackle large or dangerous game, when it chances that some sauntering native, a child, perhaps, or woman, thrusts irresistible temptation in its way. Having once learned how feeble a thing man is, how easily killed and how palatable, it tries again and yet again, until it becomes the scourge of man instead of being his friend—the 'villager's best friend,' one authority calls it.

"Many tigers there are, it is true, which live entirely on domestic cattle, and the cost of the upkeep of one which does so has been variously estimated at from £70 to £650 a year. They can hardly be counted as man's friends ; but the tiger which preys on tame cattle

has already in a measure forsaken its natural ways. The true wild tiger, undegenerate, feeds on the wild things of the jungle, which are stalked and killed as by such a royal sportsman they should be ; and these wild things of the jungle are themselves man's enemies and the devourers of his crops. Loud complaint has many times been made in India of the devastation wrought by lesser animals in districts where Englishmen have killed off the tigers, and Government has even been petitioned to re-encourage tigers that the crops might be protected.

"The theory that a man-eater is always an old tiger, more or less toothless and feeble, which has found the strain of catching vigorous wild game too much for its failing strength, has been upset by the bagging of notorious man-eaters which were found to be young animals in the full pride of their powers ; and it is likely that often the taste for human flesh is passed on from mother to child, the tigress, herself a man-eater, teaching her cubs to hunt as she hunts.

"How terrible a thing a man-eater may be can be judged from the fact that a tiger generally kills every second night, whether its quarry is man or beast. Having killed, it makes one meal that night, then drags the carcass somewhere into cover, and more or less conceals it as a dog may hide a bone. On the next night its habit is to return to the same kill, and it is that second visit that the hunter usually finds his opportunity. It is not the rule for a tiger to return again a third time, not because it is above eating carrion, but seemingly it tires of the carcass which it has already twice mumbled over. Thus one tiger has been known to kill regularly its fifteen natives a month with almost mechanical punctuality. Another, which seemingly did not confine itself entirely to human flesh, devoured an average of eighty people, men and women, for several years ; while yet another is reported to have killed 127 people, and to have stopped traffic on a public road for many weeks.

"Like the lion (like, indeed, most wild animals), the tiger, gaudy though its coat is, possesses an almost incredible faculty of making itself invisible. And it has need of invisibility ; for its life in its wild haunts depends on its ability to catch creatures endowed with extraordinary acuteness of hearing and sight and scent. The tiger, like most animals, has a strong and characteristic smell, so that to approach its prey down wind must at any time be impossible. For a large part of the year, too, it has to support life when nature is parched, and, with all its noiselessness of tread, it cannot move without some dry leaf or stalk crackling to betray it ; so that more than one writer of experience has declared it to be a mystery how the tiger at such times kills its prey at all, and in explanation various stories have gained currency—as that it answers the 'belling' of the

sambhur and so calls the stag to its destruction. It has even been reported to lie out deliberately in the open within sight of deer, till, by their curiosity, they are drawn to it, just as hunters successfully attract antelope by a rag shaken on a stick, and as foxes are believed, and toling dogs are trained, to romp and cut antics on the shore of water where waterfowl are feeding, to lure them to the land. In the same way weasels and stoats are said to draw rabbits to them by frolicking in plain sight. The story, however, in the case of tigers, seems to rest on slender evidence, and the tiger probably lives only by virtue of its stealth and secrecy, most often lying up by night beside a jungle path or near water where the beasts come down to drink, but sometimes also stalking a grazing herd in open daylight.

“Then from close quarters it breaks upon its prey, neither running it down (if it misses its first shot it rarely attempts to follow a fleeing animal) nor, as is commonly supposed and most often pictured, leaping on its back, but rushing at it with a headlong burst of a few terrific bounds and striking, fixing, if it can, one paw on the shoulder and another on the head, and so wrenching the head back to break the neck, or biting upwards at the throat. Nor, again in contradiction of popular belief, does it, having killed, eat into the animal from the throat or suck the blood, but begins its meal with the fleshy parts between the hind legs and about the buttocks, leaving at the first meal, if the game be of any size, the forequarters untouched.

“To various parts of the tiger, as its claws and teeth, bits of the skin, divers odd bones and sundry organs, magical properties are assigned; and the whiskers in particular have had, and probably still have, the reputation of being a certain poison, possessing in Oriental superstition the same quality as used in England to be attributed to spiders, namely, that he who partook of them in his food or drink presently died raving mad. With us to-day the use of tiger's whiskers is less heroic. They are chiefly valued by entomologists, for use when ‘setting’ insects, in lifting into place the wings of butterflies. They possess a combination of stiffness and flexibility which no pig's bristle has apparently yet been able to supply.

“In size, any tiger which measures 10 feet fairly, before skinning, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, is a large tiger. Afterwards a 10-foot skin may be stretched so as to measure upwards of 13 feet. Sir Joseph Fayrer gives 12 feet 2 inches as the *maximum* length, but an animal is said to have been shot at Daudpore in 1805, which measured 13 feet ‘and a few inches,’ and Colonel Percy, who cites the record, evidently inclines to believe it. The race of 12 feet and 13 feet tigers, however, if it existed, seems to have disappeared, and Buffon's record of 15 feet is at least unsubstantiated, while

Hyder Ali's alleged 18-foot monster may be safely regarded as a myth."

These 15 and 18-foot monsters, it may be remarked, would have to stand some 5 or 6 feet at the shoulders: truly portentous beasts! Even an 11-foot tiger nowadays . . . but this question of the size and measurements of tigers is treated later on in this book in the chapter devoted to "The Trophies of the Shoots."

In regard to the "imitation" of sambhur by tigers, Mr. H. W. Seton-Kerr tells me that he has heard a tiger make a noise "indistinguishable from the belling of a sambhur" when approaching a kill. There could be no attempt to decoy in such a case; but the fact is very interesting as showing that a tiger does at times make a sambhur-noise. Whether the animal knows what it is doing, or whether it does it with any deliberate intention, remains a matter for speculation.

The following excellent account of the Nepalese method of shooting tigers by "ringing" them with elephants is from an article published in *The Field* of April 22nd, 1922, under the title "A Royal Shooting Ground," signed "R. K."—initials which all Indian sportsmen will recognise as those of Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion, for many years the British Resident in Nepal:

"Tiger shooting is managed in different ways, according to locality. In the comparatively open jungle of the Central Provinces and Central India beaters on foot, with fearsome yells and the din of tom-toms, move the tigers up to guns in machans, or posted up trees in variously contrived seats. In the United Provinces a line of elephants performs the same function, the art in both cases lying in an appreciation of the tiger's habits and a knowledge of the ground. Then there is 'sitting up' over a kill—the jungle-lover's method. In some places the tiger may be shot on foot—when done with care not so risky as it sounds. In Manchuria it is said a sportsman has to crawl after them into caves! The Nepalese way is different to all these, having been evolved to meet the exigencies of a jungle quite unlike anything found elsewhere.

"The tangle of valleys at the foot of the giant Himalayan ranges is covered with dense vegetation of a thousand different forms. . . . A tiger, moved from his lair, has no one line of retreat better than another. In every direction stretches his jungle domain, equally dense, equally impenetrable. Hence the Nepalese system of ringing by elephants. . . .

"The camp, situated on the high bank of a sandy river-bed, the

circle of tents, the arbour where the skimmers work, in which are neatly pegged out skins, large and small, the elephant camp, the various camp noises, the *tonk ! tonk ! tonk !* of a jungle bird (a barbet), that night and day continues his monotonous machine-like call—he is, I suppose, relieved by his pals—the trumpeting of elephants ; such details may be left to the reader's imagination. . . .

“The domestic buffalo calf that has been killed during the night was tied up on the bank of a river that wound through the forest, for tigers in their nightly wanderings usually keep to paths, river-beds, and such open spaces. He was secured with a rope strong enough to hold him, but not so strong that a tiger could not easily snap it, to carry off his prey to the nearest thick jungle. Now nothing is left but a broken rope, a little blood-stained straw, and on the sand a few tell-tale tracks. The slayer, in all probability, is lying within a hundred yards of us. At a signal from the head shikari the elephants enter the jungle one by one, alternately going half right and half left, with an interval of 20 or 30 yards between each. The two strings of elephants thus formed subsequently converge and meet, thus completing the ring. One of the five guns is left to guard the river-bed, the rest are distributed with the elephants. All face towards the centre of the ring and stand. The manœuvre has been carried out without much talking, but by no means without noise. The crashing of our forty elephants through the jungle must certainly have been heard by any animal within the ring ; but Nepalese shikaris hold that a tiger that has fed well will not move unless the elephants almost kick him up, and that by the time he really scents danger he has been surrounded. Tigers are, of course, used to hearing wild elephants crashing about.

“It is in this jungle work that Nepalese elephants and their mahouts excel. Working together, the mahout with his sharp, heavy kukri, the elephant using his trunk as a mighty arm, his forehead as a battering ram, they will together go through anything. Trees go crashing down as the elephant puts his weight against them. At a word he breaks down branches that threaten the howdah ; it is only the lianas, with no beginning and no end, and having the tensile strength of a hempen rope, that defeat him. But the kukri cuts through their sappy flesh like a carrot.

“The ring has been made, though one can actually see no elephants except the nearer ones on either hand. The shikari in charge cruises round on his speedy mount to advance one elephant, retire another, and finally, having made good the gaps, to draw the ring closer. . . .

“The elephants, as they are moved forward, level down the grass or undergrowth and the smaller trees, so that you have a clear ring,

like a broad ride running round the central patch. When this has been reduced to a diameter of a hundred yards or a little more—a smaller ring than this would entail risks to elephants from bullets—two stout elephants are sent in to move the tiger. It is a great sight to see an elephant push down a young tree on the top of a tiger, whose exact whereabouts is often unknown till this happens, or, it may be, till he is hit by a log of wood thrown by a mahout. Then he is up with a roar and charges the ring. Curiously enough he does not often attack the elephant that has roused him. The following true and quaint incident occurred in Nepal last year :

“A tiger charged through the ring unwounded. After him hurried a shikari on a fast little elephant to head him. The tiger sprang on his elephant, who, screaming with fright, bolted back to his companions in the ring. There he managed to deposit the tiger, or, at any rate, the tiger dropped off and was shot.

“Most shikar elephants get honourable scars in the course of their careers. Occasionally one gets killed. The following letter from an Indian zamindar, who had sent some elephants to a big tiger shoot in Nepal, is amongst the archives of the Legation at Katmandhu :

SIR,—I request to inform you that my elephant Bak Bahadur, sent to help in great sport in jungle of Nepal, died on 21st ultimo of tiger bite. I had been justly proud for my elephant on hearing he was the only elephant who stood before the ferocious tigers and faced them with their fierce attacks. The mahout requested that two or three tigers attacked him, but he faced them all and never receded a budge. He was severely bitten by one and this brought on rabies, and, in spite of all my attempts to save him by administering all available help, treatment, and medicine, the poor thing breathed his last, to my great sorrow, misfortune, and mortification. Really I am sorry for having lost such a bold and fearless, at the same time so child-like and innocent an animal. . . .

“This ringing is, of course, a deadly sledge-hammer way of shooting tigers, and with a lot of elephants the tiger's chances of escape are small ; but howdah elephants staunch enough to stand when charged, are essential, and these are not easy to find. The best are usually big tuskers, but all are liable to lose their nerve after a few years' experience, especially if, as is commonly the case, they have had their adventures. The danger from an unstaunch elephant lies, perhaps, not so much from the tiger as from the risk of the howdah being swept off in a panic-stricken flight through the jungle, for, in spite of their bulk and apparently equable temperament, elephants are ‘bundles of nerves.’

“The writer once, on a very stout-hearted old tusker, made the mistake of taking up a ‘half-right’ orientation in a ring, so as to get

a clearer field of fire, instead of directly facing the enemy. The tiger made a demonstration on our left flank, and Bikram Pershad spun round so quickly that not only my bullet sped 'in a totally wrong direction,' but I was flung against the howdah rails hard enough to break a rib. I am sure that if the elephant had been facing the tiger he would have stood like an old grey rock."

LEOPARD OR PANTHER (*F. pardus*)

The controversy regarding the identity of the "panther" and the leopard is an old one. Science refuses to recognise more than one species. The leopard varies much in size, colour and habits in different localities, and in some places one type and in some another is called a "panther." But they are all the same beast—*Felis pardus*.

At one place in the Prince's tour (not in Nepal) some members of the party saw a sight which was not on the programme, namely, a horrid conflict between a splendid full-grown leopard and a large tusker boar. The leopard made no fight at all. As a matter of fact—though at first we did not know it, for the pit in which the fight was staged was too deep for us to see—the boar's tusches had been filed off, so, though it struck the leopard broadside, flung it against the wall, threw it to the ground, and gored at it where it lay, it really did no serious harm.

But it was a dreadful sight to see the beautiful cat stretched on the ground while the great brute of a pig stood over it, and, striking sideways at its flanks, endeavoured to tear it open. At last, as the leopard lay motionless, shamming dead, the boar seeming satisfied that its work was done, left it where it lay; and presently the leopard roused itself and stole away. But, at the best, it must have been badly bruised.

The leopard is most commonly a cowardly and slinking animal, very easily scared; but it is also sometimes savage and dangerous, so that not a few sportsmen consider it more formidable even than the tiger. Mr. Rowland Ward in the eighth edition (1922) of his "Records of Big Game," gives three leopards which, measured before being skinned, ran to 9 feet and upwards in length:

One of 9 feet 1 inch, shot in Kashmir by L. Inglis.

One of 9 feet, shot in Gwalior by H.H. the Maharaja of Dhar.

One of 9 feet, shot in Dhar State by H.H. the Maharaja of Dhar.

HIMALAYAN BEAR (*U. torquatus*)

Most of the bears are so closely allied, that there is difficulty in separating them satisfactorily into species. The Sloth bear is regarded as representing a genus (*Melursus*) by itself. The Polar bear, on the

one hand, and the Malayan and Spectacled bears, on the other, are sufficiently distinctive forms to be clearly entitled to individual specific rank. It seems that all the other types will interbreed freely, and (though the writer has no knowledge on the subject) it is not improbable that, for instance, the Malayan and American Black bear would do so. Hybrids of various crosses are common in menageries and, in cases where the ranges overlap, are also found in the wild state.

The Himalayan bear (*Ursus torquatus*) is a formidable beast, being found nearly a foot taller than the American Black bear, while only the largest grizzly skins exceed the biggest Himalayan specimens in length. The following comparison of the three largest skins of each of the species, extracted from Mr. Rowland Ward's records, will be interesting :

GRIZZLY.		HIMALAYAN.		AMERICAN BLACK.
9 ft. 1 in.	..	8 ft. 5 in.	..	7 ft. 5½ in.
9 ft. 0 in.	..	8 ft. 5 in.	..	6 ft. 11 in.
8 ft. 7 in.	..	8 ft. 2 in.	..	6 ft. 7 in.

Very few records are available of the size of animals, properly measured, before being skinned ; but it is worth noting that the "length of body" of Lord Hardinge's "record" tiger was only 7 feet 11½ inches, and no other tiger is recorded reaching as much as 7 feet 2 inches. The bear has no 3 feet of tail to add to its length. Roughly it would probably be safe to say that an 8-foot Himalayan bear might be expected to weigh 50 lb. or so more than a 11-foot tiger.

The largest Himalayan bears are found in Kashmir. The biggest Nepal specimen (shot by Lieut.-General Sir Kaiser Shumshere Jung) was 6 feet 6 inches in length, and weighed 700 lb.

RHINOCEROS (*R. unicornis*)

Throughout the shoots I never had the opportunity of measuring any of the animals in the flesh, with the exception of the rhino calf *in utero*, as they were generally shot far away from camp, and were disarticulated on the spot and sent into the skinning camp in sections, this being the easiest method of transporting such big beasts.

General Sir Kaiser Shumshere Jung gives me the following measurement of a rhino which appeared to him as "unusually" big :

Height at shoulder	6 ft. 4 in.
Length from nose to root of tail	10 ft. 7 in.
		(measured between pegs).
Tail	2 ft. 1 in.
Neck	7 ft. 6 in.
Girth behind shoulder	11 ft. 1 in.
Maximum girth	12 ft. 6 in.
Horn	15½ in.

A female shot by Colonel O'Connor during the Christmas camp, after the Prince had left Nepal, taped 5 feet 9 inches in height at withers, greatest girth 12 feet. The longest rhino horn obtained in Nepal was one of an animal shot by Lord Curzon, then Viceroy, in 1901, at Morang. The horn measured $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with a circumference of $24\frac{3}{4}$ inches at the base. The record horn measures 24 inches, and was got by Mr. Briscoe in Assam.

Hodgson gives the following measurement of a new-born rhino : length 3 feet 4 inches, and height 2 feet. An animal eight years old taped 9 feet 3 inches in length, and 4 feet 10 inches in height, the maximum girth being 10 feet 5 inches. The fully developed calf *in utero*, taken from an animal shot during the Prince's shikar in Nepal, measured as follows :

Length between pegs	4 ft. 1 in.
Head and body	3 ft. 4 in.
Girth	2 ft. 9 in.
Weight	120 lb.

Commenting on the animal's habits, General Sir Kaiser writes :

"Though it prefers swamps and high grass, the great Indian rhinoceros is also found in wood jungles, up ravines and low hills ; along the numerous rivers it has its particular places for the evacuation of excreta. Along the runs to such places it walks backwards and falls an unsuspecting victim to poachers."

The period of gestation is given by Hodgson as seventeen to eighteen months, but General Sir Kaiser says it is believed to be one year, and the cow produces one at birth. According to General Sir Kaiser, breeding takes place at all times of the year.

Writers have commented on the longevity of the rhinoceros, 100 years being given as the age. General Sir Kaiser is of opinion that as regards breeding and longevity the "rhino" is "first cousin to the elephant."

Rhinoceros are still very numerous in the Nepal Terai, especially so in Chitawan and along the Rapti River. In January, 1907, twenty-eight rhinos were bagged, fourteen males and fourteen females, yet the forests in Chitawan were in 1909 so full of them that no appreciable diminution in the stock had been made.

Many legends and beliefs are attached to the rhinoceros in Nepal. Mr. Landon's account of the scene at the death of one of these animals during the shoot in Nepal is sufficiently illustrative of the esteem the animal is held in by the Nepalese in general. Commenting on the above, General Sir Kaiser writes :

“The flesh and blood of the rhino are considered pure and highly acceptable to the *Manes*, to whom the high-caste Hindus and most Gurkhas offer libation of its blood after entering its disembowelled body. On ordinary *Sradh* days the libation of water and milk is poured from a cup carved from its horn. The urine is considered antiseptic ; it is hung in a vessel at the principal door as a charm against ghosts, evil spirits and diseases.”

The above beliefs are in nowise confined to Nepal, as the Chinese, Burmese and Siamese preserve practically every part of the rhinoceros. The horn, hoof, blood, urine, hide, and even the intestines are dried and afterwards converted into various medicines.

As regards shooting rhino in Nepal the importance of a vital shot has been already commented upon. Selous in his “Hunter’s Wanderings in Africa,” in writing about rhino, says :

“As with elephants it is very unsatisfactory work following up a wounded rhino, as they do not go and lie down, but walk on and on till their strength gives way. They die very quickly when shot through both lungs and the upper part of the heart, but if shot from the front, and the bullet only penetrates one lung, they will go on to all eternity, though throwing blood out of their mouth and nostrils by the gallon. With a broken shoulder they will run first at a gallop and then at a halting trot for more than a mile, but if the hind leg is broken they do not appear to be able to budge a step.”

Conditions in Nepal are entirely different from the country in which Selous shot ; owing to the nature of the terrain the tracking of wounded rhino is practically impossible, and many a mortally wounded beast has been lost in consequence.

A shot through the brain, placed a few inches in front of the root of the ear, would seem to be the most effective, or a shot through the forepart of the neck severing the cervical vertebræ. In the Bombay Natural History Society’s *Journal*, Mr. G. C. Shortridge records shooting an Asiatic two-horned rhino with a *shot gun loaded with lethal bullet*, dropping him at seven paces with a lucky shot in the head, which smashed through the skull and lodged in the brain.

Writing of the rhinoceros of Somaliland (*R. bicornis*), Captain P. Z. (now Sir Percy) Cox (Bombay Natural History Society’s *Journal*, vol. xiii., p. 93 *et seq.*) describes his experiences and those of Donaldson-Smith as to the effect of variously placed shots with heavy rifles, the conclusion arrived at being that the “knock-out” blow is a broad-side shot in the belly, the reason probably being that in this part of

the rhino's anatomy there is such a number of nerves and blood vessels that a bullet planted therein causes a violent shock to the system.

Another writer commenting on the above, takes exception to the belly shot, states that he has no faith in head shots, and considers a shot behind the shoulder to be the most fatal.

The following account of rhinoceros shooting in Nepal is from a second article, "A Royal Shooting Ground," by Colonel R. S. Kennion, published in *The Field* of May 6th, 1922 :

"Rhinoceros are now practically only found in the country lying east of the Gandak River, known as Chitawan. In this neighbourhood they have been carefully preserved, and any one that is accorded the privilege of entering the district mentioned can still see more of these huge beasts than he could anywhere else in the world. They are, of course, of a different species to those found in Africa. In the old days rhino shooting used to be considered a very dangerous sport—that is, before H.V. rifles came into use. That famous old sportsman, Sir Jung Bahadur, used, however, often to be accompanied by his ladies when on expeditions after rhino, till one of them was killed through the elephant carrying their howdah being charged and knocked over. Ladies were therefore barred. Rhino in this country must, like other animals, be shot from elephants, but elephants staunch to rhino are harder to find than those staunch to tiger. The 'ringing' method cannot be employed, for if these beasts are in a tight place they will always charge, and will so scatter and demoralise the elephants that their nerves will not recover for months, if at all.

"The proper plan is for two or three guns to go together to the rhino ground, which is generally the very thickest tree jungle, or else *narkat*, where the going is marshy. They are located by their unmistakable three-toed tracks, by the crashing of branches, or by their peculiar snorts, which remind one rather of a short burst of machine-gun fire, but, of course, less loud and sharp. One does not find them particularly anxious to get right away, and all that is necessary is to manœuvre about to get a clear shot at head or neck. You see the huge uncouth brute vaguely outlined amid the greenery, standing looking at you, perhaps 20 yards away. There is nothing to aim at except his nose and horn, or perhaps his chest, all equally futile, even with so heavy a weapon as a H.V. .465 or .500 rifle. Nearer you dare not go, or he would charge, which, in the jungle, at any rate, would probably mean a clean sweep of the howdah by branches off your bolting elephant. No elephant will stand up to a charging rhino, and very few in such circumstances will stand sufficiently even to give

you the chance of a shot. While you are wondering about the next move, perhaps with an astounding snort, whistle, or squeal, or a combination of all three, the rhino moves off with a rush, and your elephant, with a pirouette, followed by a few yards' strategic retirement, displays the panicky state of his nerves. It is, in a way, what one might expect, as an elephant has no means of defence against a rhino. Against this is the fact that wild elephant and rhinoceros are often found on the same ground. I suppose till the human biped intrudes, they must have little to say to one another.

"The rhino will not go far before he stands again, and the rest depends on circumstances. If you can get a shot below the ear he will sink down so instantaneously dead that he will not roll over. You can then only realise his huge bulk with the aid of a tape. A moderately big male shot by the writer measured 5 feet 9 inches at the shoulder, and was 13 feet long. It took eight carts to bring him to camp. As to a rhino's carcase in the Nepal Terai, the Tharus, like vultures, seem to assemble from nowhere. They sop up the blood on rags. When dried, the water in which the rag is dipped is a specific against cholera. The urine, also an important item in the mysterious *materia medica* of the jungle—heaven knows for what ailment!—is caught in bottles, or any vessel handy, while of the meat not a grizzly shred is left, for it is all eaten. One evening our own menu included roast peafowl, sambur marrow on toast, and rhino's tongue. The latter is not as disagreeable as it sounds, though I cannot praise it further.

"The male may be recognised from the female by his shorter and thicker horn, worn blunt by combats, in which it is said that rhino kill one another. The longer and sharper female's horn has a more unpleasant appearance, and this sex, especially when they have a calf at heel, display more gratuitous truculence. Once we had a stand in an open space, looking as if a ride had been cut in the forest. A few elephants were being put through to move a tiger towards us. A man posted up a tree signalled a tiger towards our left front, but he had not yet come out when we heard a rhino's crashing just in front of us, and shortly afterwards a female came slowly out. She had a calf with her. Seeing our elephant, she stood looking at us, not 25 yards away. A rhino's face, I may remark, is totally without expression, like a hunk of wood. Our elephant stood and looked at her. I had no wish to shoot, and so we remained like that for a full minute. I would have given a good deal for a camera in my hand. Then, with a toss of her head, she came at us at a lumbering gallop. An elephant can be marvellously quick in such circumstances. Next moment a man, hatless, flung violently about in a howdah, concerned chiefly

to preserve himself from being pitched out, and at the same time to keep hold of his rifle, was being adjured to shoot! Shoot, indeed! The rhino, having chased us headlong for 40 or 50 yards, stopped and turned off into the jungle. Our elephant had kept to the open, or our plight would have been sad. We returned to our stand, and the elephant was just handing me my hat when the tiger, in two bounds, crossed the ride. I did shoot, but the bullet that sped knocked the dust off somewhere behind his tail. That elephant has a very good reputation with rhino, and I took the first opportunity of asking the mahout to account for his somewhat ignominious flight.

"'Nay, sahib,' he said, 'Mangal Pershad behaved well. Did he not stand? But he expected your honour to shoot, and when you did not shoot he felt himself without support and fled.'

"His explanation was, I am sure, quite correct. Poor Mangal felt he had lost his human backing, and his nerve gave way.

"The scene in the wonderful jungles of Chitawan I love best to recall occurred one evening during our return towards camp. We had been out all day. The elephants were strung out in a long line, the mahouts hurrying them along at their ridiculous best pace to reach the tents before darkness fell. We were tired and dusty. The sun was setting, turning to gold the tips of the *sal* trees on the high *dhamar* to our right, while on the other hand, over the open stretch of sand, reeds, and river, a light mist was rising from the water, almost concealing the line of forest on the far bank. A chill had fallen on the air. Jungle fowl were calling, peafowl were already fluttering up to their perches on the high cotton trees. Somewhere quite close by a karkar was barking persistently. Turning a bend in the forest path we came to a sort of natural clearing, a grassy lawn, making a bay in the forest. In the middle of this stood a huge rhinoceros. He looked like a monstrous image of clay. With his grotesque shape, long boat-shaped head, his folds of armour, his scaly hide, he seemed like a monster of some bygone age aroused from the slime and his sleep of thousands of years. The leading mahouts halted their elephants on seeing him. I had no desire to shoot him, and all shouted to scare him away. He just turned his great head, but otherwise would not stir, so we filed by, so near one could have hit him with a stone. Looking back from the next turning, the huge grey image was still standing immovable in the gloom."

On the subject of the temper of the rhinoceros, the author of "Of Distinguished Animals" says:

"A wounded—or an angry—rhinoceros is always a very dangerous

beast ; but of its temper under ordinary circumstances, when at large, accounts are curiously contradictory. The subject, so far as the African species are concerned, has been well threshed out by Mr. Selous. He himself considered the black rhinoceros to be 'stupid and blundering,' but rarely intentionally aggressive, saying that he had 'never known an instance of one not running off immediately on getting my wind.' Similarly, Mr. F. Vaughan Kirby declares it to be 'naturally timid' and 'the easiest to kill of all large game.' The experience of Mr. Neumann coincides with this, the beast, in his opinion, being 'intensely stupid and marvellously blind.' The white rhinoceros (in spite of the fact that one threw him and his horse into the air) Mr. Cotton Oswell apostrophises as 'Poor, old, stupid fellow . . . the very thing for young gunners to try their 'prentice hands upon'—sad words, seeing how nearly the white rhinoceros has come to being extinct.

"Many other authorities, however, speak of the animal's exceeding and gratuitous ferocity. Mr. Abel Chapman ranks the rhinoceros next to the elephant as the most dangerous of African wild game. Gordon Cumming found the black rhinoceros 'extremely fierce and dangerous'; and the divergence of opinion appears in some points to extend to matters of fact on which discrepancy would seem unnecessary. Thus Mr. Neumann says that the Ndorobo 'have far less fear of rhinoceroses than of elephants,' while Mr. F. J. Jackson, speaking also of natives of East Africa, avers that 'as a rule they are more afraid of a rhinoceros than of either an elephant or a buffalo.'

"The Asiatic rhinoceroses, of which three different species are recognised, are generally regarded as more or less inoffensive until wounded or attacked ; and in regard to the African black species the fact probably is that there is a great variety of disposition among individuals ; and it may well be, as Colonel Patterson says, that the same animal is 'one day savage and timid the next.' That they are formidable antagonists when they attack may well be believed, for, in spite of their size and weight, they are very nimble on their feet, and can, as one sportsman says, 'turn in their tracks like monkeys.'

"It is almost certain, however, that many of the cases of ferocity which are reported are no more than manifestations of the animal's stupidity—what is mistaken for a charge being but the bewildered rush of a frightened beast endeavouring to get away. With its miserable sight the rhinoceros is usually aware of the approach of danger, if at all, either by its sense of smell or by the warning of the rhinoceros bird which, haunting the beast for the sake of the ticks which infest it, acts as sentinel. In the latter case the animal probably

has no idea from what quarter it is threatened, and in the former it probably places the direction of the peril but vaguely. All rhinoceroses seemingly run up wind when suddenly roused or alarmed ; and it necessarily follows that the first blind rush not seldom takes them straight at the object, the scent of which has disturbed them. Thus many instances have been reported of their charging straight at passing and peaceful caravans, sometimes breaking through the line of porters, sometimes heading direct for one of the wagons ; and whatever comes in the way of a rhinoceros moving at full speed is likely to suffer. The most remarkable story of the kind is perhaps that of Colonel Patterson, who tells how : ‘ A gang of twenty-one slaves, chained neck and neck, as was the custom, was proceeding in Indian file along a narrow path when a rhinoceros suddenly charged out at right angles to them, impaled the centre man on its horn, and broke the necks of the remainder of the party by the suddenness of its rush.’

“ The enmity existing between elephants and rhinoceroses is an old subject ; and it used to be the belief that when a rhino was preparing to fight an elephant it sharpened its horn upon a rock (or an agate, according to Pliny) before it began to fight :

*In the wastes of India, while the earth
Beneath him groans, the elephant is seen,
His huge proboscis writhing, to defy
The strong rhinoceros, whose pond'rous horn
Is newly whetted on a rock.*

“ So sings Darwin, and again Glover :

*Go, stately lion, go ! and though with scales impenetrable armed,
Rhinoceros, whose pride can strike to earth the unconquered elephant.*

“ Cowper and Dryden, however, are of the opinion that it was the elephant that did the striking to earth, the rhinoceros being no match for ‘ her unequal foe.’ As a matter of fact, a fight has been witnessed between an Indian rhinoceros and a full-grown male wild elephant, in which the former came off victorious.”

THE INDIAN ELEPHANT (*E. maximus*)

The visitor to Nepal must be struck by the numbers of elephants met with. The total roll-call of elephants used in connection with the Royal shoots was 423, which were divided into three sections, according to the district, viz., those assigned to Thori, those to Haria, and those to Kasra.



(1)

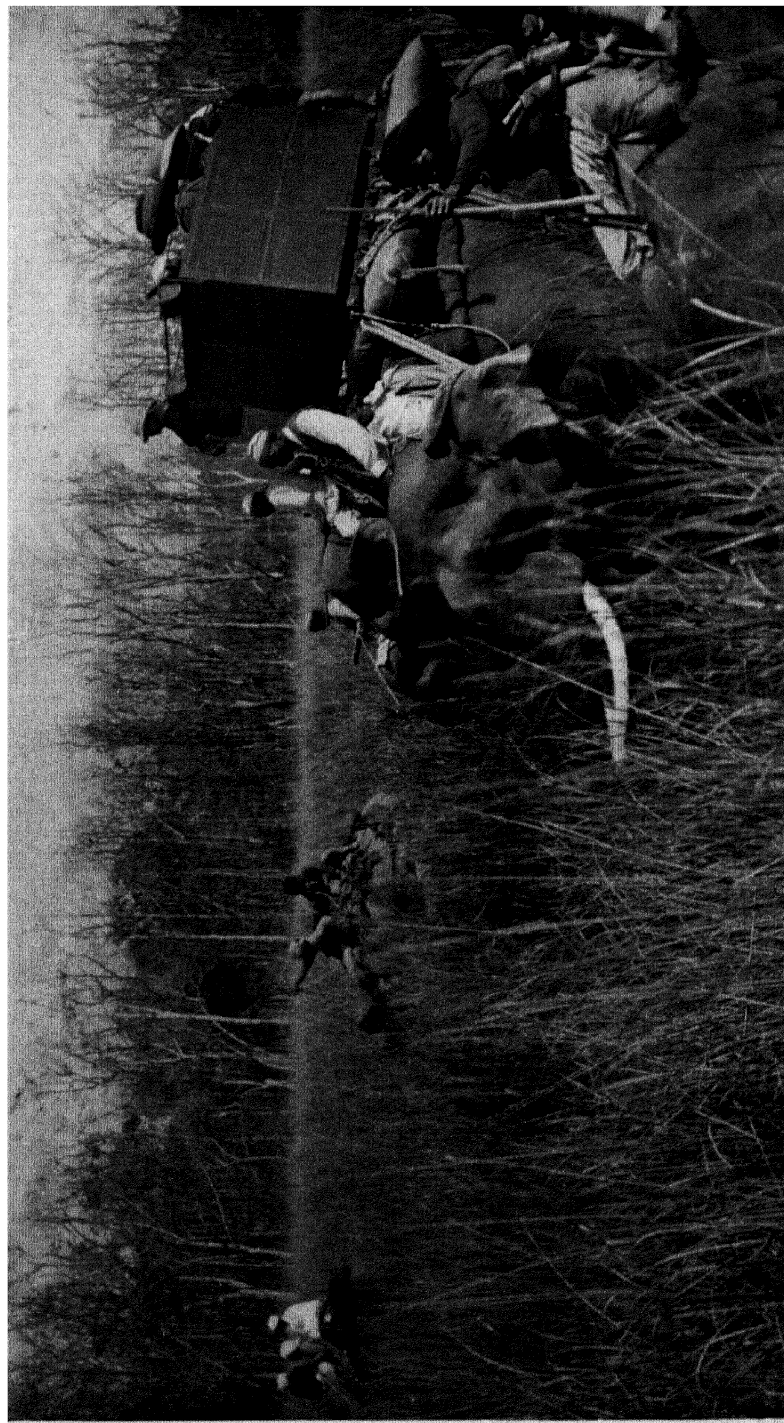


(2)

Photographs through the kindness of General Sir Kaiser of Nepal.

ELEPHANTS IN NEPAL JUNGLES.

- (1) Advancing in V formation after tiger. General Sir Kaiser "ringing" the jungle.
- (2) "Pad" elephants returning from a shoot.



Photograph through the kindness of General Sir Kaiser of Nepal.

HOWDAH AND PAD ELEPHANTS IN NEPAL.

Magnificent "howdah" and "pad" elephants in Nepal. They are "ringing" tiger—the method peculiar to Nepal and certain parts of Assam. It is necessitated by the dense jungle. The elephant grass grows up sometimes to 20 feet in height, and is so thick as almost to obscure the animal from the view of the howdah occupants in their passage through it. On one occasion on the Royal shoot in Nepal it was several feet above the head of a man standing up in a howdah.

What the camel is to the desert, the elephant is to Nepal—practically the only means of transport through its pathless jungles. In the wild state they are plentiful in the south of Nepal (the Terai). In some years they are more commonly found than in others. During the rains they visit the cultivated portion of the Terai, doing a considerable amount of damage to crops, etc. For the greater part of the time they are buried in the dense jungle, roaming in herds of about eighty to ninety, but with the exception of an occasional "rogue," which may do a great deal of harm to life and property, these elephants, unless molested, seldom attack. Numbers are annually caught in Nepal and tamed, a young elephant, I was informed, being completely domesticated by the Nepalese in six months, though an old elephant will often take a year to tame thoroughly.

The danger of the animal bolting is a contingency which might at any time arise in hunting from an elephant in a heavy forest country, where an occurrence of this nature is fraught with extreme danger to the occupants of a howdah or indeed of a pad.

A friend of mine related an exciting experience which befell him while shooting in the Terai. An infuriated rhino took it into his head to charge, and selecting the elephant on which he was seated made a terrific onrush. The elephant immediately turned and bolted for dear life, hotly pursued by the monster. My friend's mount was frantic with fear and went crashing through the jungle. In a moment half the howdah was swept off by the branch of a tree; the great beast, not abating the pace one jot, went on and on. My friend thought he would be killed, and did really stand an excellent chance of ending his career. The rhino was close behind, and would certainly have "got home" had she not been turned from her purpose by her calf, who stopped abruptly, and the mother, seeing she was unaccompanied, turned and gave up the chase.

The elephant swerved to the left, fortunately striking an open bit of country, but she did not give up her headlong flight till she had put a good two miles between herself and the scene of the adventure.

Of the size (height at shoulder) of Indian elephants, Mr. Rowland Ward says: "Specimens have been killed measuring over 10 feet, while one is stated to have reached 11 feet, and a skeleton in the Indian Museum, Calcutta, indicates a still larger individual."

There is a widespread belief that the African elephant reaches as much as 13 feet, but the largest authentic specimen known, measured 11 feet 8 inches.

(For further notes on the elephant in India, the reader is referred to Chapter XIV., later in this volume.)

THE PRINCE'S ANIMALS

COLLECTION OF ANIMALS, BIRDS AND REPTILES PRESENTED BY H.H. THE MAHARAJA TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1921, AT THE SHOOTING CAMP, BIKNA THORI.

MAMMALS AND VERTEBRATES

- 1 Baby Elephant (*E. maximus*).
- 1 Rhino Calf (*R. unicornis*).
- 2 Leopard Cats (*F. bengalensis*).
- 2 Himalayan Black Bears (*U. torquatus*).
- 1 Black Leopard (*F. pardus*).
- 1 Clouded Leopard (*F. nebulosa*).
- 1 Tiger (*F. tigris*).
- 1 Tibetan Fox (*V. ferrilatus*).
- 1 Mountain Fox (*V. montanus*).
- 2 Sambhurs (*C. unicolor*).
- 1 Thar (*H. jemlaicus*).
- 3 Musk Deer (*M. moschiferus*).
- 1 Unicorn Sheep (*Ovis* sp.).
- 1 Four-horned Sheep (*Ovis* sp.).
- 1 One-horned Tibetan Shawl Goat (*Ovis* sp.).
- 2 Tibetan Mastiffs (*C. domesticus*).
- 4 Tibetan Mastiff pups.
- 1 Monitor (*V. bengalensis*).
- 1 Python (*P. molurus*).

BIRDS

- 4 Nepal Kalij (*G. leucomelanus*).
- 1 White Crested Kalij Pheasant (*G. albicristatus*).
- 4 Monal Pheasants (*L. refulgens*).
- 4 Cheer Pheasants (*C. wallichi*).
- 2 Koklass Pheasants (*P. macrolopha*).
- 4 Chukor Partridges (*C. chucar*).
- Swamp Partridges (*F. gularis*).
- 2 Green Pigeons (*O. phayrei*).
- 10 Bronze-winged Doves (*C. indica*).
- 3 Great Indian Adjutants (*L. dubius*).
- 1 Hawk
- Peafowl (*P. cristatus*).

The animals were brought down from Nepal to Bombay (after some difficulty with the stationmaster at Bikna Thori) under the charge of Mr. Ellison and Captain Shanka Bahadur Shah, a cousin of the Maharaja, and some Nepalese assistants, and though there was a certain amount of delay, they stood the journey very well, and arrived in Bombay on January 10th without any casualties, and thence were forwarded to the London Zoological Gardens.

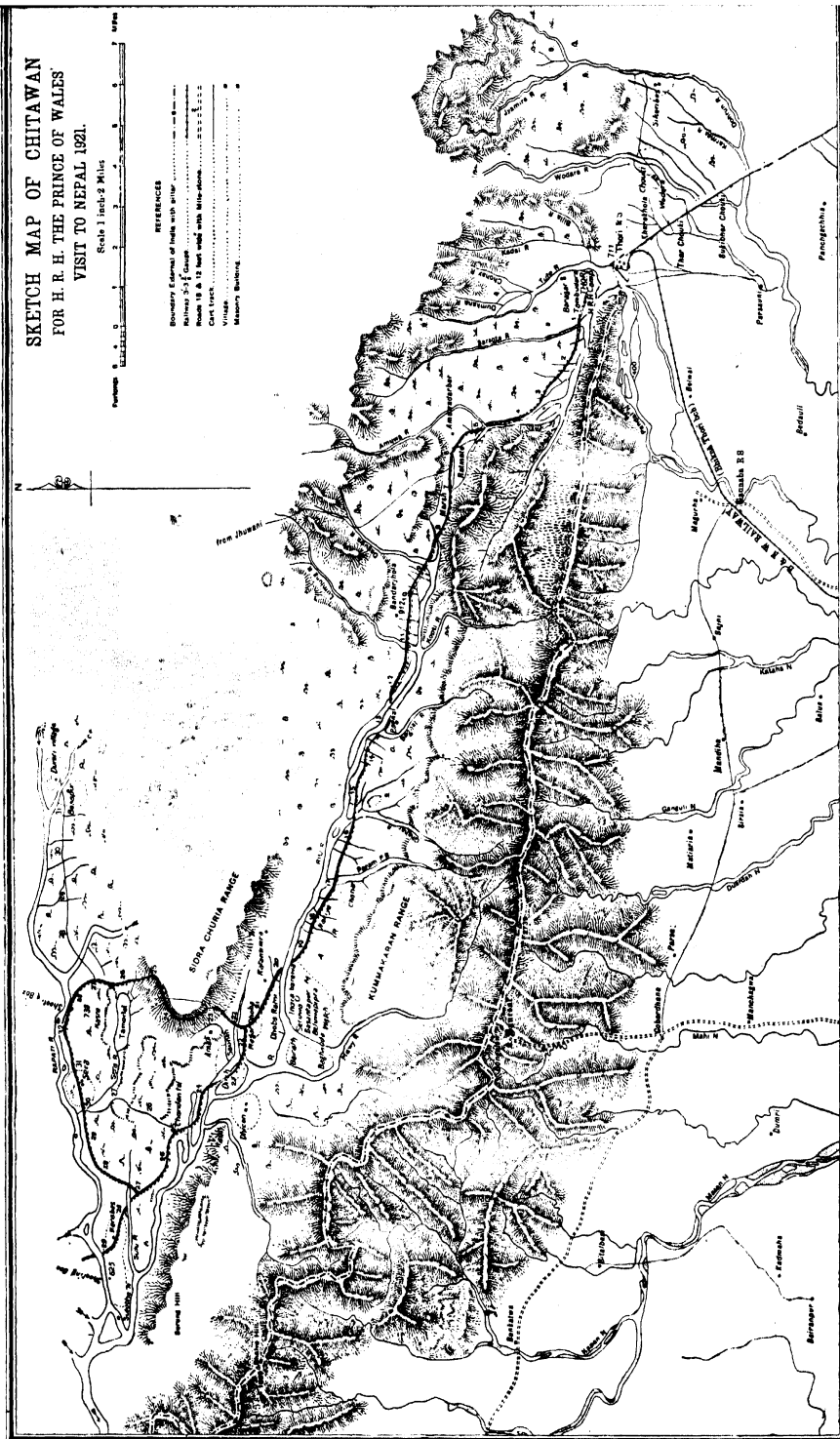
The following note on the arrival of the animals at the Zoological Gardens and their subsequent history has been very kindly furnished

SKETCH MAP OF CHITAWAN FOR H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES VISIT TO NEPAL 1921.

Scale 1 Inch = 2 Miles

REFERENCES

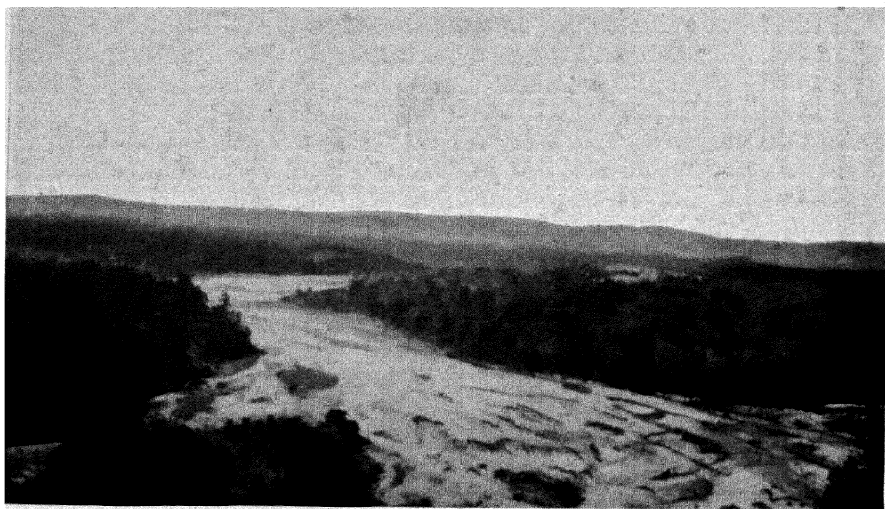
- Boundary of Nepal with India
- Railways
- Post Office
- Fort
- Village
- Missionary Building



Measurement at the Survey or Local Office, Current

Map No. 1044, E. G. 30

The road from the Royal Shooting Camp at Bikna Thori is marked in red. At different places on this route most of the beats mentioned in this narrative took place. On the extreme left of the map is Kasra, where His Majesty King George V. stayed when he shot in Nepal in 1911.

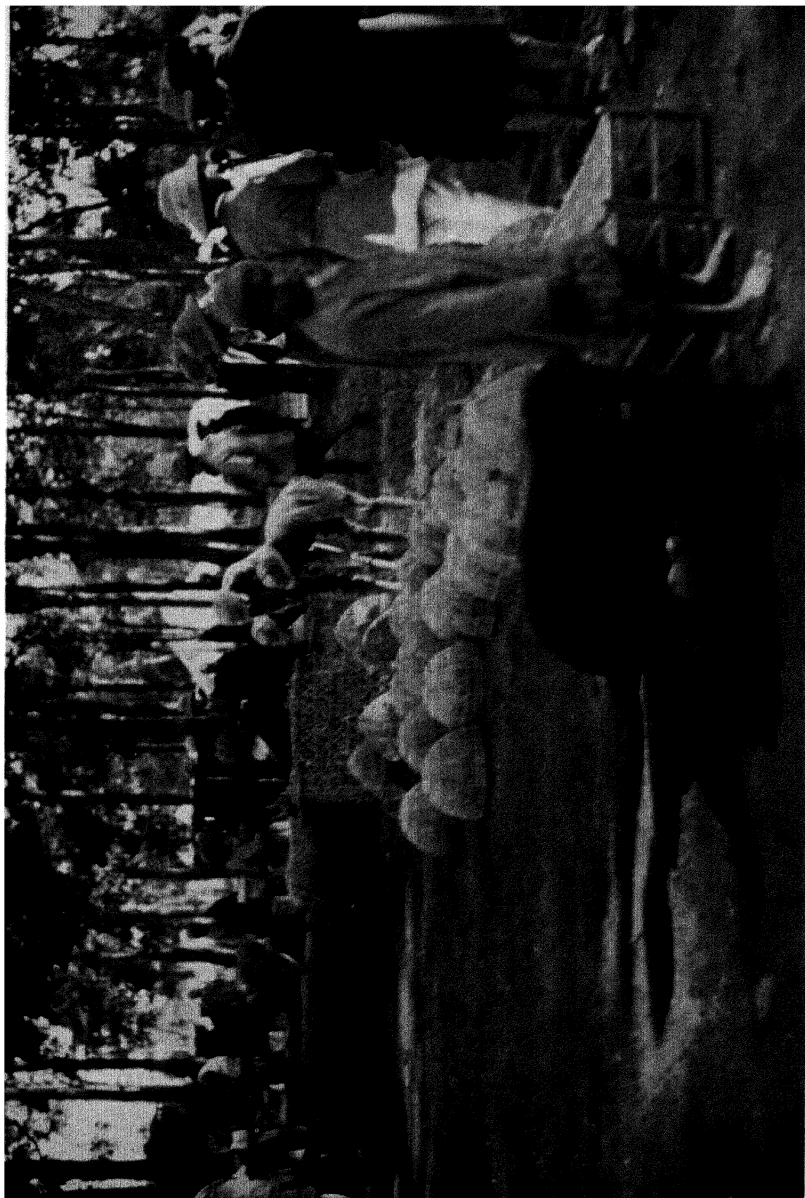


THE VENUE FOR THE ROYAL SHOOT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NEPAL—
THE TERAI.



THE LITTLE STATION ON THE NEPAL FRONTIER, THE TERMINUS OF THE
RAILWAY WHICH WINDS ALONG THE TERAI.

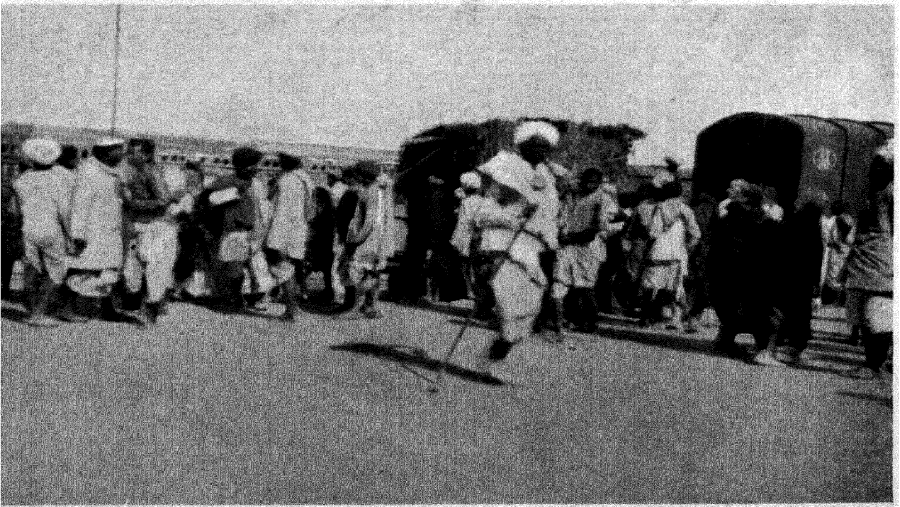
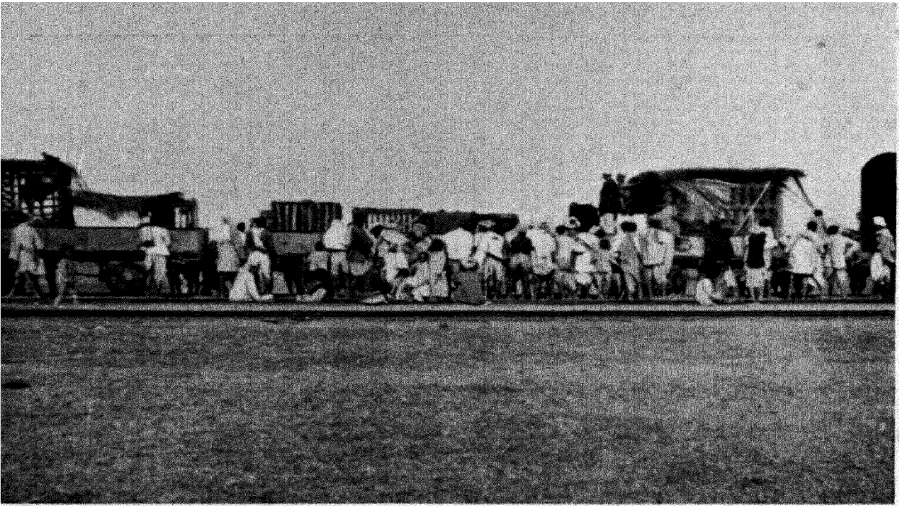
The photograph was taken from the Indian boundary, and shows the field
where the Prince played polo.



Photograph through the kindness of General Sir Kaiser of Nepal.

THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE COLLECTION OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE MAHARAJA OF NEPAL.

They were afterwards given by him to the London Zoological Gardens. A Tibetan mastiff is seen in the front of the picture.



**A STRANGE JOURNEY. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S COLLECTION
OF ANIMALS PASSING THROUGH INDIA.**

During the whole journey from Nepal to Bombay the native population evinced the utmost interest in the wonderful collection, and assembled in great numbers to witness the feeding of the animals whenever the train stopped.

by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, C.B.E., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., etc., the Secretary of the Zoological Society :

“ The Prince of Wales, during his visit to the East in 1921-22, accepted collections of animals from Nepal and Indo-Malaya. His offer to present these to the Society was very gratefully accepted.

“ In accordance with the precedent of H.M. the King's Indian and Malay collections, it was arranged to exhibit these separately during the summer of 1922. The large antelope paddock and the outer enclosures of the antelope house were specially prepared for the collections. The Nepal animals arrived in April in charge of Mr. Doctor, C.M.Z.S., Curator of the Victoria Gardens, Bombay, and the Malay animals in May, in charge of Dixon, head-keeper of small mammals, who had been sent out by the Society to return with them.

“ The Society is specially indebted to the Bombay Natural History Society, and to Mr. B. C. Ellison, C.M.Z.S., and Mr. S. H. Prater, C.M.Z.S., for the great assistance given with the reception of the Nepal collection at Bombay, and its care until it could be shipped home. They are equally indebted to Major J. C. Moulton, F.Z.S., of the Raffles Museum, Singapore, for great aid given in connection with Malay animals.

“ The Nepal animals arrived in the Thames by the S.S. *Perim* late on April 7th, 1922, and were brought to the Gardens next morning. As the weather was unfavourable, they were taken to the Sanatorium and allowed to recuperate for some weeks without disturbance from the public.

“ The Malay animals, in charge of Keeper Dixon, who had been sent out for them, arrived at the Royal Albert Docks by the S.S. *Titan* on Sunday, April 5th. As the Docks and Custom House were closed, this collection could not be moved that day, but a Zoo van took down fresh rations, and arranged for the early transport, and in the course of that day they reached the Gardens.

“ Meantime, the Council had arranged for the exhibition of the Indian and Malay animals in a separate enclosure. The large antelope paddock, in the main garden, was set aside for the purpose. The range of outdoor cages of the antelope house were wired and fitted with sleeping boxes for the carnivora and the more powerful animals. The periphery of the paddock was divided into a number of outdoor enclosures, wired in, and with small ponds and sleeping sheds. The artificial hill in the centre was set apart for goats and deer, and a special enclosure was made for the rhinoceros and elephant. A walk for the public, with seats and palms, was arranged surrounding the

central hill, so that visitors had the animals of the collection on either side.

"Very large numbers of the public visited the collection which was kept together until late in autumn, when the animals were transferred to more permanent quarters in the general collection.

"The cost to the Society of the collection and its exhibition was £2,332 14s. 3d., of which £1,027 19s. 1d. was expended on transport home, and £1,304 15s. 2d. on preparing the buildings and enclosures. It is difficult to place an exact money value on living animals, but the young Indian rhinoceros, young elephant, the Argus pheasants, the black leopards, and the orang could probably not have been purchased, delivered in London, for the total expenditure on the collection, whilst the public interest in the Royal gift must have brought many additional visitors to the Gardens.

"A full list of the animals is appended, with their subsequent history up to January 1st, 1924, or one year and nine months after their arrival."

DONATIONS FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

MAMMALS

- 1 Orang : died June 6, 1923.
- 1 White-handed Gibbon : died Feb. 22, 1923.
- 1 Dusky Langur : died Feb. 4, 1923.
- 3 Siamese Langurs : dead Dec. 8, Dec. 10, 1922 ; Jan. 28, 1923.
- 5 Common Macaques : all living.
- 4 Pig-tailed Macaques : 3 living, 1 died Oct. 8, 1922.
- 4 Slow Loris : 2 living, 2 dead, Sept. 27, Dec. 23, 1922.
- 3 Tigers : 2 living, 1 died Feb. 16, 1923.
- 4 Black Leopards : 2 living, 1 sent to Dublin, 1 sent in exchange to G. B. Chapman for 2 Gelada Baboons.
- 2 Clouded Leopards : dead June 22, Aug. 3, 1922.
- 4 Leopard Cats : dead July 16 (2), July 31, April 19, 1922.
- 2 Tibetan Mastiffs : 1 died Oct. 10, 1922 ; 1 destroyed March 2, 1923.
- 1 Himalayan Fox : living.
- 1 Tibetan Fox, died Oct. 15, 1922.
- 1 Sumatran Civet : died Nov. 25, 1922.
- 2 Binturongs : 1 living, 1 died July 27, 1922.
- 1 Himalayan Bear : living.
- 1 Sun Bear : died Feb. 2, 1923.
- 1 Bicoloured Squirrel : living.
- 1 Prevost's Squirrel : died June 27, 1922.
- 2 Hoary-headed Squirrels : living.
- 5 Long-tailed Porcupines : 4 living, 1 dead June 18, 1922.
- 1 Indian Elephant : living.
- 1 Indian Rhinoceros : living.
- 4 Sambhur Deer : 3 living, 1 died Nov. 3, 1922.
- 4 Javan Mouse-deer : dead June 30, Aug. 29, Oct. 19, 1922 ; Jan 7, 1923.
- 4 Napu Mouse-deer : 1 living, 3 dead July 24, Sept. 6, 1922 ; April 12, 1923.

- 3 Domestic Sheep : 2 destroyed Aug. 20, 1923 ; 1 presented to A. H. Wingfield, F.Z.S.
- 1 Kashmir Goat : destroyed July 4, 1923.

BIRDS

- 2 Nonpareil Finches : 1 living, 1 dead.
- 2 White-headed Mannikins : 2 dead.
- 2 Java Sparrows : living.
- 2 Sharp-tailed Finches : 2 dead Jan. 19, April 14, 1923.
- 1 White-bellied Finch : living.
- 1 White-billed Hornbill : died Nov. 18, 1922.
- 1 Blue-crowned Hanging-parakeet : living.
- 1 Pagoda Owl : living.
- 1 Malayan Hawk-eagle : died May 28, 1922.
- 1 Goshawk : died Oct. 22, 1922.
- 2 White-necked Storks : living.
- 5 Wagler's Egrets : 2 living, 3 dead, Nov. 1, 1922 ; May 16, Sept. 2, 1923.
- 1 Black-crested Bittern : died June 1, 1922.
- 3 Javan Adjutants : 1 sold, 1 killed, 1 living.
- 3 Indian Adjutants : 1 living, 2 dead May 12, Oct. 23, 1923.
- 15 Green-winged Doves : 2 living, 13 dead.
- 1 Barred Dove : living.
- 23 Spotted Turtle-doves : 18 living, 4 sold, 1 died.
- 2 Grey Pigeons : living.
- 1 Southern Fruit Pigeon : died April 27, 1922.
- 1 Jambu Fruit Pigeon : died Jan. 16, 1923.
- 8 Nutmeg Fruit Pigeons : 1 living, 6 sold, 1 died.
- 4 Blue-tailed Fruit-pigeons : 1 living, 3 dead.
- 5 Painted Quails : 4 killed by rats, 1 died.
- 1 Black-breasted Button-quail : living.
- 5 Chukar Partridges : 5 dead.
- 5 Crowned Wood-partridges : 1 living, 4 dead.
- 1 Wood Francolin : living.
- 3 Long-billed Francolins : 3 dead.
- 2 Himalayan Monauls : 2 dead July 6, 1922, July 23, 1923.
- 1 Koklass Pheasant : died June 6, 1922.
- 2 Nepal Kaleege Pheasants : 2 living.
- 5 Argus Pheasants : 4 living, 1 died, Dec. 15, 1922.
- 4 Rufous-tailed Pheasants : 1 living, 3 dead.
- 1 Viellot's Fireback Pheasant : sent in exchange to Mons. Jean Delacour, F.Z.S.
- 4 Javan Peafowl : 2 living, 2 dead, June 15, 1922 ; June 14, 1923.
- 5 Common Peafowl : 2 living, 3 dead, April 19 and 29, May 17, 1922.
- 1 Red Jungle-fowl : died July 6, 1922.
- 1 Sharpe's Crane : died Aug. 14, 1922.
- 3 White-breasted Gallinules : living.
- 1 Water Cock : died Jan. 13, 1923.

REPTILES

- 2 Hawk-billed Turtles : dead, Oct. 2, 1922, April 9, 1923.
- 1 Baska Water Tortoise : living.
- 3 Spinose Land Emys : living.
- 3 Oldham's Terrapins : 2 living, 1 died July 25, 1922.

- 1 Porose Crocodile : died July 20, 1923.
- 1 Bengal Monitor : died Nov. 28, 1922.
- 4 Reticulated Pythons : living.
- 1 Indian Python : living.
- 1 Blood Python : died Oct. 14, 1922.
- 4 Black Cobras : dead, May 23, Oct. 21, 1922 ; June 25, July 7, 1923.
- 1 Hamadryad : living.

Among the animals of especial interest in the collection were the famous "unicorn" sheep of Nepal, which have already been described, and the rare Tibetan fox, of peculiar value, as being the first specimen to reach England. It was a smallish animal, more stoutly built, and thicker set, than our British fox, and its general colour was a sandy fawn, with white tip to the tail. The ears were small and rounded and the muzzle long, giving to the head and face a peculiar and characteristic appearance.

One point of great interest about the animal was the contraction of the pupil of the eye to a perfectly circular disc. This is a unique characteristic, for in all other known foxes the pupil contracts into a vertical slit. The fur also presented a very woolly appearance. The animal was said to be found in the neighbourhood of Lhasa, Tibet.

THE FORESTRY OF NEPAL

Colonel R. L. Kennion, formerly British Envoy to the Court of Nepal, who had retired a short time before the Prince visited that country, but was nevertheless connected with the great shoots (in so much that before he left the land of the Gurkhas, he, under the direct instructions of the Maharaja, planned out the camp at Bikna Thori), wrote an article in *The Field*, which has already been quoted regarding the royal shooting ground. He vividly depicts the calm and twilit grandeur of the gigantic forests which on all sides surrounded the camp at Bikna Thori. He says :

"The tangle of valleys at the foot of the Giant Himalayan ranges is covered with dense vegetation of a thousand different forms. The higher lying tracts consist for the most part of virgin sal forest, and the tall straight boles crowded together stretching upward for light and air from a sea of undergrowth."

In a note to me Colonel Kennion writes :

"A country so blessed by monsoon rains as Nepal is naturally a land where flowers grow. Many kinds are quite peculiar to this part of the Himalaya, and ever since the days of Brian Hodgson,

antiquary, ethnologist and naturalist, the number of plants that bear the name *Nepalensis* has been steadily increasing. Most of these come from the hill country which for the northern-bound traveller may be said to begin when, always steadily climbing, he emerges from the *dhuns* and finds himself among conifers and rhododendrons. It is in the hill country also that the many kinds of flowering shrubs that are peculiar to Nepal—berberis, jasmines, cotoneasters and the like—abound.

“In the Terai, in the tiger country, there is no wealth of flowers. Perhaps the vegetation is too heavy. But now and again, pushing on an elephant through the dense forest, monotonous in its shades of green, one is delighted by a flash of colour. It may be a flaming *dhak* or a great cotton tree standing on the river’s bank ablaze with scarlet blossoms. It may be a mass of mauve orchids hanging on a tree, so lovely one feels one would give worlds to tear it from its roots and bear it home to England. Better refrain! Certainly it would be beautiful anywhere. Even in an English orchid-house it would pass as beautiful; but it would have become one of a hundred, a mere epiphyte, an interesting kind of *Odontoglossum* or *Epidendrum*. Here, in its own home, in the sombre jungle, cradled in the arms of a great giant, it has a strange loveliness quite indescribable by pen of mine.”

The names of the chief species of trees to be found in the Thori forests are appended in the list, which is kindly furnished by General Sir Kaiser :

VERNACULAR NAME.	LATIN NAME.	REMARKS.
Sal . . .	<i>Shorea robusta</i> . . .	Main species.
Asaina . . .	<i>Terminalia tomentosa</i> . . .	} Mixed species found all over the forest.
Haldu . . .	<i>Adina cordifolia</i> . . .	
Bakli . . .	<i>Anogeissus latifolia</i> . . .	
Kusam . . .	<i>Schleichera trijuga</i> . . .	
Bahera . . .	<i>Terminalia balerica</i> . . .	} Found in some places only.
Harh . . .	<i>Terminalia chebula</i> . . .	
Amla . . .	<i>Phyllanthus emblica</i> . . .	
Simal . . .	<i>Bombax malabaricum</i> . . .	
Sandan . . .	<i>Ougeinia dalbergioides</i> . . .	} Found along the banks of river and nalas.
Khair . . .	<i>Acacia catechu</i> . . .	
Shisha . . .	<i>Dalbergia sissoo</i> . . .	
Harsingar . . .	<i>Nyctanthes arbortristis</i> . . .	
Dhaua . . .	<i>Woodfordia floribunda</i> . . .	} Found gregarious in the mid portion of forest.
Pula . . .	<i>Kydia calycina</i> . . .	
Bel . . .	<i>Aegle marmelos</i> . . .	} Very few found here and there in the forest.
Jhingan . . .	<i>Odina wodier</i> . . .	
Dhak . . .	<i>Butea frondosa</i> . . .	
Jiaputa . . .	<i>Putranjiva roxburghii</i> . . .	
Khain . . .	<i>Ficus cunia</i> . . .	

CHAPTER III

BIG GAME AND MAHSEER IN MYSORE

January 19th to 23rd, 1922

ON previous royal shooting trips in Mysore it has been usual to spend a week at the camp at Karapur, so that, in addition to shooting both big and small game, there was plenty of time to witness the operation of capturing elephants. But as H.R.H.'s stay in Mysore could not be prolonged for more than three days, the programme at the shooting camp was at first confined to (1) tiger shooting, (2) bison (gaur) shooting, and (3) fishing.

The definite programme of H.R.H.'s visit was received in the middle of August. Immediately thereafter preparations were taken in hand to fit up the shooting camp. In view of the shortness of the stay of the Prince, it was at first thought impracticable to fit in a keddah with big game shooting, but eventually it was decided that a part of one day (Sunday) might be conveniently spent in witnessing the drive of elephants and the subsequent roping operations. Thus the full programme was arranged for, as on former occasions, in spite of the shortness of the Royal visit.

For convenience, I have subdivided the following account under the three several headings, rather than describe the various events in the sequence in which they actually occurred.

H.R.H. and Staff arrived at Mysore on January 20th. The writer had arrived a day before the Royal party, and a preliminary visit to the shooting camp, and an inspection of the arrangements that had been made for the treatment and disposal of the expected trophies, showed that everything was ready.

TIGER SHOOTING

On the morning of January 21st, I left for the shooting camp in advance of the rest of the party. The weather was rather dull at first, but cleared up later. The road to the camp was in good condition, and shaded along the whole route by large banyan and tamarind trees, a good many of which were numbered, to facilitate replacements.

The roads in the vicinity of villages and hamlets were lined with expectant crowds waiting to get a glimpse of H.R.H., and generally every village had at least one arch made of leaves of various trees and other greenery.

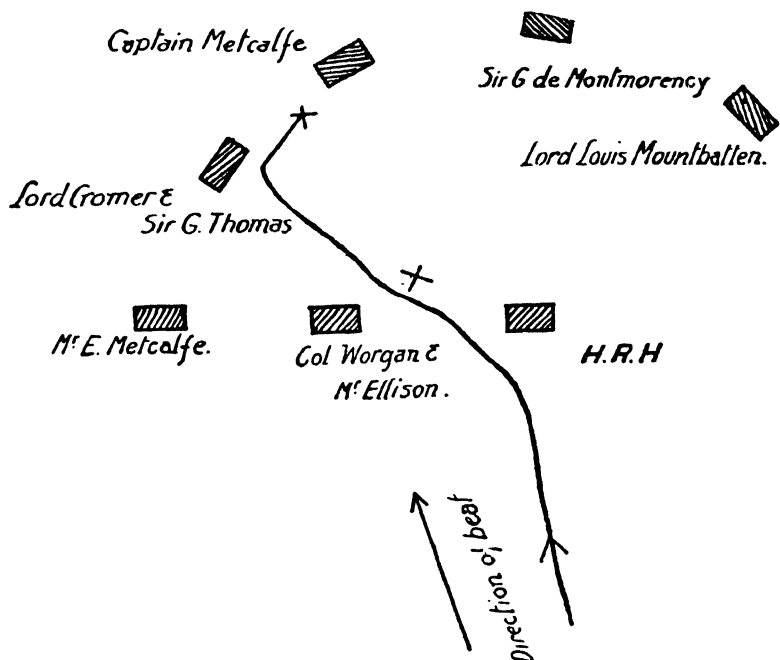
The country at first was undulating and without trees, but later the hills began to appear, and the country became more wooded.

Of bird life there was very little to be seen, with the exception of the ubiquitous mynas, doves, etc., with a few cattle egrets in the fields, and an occasional dabchick in the small tanks.

The first shoot was to be a beat for tiger in the scrub jungle of Heggadavankote, where H.H. the Maharaja had killed two tigers the previous year. The *modus operandi* on this occasion was as follows :

The jungle had been baited with buffalo calves a few days prior to the Prince's visit, and on a kill being obtained, the area was enclosed by nets in the shape of a semi-circle, and on the tiger being driven into this, the circle was completed, and the tiger kept in the enclosed space till the day of the shoot.

To reach the shooting ground, we turned off the main road, near the thirtieth milestone, and kept on till we reached a large nullah, where we left the tongas into which we had exchanged after parting from the main road. Here all got out and walked a mile further till we reached the site of the proposed beat, where a lot of excited villagers awaited us. After lunch we clambered into our respective machans, the positions of which can be seen at a glance on the accompanying plan.



As soon as everybody was seated, a shikari gave the signal and the beat started. For a long time the shouts of the beaters came to us from a distance, and did not appear to draw appreciably nearer. It was apparent that they found the tiger reluctant to move, as he was full of meat, and not inclined to go in the direction intended, *i.e.*, towards H.R.H.'s machan. After more than an hour of continuous beating, just when everybody was getting very tired, we heard the tiger roar. About half an hour later the beaters sounded quite near, and their shrill discordant yells, so different from the more robust shouts of the Nepalese, made a fearful babel of sound.

Suddenly, on a small hillock in front, there was a snapping and rustling of undergrowth, and out rushed a fine tiger. A shot rang out (from the Prince's rifle we subsequently learned), but the tiger bolted along, apparently untouched, down a small nullah right past our machan, and Colonel Worgan fired two shots in rapid succession, hitting him with his second.

The tiger then swerved off towards Lord Cromer, where he fell in some bushes, but, picking himself up in a moment, dashed on for another twenty yards. Lord Cromer and Sir Godfrey Thomas both fired at him as he passed, and he fell over dead.

Colonel Worgan's second bullet had caught him high up, and would have proved fatal even if Lord Cromer and Sir Godfrey Thomas had failed to stop him at once.

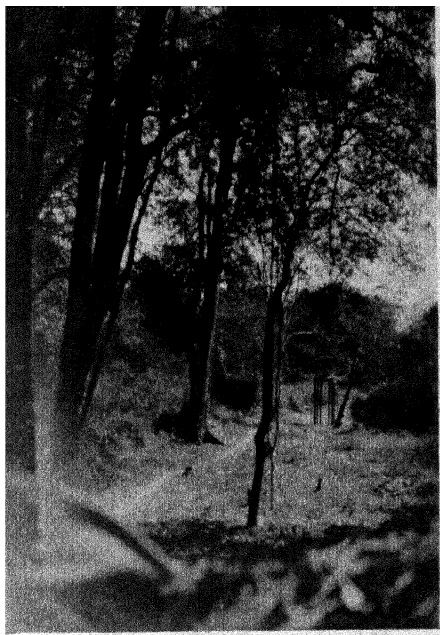
He measured 9 feet 3 inches between uprights, of which the tail accounted for 3 feet 3 inches, while his height at the shoulder was 3 feet 1½ inches. Along the curves he measured 9 feet 8 inches over all.

On the afternoon of January 23rd, a party motored out about fifteen miles to a spot where a tiger had been netted.

The machans were situated along a path, and we soon occupied them. Major Harvey was in No. 1, in No. 2 Mr. Aubrey Metcalfe, and Colonel O'Kinealy and myself occupied another one.

At 4.45, suddenly there was a crashing through some bushes close at hand, and an occasional "ugh" was heard, but the tiger appeared to be keeping a parallel course to the guns, and did not break cover.

There were several reasons, I think, why the tiger would not come out. The path where the machans were situated was rather too broad and exposed, and being a sagacious beast he did not quite like the look of such an opening. Moreover, there was a certain amount of talking in some of the machans. Colonel Worgan told me he saw the tiger distinctly on one occasion while he was hesitating to break covert. The shikaris declared that if we had been able to remain

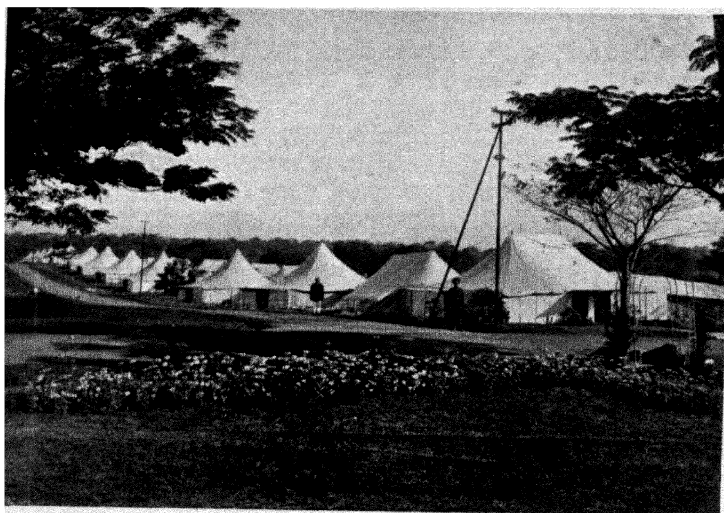


IN THE TIGER COUNTRY.

The photograph is taken from the top of a machan in Mysore. It shows the path, where machans were situated, which was rather too broad and exposed, and the tiger did not like the look of such an opening, and would not break covert.



CAPTAIN BEDDINGTON'S TIGER, MYSORE, JANUARY 24TH, 1922.



THE CAMP AT KARAPUR, MYSORE.

The tents for the Staff were pitched on undulating terraces and commanded a fine view of the river and the surrounding country.



Photographs through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore.

THE ROYAL PAVILION WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES STAYED, AT KARAPUR, MYSORE.

another half-hour they would have got him out. Every one was rather annoyed at having to leave, but as it was getting late, and the Staff had to be back in Mysore, a matter of thirty miles distant, for the farewell dinner, it could not be helped ; so we all descended from our machans, and had some refreshments where the cars were waiting.

I remained behind and watched the forest officials wiring up the place where the tiger was, as they intended to try to get the Maharaja to come and shoot it on the following day ; and, as a matter of fact, it was killed next day by Captain Beddington.

KEDDAH OPERATIONS

The camp at Karapur, which is about five miles west of the scene of the keddah operations, is of a more or less permanent character, there being several bungalows maintained for the use of Royal and Viceregal guests. It stands in a break in the jungles, on the crest of a small hill. The tents for the Staff are pitched on undulating terraces, and command a fine view of the river and the surrounding country. Altogether it is a delightful camp, offering such opportunities for shooting and fishing as are seldom met with in juxtaposition in any other part of India.

To reach the scene of the operations, I left camp about 10.30 a.m. on February 22nd, with Dr. Rushbrook Williams. We motored the intervening seven miles through dense forest, consisting for the most part of bamboos. On the way we passed some teak plantations (*Tectona grandis*). The Indian walnut (*Terminalia tomentosa*) also seemed particularly abundant.

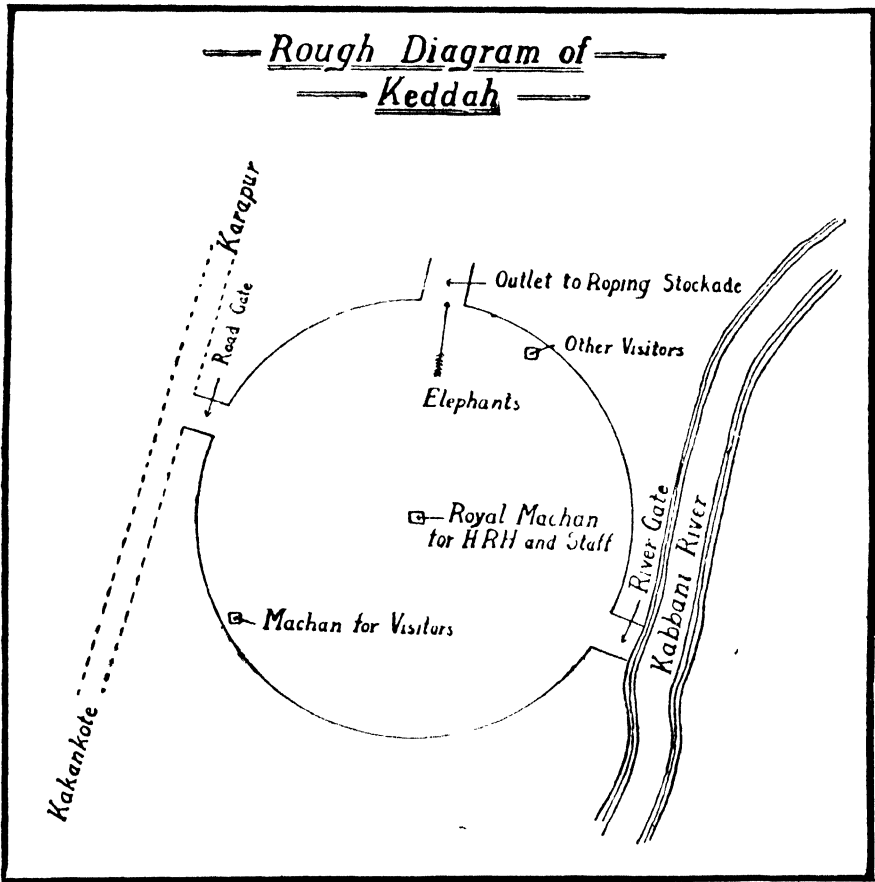
On arrival at the keddah we proceeded on pad elephants to a large machan, built in two tiers, and from this we watched the beat, the keddah being one of three built in a huge enclosure, about a mile in circumference, erected in the middle of the jungle.

I am indebted to Mr. B. V. Rama Iyengar, Conservator of Forests, Mysore, for the following :

“ Six weeks or more before the Prince arrived in Mysore, an area of twenty to thirty square miles of jungle was driven by over a thousand men. As a result of this drive, about twenty-eight elephants, including a large tusker, were driven into an enclosure, around which was a huge trench a mile in circumference, which was guarded day and night, so that none of the herd could escape. Morning and evening, paddy, grass and other fodder were placed near the gate, and the wild elephants used to come and feed. Inside this enclosure was another smaller one called the ‘ roping-in ’ enclosure, and it was

to witness the herd being driven into this, and roped, that the Royal party had been invited. To have seen the whole of the operations from the beginning, would have entailed a stay of several weeks, which was naturally impossible.

"The idea originally was to arrange for a chance capture of elephants. But contrary to their usual movements, the migration of



herds towards the evergreen zone, which ordinarily occurs about a month after the close of the north-east monsoon, commenced earlier than usual. As herds were marching towards the forests of Wynaad and the Coorg frontiers, the situation became critical. At this juncture, information was received on December 8th that one small herd was near Sunkadakatte-Kymara Road, apparently on the move towards Coorg.

"A few men, about a hundred in number, were mustered immediately, and marched off to block the road. As the men were being posted, a part of the herd was seen to stray away to the wrong side. A small party, however, faced the main body at once, and drove it back. The next day, the whole herd was driven across the Burudekatte line, and was surrounded on three sides. The third day, it was forced across the old Balle surround line, when the animals got into dense thickets of big bamboo, and it was very difficult to dislodge them from cover. It was only after a considerable amount of trouble, for two continuous days, that the elephants were driven into the river at about 5 p.m. on December 17th, and from there into the keddah.

"Measures were taken to guard the elephants from getting out of the enclosure, by posting men all round the keddah to keep fires alive at short intervals. The construction of the roping stockade and machans was pushed through and brought to completion soon after."

The beat itself was a tremendously exciting and tumultuous affair.

Immediately on taking our seats on the machan we heard the elephants trumpeting. The forest officer informed us that they had gone to a pool for water, and were evidently enjoying themselves there. The signal for the drive to start was given by bugle, and at once the *koonkees* (decoy elephants), each with a mahout on his back, and also a spearman, or a man armed with a gun, moved out of their concealment into the open. They tried to drive the herd before them, aided by shouts, the noise of bamboo clappers, the firing of guns, and shrill cacophonies from trumpets.

After about a quarter of an hour there was much trumpeting, and out rushed the herd, raising clouds of dust as they came crashing through the jungle. As they passed fairly close to the funnel-shaped mouth of the inner stockade, I caught a glimpse of them. They were mostly cows with one or two very small calves. Again and again they broke through the encircling *koonkees*, steadfastly refusing to enter the funnel-shaped passage leading to the inner stockade, entrance into which meant a life of useful toil in the service of man.

The scorching mid-day sun poured down on our machan where we were practically unprotected. The beating operations continued for a considerable time, and appeared to the uninitiated one huge confusion without method or order. We kept silence the whole time. Suddenly the trumpets blared, and then came the sound of mighty crashing, and out came the elephants again through the jungle. I snapped a photograph once, twenty-three of them together, passing our machan about twenty yards away.

The tinkle of the bells on the tame elephants resounding every-

where, coupled with the shouts of beaters and the crashing of breaking branches beaten down by the advance of the wild herd, made a weird medley of sounds. Suddenly a shot rang out; the trumpets blared again, and the elephants rushed on wildly frightened. No one knew exactly what was happening; there was nothing but clouds of dust, crashing of undergrowth and the breaking of trees, and shrill trumpetings from a scared tusker, mingled with weird and wild shouts and yells.

On several occasions they got the whole herd up to the mouth of the enclosure and let them break away again, owing to the fact that there were no stops on one side. Each time the elephants came rushing back they were met at full charge quite near our machan, by shikaris, guns, roars and shouts, and so turned tail again, rushing in wild confusion in the direction of the funnel. The little calves seemed to be the most frightened of all, and one could not help pitying them.

The herd first rushed to one side and then to the other, and when they went in the wrong direction, if the trumpets and the shouts did not suffice to turn them, they were fired at with shot guns. They generally seemed to break away at one particular point on one side of our machan, where two first got through—always one old tusker in particular—followed by another six, and then the remainder of the herd.

As time passed, the herd was gradually pushed nearer and nearer to the funnel, and was practically in when there was a sudden movement on one flank, and quite a number broke through at the same old spot. It was fearfully hot, the backs of the elephants gleaming with water from the ditch they went through. The whole proceedings were very long, and, as the herd seems to keep to one side, fires were lit all round by simply putting a match to the jungle—a most perilous proceeding, as one could not but feel that there was considerable danger of everything being burnt down amid so much dry stuff. Suddenly there was tremendous excitement, and if possible, the pandemonium increased in volume. The beaters were trying to close in on the particular tusker who had given so much trouble and who was now surrounded by pad elephants, and as the fire was blazing on one side, it looked as if there was no chance of his escape.

The whole place near the funnel was enveloped in smoke, which the tame elephants did not seem to mind in the slightest. Finally, bewildered by the noise, harassed by small shot, and goaded on by thrusts from the spears, the poor beasts rushed for the place which seemed to be the only comfortable spot for them in the jungle. Too late they realised that their companions were tame elephants,



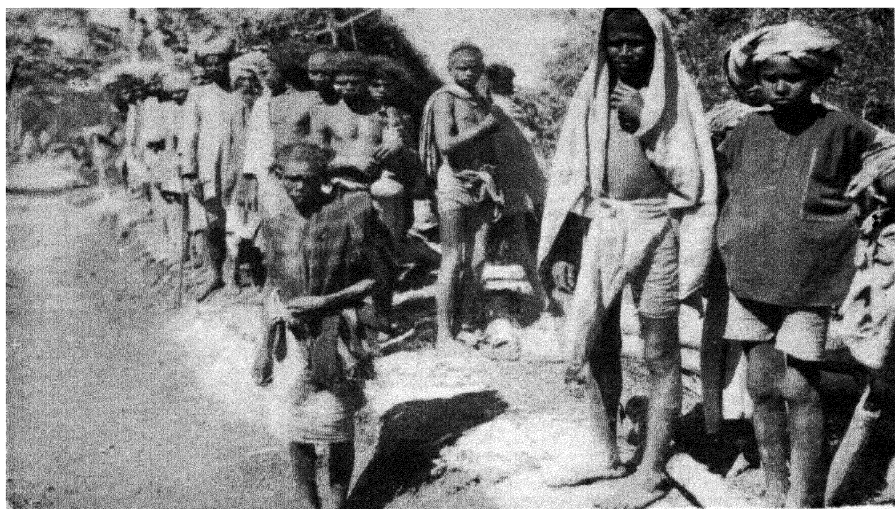
THE KEDDAH.

The roping stockade. In the elephant-driving operations, it is the object of the beaters to drive the wild elephants into this enclosure. The funnel-shaped trap door concealed from the elephants by foliage, can be seen in the picture projecting over the white canvas. When some elephants have been driven inside, the door falls, and spectators can then climb up the ladder and witness from a platform, running all round the stockade, the roping-in operations.

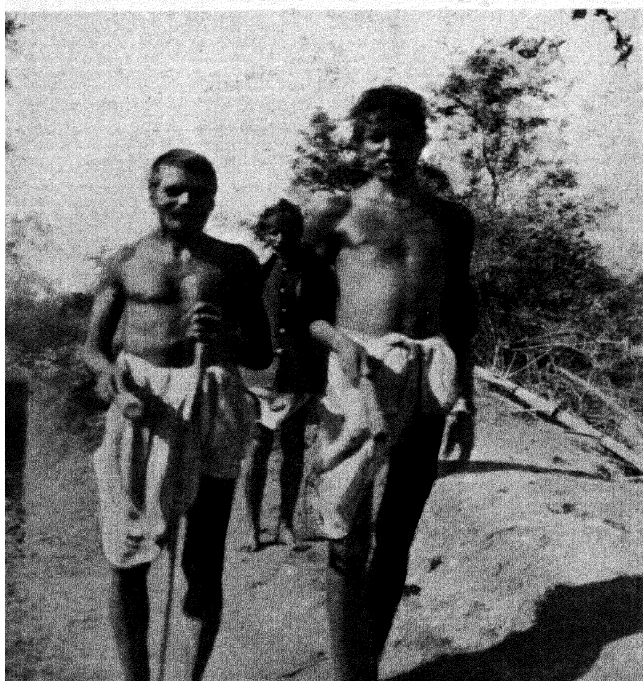


Photograph : Central News.

A young wild tusker (in foreground) within the inner stockade roped ready for transfer to the taming camp. Mysore, January 22nd, 1922.



Photograph : Central News.



THE KEDDAH. SOME OF THE BEATERS, MYSORE,
(JANUARY, 1922).

In the lower picture notice the rattles used. These are very ingenious, being made of split bamboos, which make a terrific noise, and create a great impression on the driven elephants.

with businesslike men on their backs. Crash! And down comes the gate, and freedom was a thing of the past.

Yet even at the last moment, when three cows and a young bull had been entrapped in the funnel, the old tusker checked and turned. Following him, the rest of the herd escaped at the same weak spot, on the opposite side to the machan.

I got a snap of the big, gallant tusker as he passed. Then we all left the machans and proceeded to camp, to return later to the inner stockade to watch the tying-up operations.

Within the small circular stockade took place a scene, half comic, half pathetic.

The captured elephants struggled against the *koonkies*, and showed temper. Tears of vexation came to their eyes. They sulked like human beings. They trumpeted angrily and threw themselves on the ground, but were met with stolid calmness—hustled kindly but firmly; and finally, sad but subdued, they were roped and noosed.

There were only four elephants inside, but it took hours to rope them, and one of the cows gave a lot of trouble, trying to push the stockade down, and rolling about and groaning in her fury.

As the men on the tame elephants tried to slip the ropes around their heads, the wild elephants showed their sagacity, ramming their foreheads tightly against the sides of their companions, and refusing to lift their heads up. We then left the keddah, and my last recollection was of a seething mass of men and elephants, with one poor little tusker down on the ground, thoroughly exhausted and done up. After we left, the heavy gates of the inner stockade were pulled up, and the captured elephants were taken down to the river, where they could be seen being watered about twenty minutes later.

Thus ended a most wonderful, but, in my opinion, rather cruel experience.

SECOND DAY'S KEDDAH OPERATIONS

On the next day (January 23rd), the operations were resumed. The Prince of Wales was not present, as he decided to have a morning's sport with mahseer, but several of the Staff watched the proceedings from the Royal box, a huge machan, 70 or 80 feet high, which had been specially constructed to give H.R.H. an uninterrupted view of the keddah. The upper tier of the machan was capable of seating thirty or forty persons, and was provided with comfortable chairs and cushioned ottomans.

The actual operations did not start till about 10 a.m., as the large fires lit on the previous day had first to be extinguished. Proceedings were then carried out on the same lines, and one caught occasional glimpses of stray individuals of the herd crashing through the dense cover. I noticed an old tusker, who had advanced to a quiet place near the machan, stop and rest for a few minutes. As he stood swaying his trunk and throwing dust over himself, the great grey monster seemed glad of a few moments' peace.

What often looked like certain success was repeatedly doomed to failure. As the elephants seemed to be safely entrapped they suddenly broke out, led now by a cow, which had escaped in a previous keddah operation, and seemed to know the ropes thoroughly. The reason of this constant breaking back was possibly the white dome of the stockade, which rather seemed to frighten them. There appeared to be three reasons which kept the elephants from going into the keddah :

(a) They had been kept too long in the stockade (over five weeks).

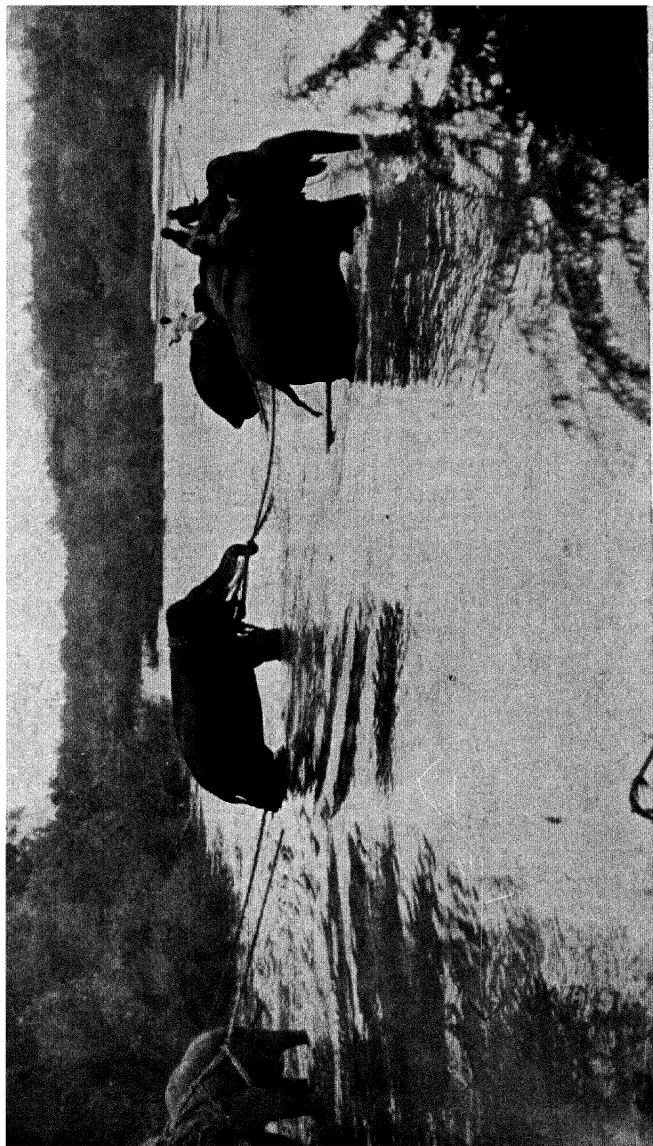
(b) There were "tame escapes" which knew the danger points and kept the rest of the herd away.

(c) The presence of the big tusker, who drove all the others away. This individual on the following day killed one of the tame elephants by running its tusk into the unfortunate animal's eye.

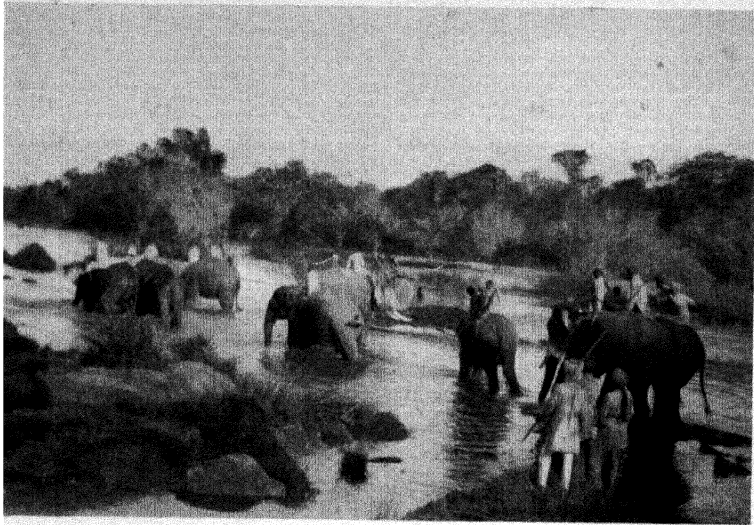
The operations were continued on the following days with varying success. Early on the morning of the 24th, one cow and four calves were captured. The beasts looked very miserable. One had been badly prodded in the eye, and bled profusely, whilst another seemed to be a mass of punctures. The cow had given a lot of trouble, and some people had nearly been killed. The big tusker was, however, still at large, and evaded all efforts to ensnare him.

In giving this account of the keddah operations, I ought to say that I know nothing of the lines and business on which they are usually conducted. The present keddah, it must be remembered, was exceptional, as obviously there were other factors to be considered beyond what would under ordinary circumstances be the main purpose in view, *i.e.*, the prompt capture and disposal of the herd. I have merely put down what I saw from the standpoint of the ordinary spectator.

A fuller and authoritative account of keddah operations as ordinarily conducted, from persons much more competent to speak than I, will be found in the Chapter on "The Indian Elephant," later in this volume.



Photograph through the kindness of Messrs. Barton & Sons, Bangalore.
CAPTURED ELEPHANTS CROSSING THE RIVER WITH KOONKIES.



Photograph through the kindness of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., C.S.I., &c.
WATERING THE CAPTURED ELEPHANTS.



Photograph through the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe, C.B., M.C., A.D.C.

A FINE GAUR (*Bos gaurus*).

Of the varied sport which the jungles of Mysore afford, the pursuit of the gaur (or Indian bison, as he is erroneously, though more commonly, termed) holds no small place in Indian shooting. During the Prince's visit to the State, Captain Beddington, of the Queen's Bays, went alone on foot into thick jungle after a wounded gaur—an extremely plucky thing to do.

GAUR SHOOTING

Of the varied sport which the jungles of Mysore afford, the pursuit of the Gaur (or Indian bison, as he is erroneously, though more commonly, termed), holds no small place in Indian shooting. On the present occasion, H.R.H. did not take part in the projected shoot, but a party consisting of Sir Godfrey Thomas and the Earl of Cromer had, on January 23rd, an unsuccessful, though not uninteresting day, in pursuit of gaur. Sir Godfrey Thomas has kindly supplied me with an account of the day's adventure. He writes :

“Cromer and I got up at five, and motored off in the dark with a driver who had no idea where he was to take us. We had heard the night before that we were to go out after gaur, or bison, down the keddah road, so we drove along hoping for the best, and trusting that we should come upon the howdah elephants somewhere. After going about seven miles, we pulled up at a house where there were some signs of light, and luckily found it to be where the special forest officer lived who was expecting us.

“We drove a little way along the main road, and then turned up to the left, reaching, in about twenty-five minutes, the spot where the elephants were waiting. They said it was no good starting off into the jungle before the sun was up, so Cromer and I walked up and down the road to stretch our legs and also to restore our circulation, as it was very cold in the car driving out.

“Soon after sunrise we climbed upon the elephants, sitting on either side of the howdah, with the shikari in a kind of dickey sitting behind. We struck straight into the jungle, which was pretty thick (though there was no bamboo, as in Burma), and two trackers went on ahead, while a number of wild-looking villagers followed behind. There had been a herd of bison there the day before, and we kept on their tracks the whole way.

“After getting down to a densely-covered water course, we lost the track, and wandered about rather aimlessly, but soon met some other wild men who told us that the herd had split off into two that morning, and gave us the right line to take.

“About here we could have got quite a good shot at a sambhur, but it was not much of a head, and as we did not want to spoil our chances of a bison we refrained from shooting. We then crossed the nullah, and after we had gone about a quarter of a mile up the other side, came on top of part of the herd. Then the trackers whistled, and I looked all round the middle and far distance, never expecting to see them so close ; for a great big cow was staring at us from some

bushes quite near, and behind we could distinguish the forms of her companions. They appeared to pay no attention whatever to the elephant, and we slowly circled the whole herd, only to find, to our beaters' disappointment, that there were about eleven calves and no bull at all.

"Personally, had I been alone, I should very probably have fired at that first cow, so enormous did her head look, and many people in those jungles have apparently made this mistake. It was bad luck; and after we had followed the herd for some time, they suddenly took fright and galloped off in a long line.

"Later we went on to try and find the other lot that had split off from the main body, but only saw two calves and met a small sambhur not really worth shooting. On our way one of the trackers said he knew where a bear lived, so we took the elephant in the direction indicated, while the all men on foot proceeded to climb up trees (they will face most things rather than a bear).

"What we found was a big circular pit, at the bottom of which were nestling three of the most delightful black cubs, about a month old. They were too young to take away, as they would not have lived without their mother. She must have been somewhere around foraging, and none of the men was anxious to remain in the vicinity in case she came up in a hurry and found us there. So rather reluctantly we left them, and made our way back towards the road. It was by then about noon, and no good going on, as all the animals in the jungle would be lying up."

On January 24th, Captain Beddington of the Queen's Bays, went after the same herd with H.H. the Rajkumar, Sri Sir Kantirava Narashimaraja Wadiyar, Bahadur, G.C.I.E. They had better fortune. I quote from Captain Beddington's account of his experience :

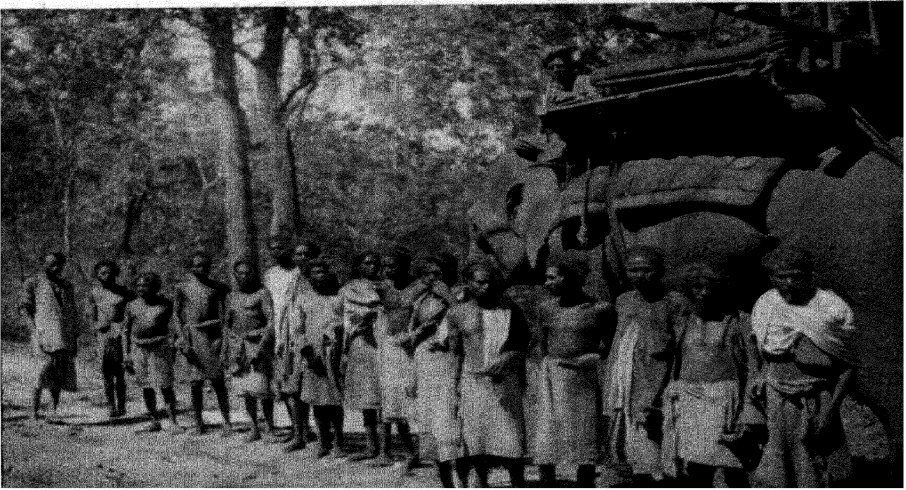
"Half a dozen trackers having located two bulls the previous night, we left by car about 6 a.m., picking up a forest officer on our way. We went about a mile and a half up a road, in the Kakankote forest, and met a howdah elephant which we mounted.

"We had some difficulty in following up the tracks, and a sambhur kill was passed on the way. At about 10 a.m. we were beginning to give up hope, when some fresh spoor was seen, and almost immediately afterwards two bulls came into sight. One appeared to be a magnificent animal, but the other was a small one. The Rajkumar fired his .475 at the big one, but it was a difficult shot, as the jungle was thick, and they were moving away from us. We saw them for a second or two crossing a deep and wide nullah about 200 yards off, and both of us fired, but we could not tell the result. We crossed the



EARLY MORNING IN MYSORE.

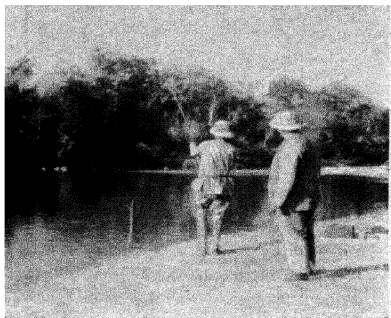
A pad elephant waiting to take Lord Cromer and Sir Godfrey Thomas gaur shooting. Note the curious kind of howdah. The occupants sit on either side, with the shikari in a kind of dickey sitting behind.



Photographs through the kindness of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., C.S.I., &c.

TRACKERS FOR GAUR OR BISON SHOOTING IN MYSORE.

They located the bulls on the previous night before the shoot. These men showed Lord Cromer and Sir Godfrey Thomas where there was a circular pit containing bear cubs, but would not remain in the vicinity. They will face most things rather than a bear.



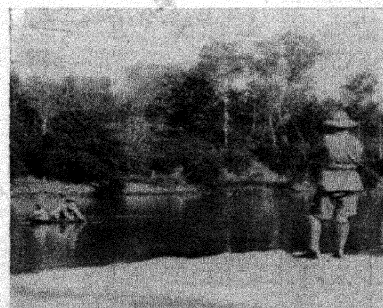
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Photographs through the kindness of Eugene Van Ingen, Esq.

THE PRINCE OF WALES MAHSEER FISHING IN THE RIVER CUBBANY, MYSORE.

In picture No. 1. H.R.H. is playing a fish.

No. 2. Mr. F. P. Bowring, Commissioner of Mysore, is waiting ready to gaff the fish for H.R.H.

No. 3. H.R.H. is drawing the fish to land.

No. 4. H.R.H. and Mr. Bowring in a coracle are trying to free Admiral Halsey's line, which has got round a snag.

nullah, and got into some very thick jungle with dense undergrowth, but were unable to follow the trail of blood. Suddenly there was a tremendous rustle in the long grass, and we both leant over and fired at the invisible bull, and at the same moment our elephant turned round and fled through the thick jungle, giving us an exciting time. Fortunately the mahout soon got the animal into control.

"After a little light refreshment I went on foot to dispose of the wounded bull. This being my first venture in the jungle I was not especially keen on doing so, not having sufficient confidence; however, I went in and fired my first shot from a tree, but eventually got quite close up, and as he came towards me, dropped him with my Jeffrey '400 magazine rifle.

"He was a big bull, but his head was not exceptional: Span 72 inches, spread 38 inches, girth 13 inches."

MAHSEER FISHING

On January 23rd, 1922, the Prince of Wales went Mahseer fishing in the River Cubanny, quite near the elephant keddahs, which are on its banks. He was accompanied by Admiral Halsey, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Mr. F. P. Bowring, Deputy Commissioner of Mysore. Mr. Van Ingen had gone on in advance.

This river, which has its source in British territory, runs through beautiful forest up to Karapur, the Maharaja of Mysore's shooting camp, after which there are no more jungle lands. From Bavali, which is the frontier, there are probably about fifteen or twenty miles of water up to Karapur, the end of the Kakankote State forests. All these waters are strictly preserved—by strictly preserved I mean that nobody is allowed to fish without the special permission of the Durbar, with the result that Kakankote is seldom fished. The Moplahs, Wadders, and other tribes who have their homes on the banks, set fish traps, night lines, and nets, whenever they please, but I do not think they do much harm, as there are places which they are afraid to exploit for fear of wild elephants.

H.R.H. fished for three hours at a most picturesque spot, Kalikatte-Madu, near Kakankote, about two miles upstream from the keddahs. The Prince and Mr. Bowring were the first to cross the river in a coracle, paddled by Siddaiah, one of the most expert boatmen from Ganjam, near Seringapatam. What happened can best be told in the words of Mr. Bowring:

"Before the coracle could return to bring the Admiral across, the Prince was into a fish, but it was only a very small one of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

"Shortly after, the Prince got into a real big fish, which dashed first upstream and then down, the reel singing merrily all the time. After playing this fish for ten minutes, something went wrong, and we found that the fish had got the line round a rock or a sodden trunk of a tree at the bottom of the river. We did what we could, but it was no good, and the line eventually carried away.

"Shortly after this, Admiral Halsey hooked a big fish at a spot a little lower down than where the Prince had been fishing. This was a 'whopper' too, but unfortunately the fish again managed to get round the same snag as the Prince's fish had done. H.R.H., Siddaiah and myself went out in the coracle to try and release the Admiral's line. We succeeded in the end, but by that time the fish had got off.

"In the meanwhile, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was on the other side of the river, had three runs, but a lot of bamboo had some few years ago fallen into the river at this spot, where it flowered and died, and he got hung up each time and was unsuccessful.

"H.R.H. went on fishing after the clearing of the Admiral's line, and was soon into another fish. This one put up a good fight, and the Prince played him like an old hand at the game, and I was eventually able to gaff the fish for him. He turned the scales at 18 lb.

"The Prince caught two more fish, but they were not big ones. The pool had been fished a couple of days before by some of the Staff, and Captain Piers Legh had taken a 60-pounder out of it, and Captain Dudley North three small fish, 7, 7, and 4 lb.; and other fish were missed too.

"The Prince's four fish weighed 18, 7, 6, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. He was using a Hardy rod and *atta* for bait.

"Captain Dudley North caught a good fish of 43 lb. at Manchangodanahalli, which he told me put up a magnificent fight.

"The Admiral also had some luck fishing near the camp, and caught one 69 and one 28-pounder.

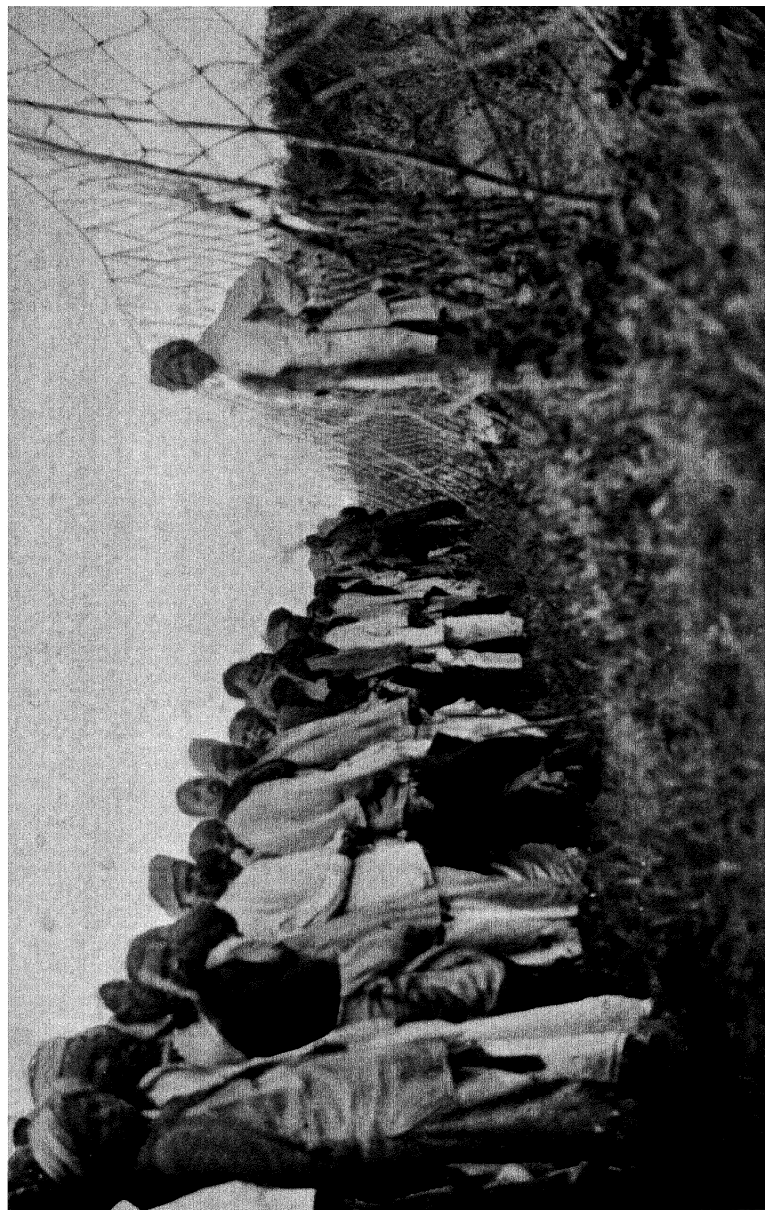
"Captain Piers Legh also getting a 20-pounder in the same pool."

It was, on the whole, a day of disappointment, as the place was full of fish, and it was bad luck that H.R.H. did not land some big ones.

In 1919, when Lord Chelmsford fished this pool, which is known as "Kalikuttay Muddah," he got nearly 300 lb. of fish, his best being a 77-pounder. During His Excellency's stay at Kakankote, he got twenty-seven fish in all, weighing 527 lb.

Speaking of the late Viceroy, Mr. Van Ingen wrote to me :

"Lord Chelmsford is a very keen angler, and if all the fish he hooked were landed, he would probably have had a thousand pounds."



Photograph through the kindness of Captain Bedding'on, the Queen's Bays.

TIGER NETTING IN MYSORE.

The method adopted during H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to the fine tiger areas in Mysore.

The writer later had the chance to try his luck, and spent a most enjoyable morning in spite of being rather a novice. Mr. Bowring feared that we should have bad luck that day, as on our way to the fishing ground we were so unfortunate as to meet a Brahmin widow. Anybody who has been long enough in India will understand that this is very bad ! I caught nothing that day. There were no sensational catches, but the day's sport yielded 8 Mahseer, 2 specimens of Labeo, and a nondescript individual whom I cannot name.

We resumed fishing the next day. No Brahmin widow was passed, and in the first fifteen minutes I landed my first Mahseer. How my heart beat as I reeled him in ! I felt that he would surely be something over 100 lbs. Eighteen pounds the scale afterwards registered ; but in the first flush of victory it felt as good as 100 lb.

NOTES ON SHOOTING, FISHING, ETC., IN MYSORE

TIGER NETTING IN MYSORE

Mr. B. V. Rama Iyengar, Conservator of Forests in Mysore, writing to me on the above subject, says :

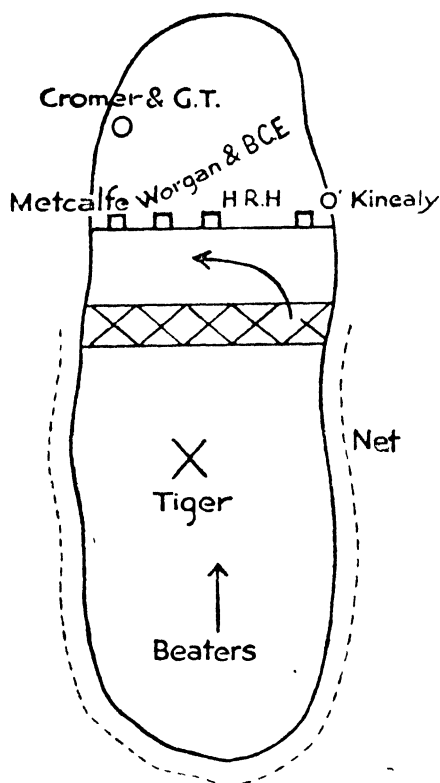
“ There are two principal methods usually adopted for bagging tiger in this part of the country. The first consists of locating the tigers by tying up a bait in the most likely locality. The tiger takes the bait and lies up near the kill for about forty-eight hours, unless disturbed. Within a couple of hundred yards of the kill a line of machans is put up for seating the guns. A few hundred men get behind the kill, and walk through the forest making a fair amount of noise, and drive the tiger towards the guns. He generally breaks out, and rushes towards the machans.

“ The second method consists of locating the tiger as in the first. A net made of hemp ropes, with a diamond mesh about 4 inches in width, and about 10 feet in height, is spread out about 150 yards away, enclosing a semi-circle in front of the place where the tiger is likely to be. The diameter of the semi-circle is generally a cleared line, about 6 feet to 10 feet wide, which in length is about 200 yards. A couple of hundred men are collected, and a few of them are posted along the other half of the circle, in places where the tiger is likely to break through. These are called stops. A few are put on trees along the diameter line. The others get behind and drive the tiger. As soon as it crosses the line the beaters from behind are made to get on to it. Other nets are brought out, and the two ends of the semi-circle

are now connected by a line of nets along the diameter line. Subsequently the semi-circle is reduced by cutting off edges, and the tiger is confined to a small area of about 100 yards diameter, enclosed by nets all around.

"After this is done, a number of machans are constructed in a convenient manner about fifty yards away. Just before the arrival of the shooting party, the line of nets nearest to the machans is removed. A party of beaters get behind and drive the tiger towards the guns.

"It is this latter method that was adopted during H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to the shooting camp, and the grounds selected for tiger shikar were close to Heggaddevankote, which are some of the finest tiger areas in Mysore."



THE KEDDAH

As a companion picture to the account of the keddah operations in the preceding pages, the following account of the capturing of elephants in Ceylon, as arranged for the visit of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, in 1876, is of interest. It is from an article in the *Ceylon Observer* of May 20th, 1923, by Mr. H. T. Gardiner, who says that in writing it he has "refreshed his memory by references to the local papers of the time, and also the London daily papers, which

were represented in the island by several scribes." The article is headed :

"LOOKING BACK

"The Prince at Elephant Kraals

"As soon as it became known that two elephant kraals were to form leading features in the programme for the entertainment of the Prince during his visit to Ceylon, the natives of the island, headed by

their chiefs, and others of influence, commenced to make preparations. The first kraal was held at Labugama, and the preparations that had to be made included the construction of the enclosure, into which the animals had to be driven. For weeks, even months previous, the Ratamahatmayas and their subordinates had been engaged in collecting the small herds of the wild animals and driving them towards the kraal, which was surrounded by a stockade of considerable height, and of great strength to prevent them when captured from escaping. Then there was the building of Kraal Town, where provision was made, not only for the royal guest, the Governor and those who attended them, but for the many thousands of visitors who came from all parts of the island. The beaters had got the herd, numbering some twenty to thirty animals, within a short distance of the entrance, after laborious efforts extending over some weeks. When the royal party arrived at Labugama and took up their position at the Grand Stand, or pavilion, situated in the centre of the kraal, and reached from the outside of the enclosure by a narrow bridge which the elephants could not get at, the sight of the final and successful effort to prevent the animals from breaking through the cordon of the beaters gathered at or near the entrance, and so regaining their freedom by escaping to the jungle, was a deeply interesting one. The jungle round the enclosure swarmed with beaters with their serried lines of tall white wands, which were presented to the huge animals whenever they attempted to escape. It was not till 2 p.m. that the herd were driven into the kraal at Labugama, and when the last of the twenty-nine beasts had entered, the beaters and spectators gave vent to cheers which made the rocks and hollows echo again and again with the ringing sound. The noosing was not commenced till the next day. Early in the morning it was found that the captive herd had trampled the underwood inside the stockade flat with the ground, had destroyed the branches of the trees they could reach, and had turned the stream that ran through the kraal into a quagmire. Their leader, a great beast with one tusk broken, with his followers behind him, placed himself, as they found they were to be attacked, in a defensive position, and then the tame elephants, trained by the Government, acting as decoys, mounted by armed mahouts, commenced the attack. Lord Charles Beresford was with the attacking party for a time, and the fight was a stubborn one, being again and again renewed, until it was reluctantly decided by those in charge of the arrangements to shoot the tusker. The brave beast was hit several times, and there were four bullet holes in his massive forehead, but the fatal shot was fired, and hitting him behind the ear, he fell lifeless to the ground. This was the culminating point in the struggle, and ended the sport for the day. The Prince and

many left, though the conflict was still raging, and it did not end until the whole of the animals in the herd were securely noosed, and then commenced the process of taming, which precedes training. The huge animals were, as is the custom, starved into submission.

“ The Second Kraal ”

“ The second kraal was held a few days later near Kurunegala, and the Prince, with the Governor, and their retinues, proceeded there from Colombo by train as far as Polgahawela, the rest of the journey being made by road. Kraal Town was reached by a road from the capital of the province through the jungle ; a rough road had been made for the occasion, and the journey by it was the least pleasant part of the whole proceedings. Kraal Town was situated at a place called Ehawalapitiya, and the chief erection in it was the royal bungalow, an elegant building displaying the ornamental side of Sinhalese architecture, and it was placed amidst a tope of fine jungle. The trees were not disturbed except where actually necessary, and consequently gave pleasant shade during the hot hours of the day. The town included police barracks and a post office, a restaurant, long lines of cadjan buildings, and through the whole ran a broad straight road which led from the bungalows to the Kraal Island. At night time, by moonlight, the scene was very beautiful, the vegetation being rich. The kraal was held under the supervision of Mudaliyar Jayetilleke, a fine specimen of a Sinhalese gentleman, and under him there were employed in various capacities connected with the sport, fully 2,500 persons of all ranks, engaged either in the drive itself, or in the preparations for it. As was the case at Labugama, the herd had been driven close to the entrance to the enclosure, after some weeks of persistent effort. By the time the Prince arrived and the driving on commenced, the crowd about the palisade had become so dense, and the appearance they presented in their holiday attire, especially when they climbed the stockade, was such that the animals were alarmed, and persistently refused the invitation to enter the kraal. It was four o'clock before the final rush took place, and soon the animals were seen to have entered the enclosure and to be making for a large pond of water after their spirited endeavours to avoid being captured. Of the twenty-one elephants so captured, one was a huge animal, two were large but aged, while the rest were mostly young and small. Six trained and tamed elephants assisted in the noosing that followed, but the captured herd presented a brave resistance, and, when secured, time after time broke the ropes which were being used and again were free, though they could not get out

of the kraal. In time, however, the spirit of the herd was broken ; by 5 p.m., eight of the escaped were bound to large trees ; and the next day the whole of the remainder were ready for the process of taming, and being made subservient to the rule of man."

It is evident from the foregoing that the methods employed then were rougher than would be tolerated to-day. In connection with the sentence as to the elephants being "starved into submission," the remarks on this subject by Mr. G. W. Milroy, in the chapter on "The Indian Elephant" (*infra*), are of especial interest.

GAUR SHIKAR

It is, of course, quite wrong (though nearly universal) to speak of the gaur as "the Indian bison." The gaur is a noble brute. Mr. G. P. Sanderson considered it "undoubtedly the finest species of the genus *Bos* in the world." Colonel Pollok (whose records, however, are not universally accepted by later writers) tells of Burmese gaur standing 21 hands, or a full 7 feet, at the shoulder. Natives of India declare that the gaur "takes up stones with its nostrils and discharges them at its assailants with the force of a musket ball." It is therefore a formidable beast, "the largest of the existing bovines." But it is not a bison, any more than the American bison is a buffalo.

Mr. Rama Iyengar writes me :

"Gaur are found in the forests where wild elephants are also found, and the locality selected is the more open type of forest where the growth of grass is not very high. A short time before the day fixed for the shooting, a party of trackers locate a solitary bull, or a good herd with a number of well-grown bulls. They are just behind the tracked animal until the party arrives. Towards nightfall of the day previous to the shikar, one of the trackers returns to headquarters and gives intimation of the place where the gaur was located in the evening. Unless disturbed, it does not move very much during the night. Very early next morning the party get on to the elephants, which are stationed at a convenient place, and are taken to the ground, and with a fair amount of luck ought to get a good trophy.

"January (when the Prince shot in Mysore) is rather an awkward month for the shikar, as with a considerable quantity of dry leaves on the ground, going through the forest without noise is almost impossible."

It is not surprising that Captain Beddington should say that he

was "not especially keen" on going alone on foot into thick jungle after a wounded gaur. It was, in truth, an extremely plucky thing to do, for, like all the buffalo tribe, the gaur is difficult to kill and very cunning and savage when wounded.

Opinions on the subject of the dangerousness of buffaloes of all kinds—African as well as Asiatic—are summarised by the author of "Of Distinguished Animals." He says :

"Mr. F. J. Jackson considers the buffalo 'the most dangerous beast in East Africa.' Colonel Pollok calls the gaur 'very savage and very treacherous.' Mr. W. Cotton Oswell says that Kaffirs will hunt the bloodspoor of elephant, lion, or rhinoceros, or, any other animal 'right ahead of you like hounds ; but put them upon wounded buffalo tracks, they will *follow* you at a respectful distance.' Mr. Selous, on the other hand, considers the lion more dangerous, and the elephant, when wounded, more vicious. 'Personally I do not think the Cape buffalo to be naturally vicious or ferocious,' he says, and, having killed 175 of them to his own rifle, he is of the opinion that he has 'been very badly treated in the way of adventures with them if they are really such a diabolically cunning beast as has been represented.'

"Major Arnold also declares the ferocity of the bush cow (the smaller red buffalo of the Congo country, between which, at the one end, and the big black variety of the Cape at the other, come all the intermediate forms of the African buffalo, which have sometimes been considered as species, but are better regarded as local races) to be 'more in the imagination of the natives than in any real danger incurred in hunting them.' Mr. Chapman tells how his Somali hunter 'treated buffalo as we might rabbits.' Accounts, therefore, are sufficiently contradictory ; but about certain of the buffalo's characteristics there seems to be no dispute.

"No one has doubted its courage, so that when it charges it always charges home, neither losing heart nor swerving, whether its antagonist be man or elephant or tiger ; or its tenacity of life, making it at times extraordinarily difficult to kill ; or its cunning, which suggests to it the most disconcerting manœuvre, when wounded and being followed up, of turning back on its track for some distance and then stepping aside into the bush to lie in wait until its pursuers come along, when it can take them at a disadvantage, charging suddenly out at them from the side or rear. Too many sportsmen have had narrow escapes under similar conditions to make it possible to doubt that the wounded buffalo deliberately adopts these tactics at times with a full knowledge of what it is doing. And when the beast charges, not only does it always charge home, but its great weight

carries it unchecked through brush or creepers which hopelessly impede a man's movements ; while the mode of its advance makes it peculiarly difficult either to elude it or to stop its rush.

"All buffaloes alike appear to charge, not with their heads down, but with their necks at full stretch, their noses out in front of them and their horns laid back. Many authorities testify to the fact that this attitude is maintained until the nose is 'within a few inches of,' or 'almost touching,' the object at which the brute is aiming, and not till then, at the very last instant, does it drop its head and with a sudden swing of its neck, strike sideways, slashingly, with its great horns.

"The largest individual Asiatic buffalo horn known is that in the British Museum, which measures $77\frac{3}{8}$ inches along its outside circumference. The record African head seems to be about 4 feet between the tips, the individual horns being 53 inches long. With such horns as these it is evident that the arc covered in that last sweeping cut is a wide one ; and within that arc is, humanly speaking, death. 'I have heard,' writes Mr. Oswell, 'of people avoiding a charge by stepping quickly to one side, but the ground must have been in their favour and they must have been very cool.'

"He doubts if he himself could do it successfully, a jump of '4 or 5 feet' at least being necessary. But once he saved himself by gripping a bough of a mimosa tree overhead and swinging his legs up to his chin so that the huge beast passed underneath. Less fortunate was the sportsman of whom Captain Glasfurd tells, who, having hidden behind a tree, when the buffalo charged clutched the horns on either side of the trunk, with some desperate notion of being able to hold on. The end was inevitable, the man being tossed aside and gored to death. Nor when the buffalo is coming on will it be stopped by a bullet anywhere but in its brain, and the slope of the forehead, as the animal charges with nose outstretched, offers an extremely difficult shot at a few inches of space below the shield of those massive horns, which Gordon Cumming compared to the 'ragged trunk of an old oak tree.' As the animal comes on, indeed, the thrust-out muzzle is often higher than a man's shoulder, so that it is not practicable for one standing on the level to aim above it at the forehead. Wherefore some sportsmen advocate reaching the brain by an upward shot at the throat. Another possible shot is obtained by dropping to one's knees and aiming at the chest, but this, 'even though right through the heart,' however certain it may be to prove fatal later, will not, according to Mr. Selous, stop the charge.

"But it is best, no matter what weapons you have, to avoid, if

possible, being charged by any of the buffaloes at all. When the brute does get a man down, it sometimes seems to show a deliberate malignity in mutilating and maltreating him. Not long ago, near Lake Nyassa, a buffalo charged and knocked down an Englishman, whom it then proceeded to kneel upon, apparently feeling for, and breaking, each rib in succession. This accomplished, it scraped sand over its victim and left him buried almost out of sight. The man, however, miraculously recovered, and was again mauled and almost killed by a wounded leopard a few months afterwards.

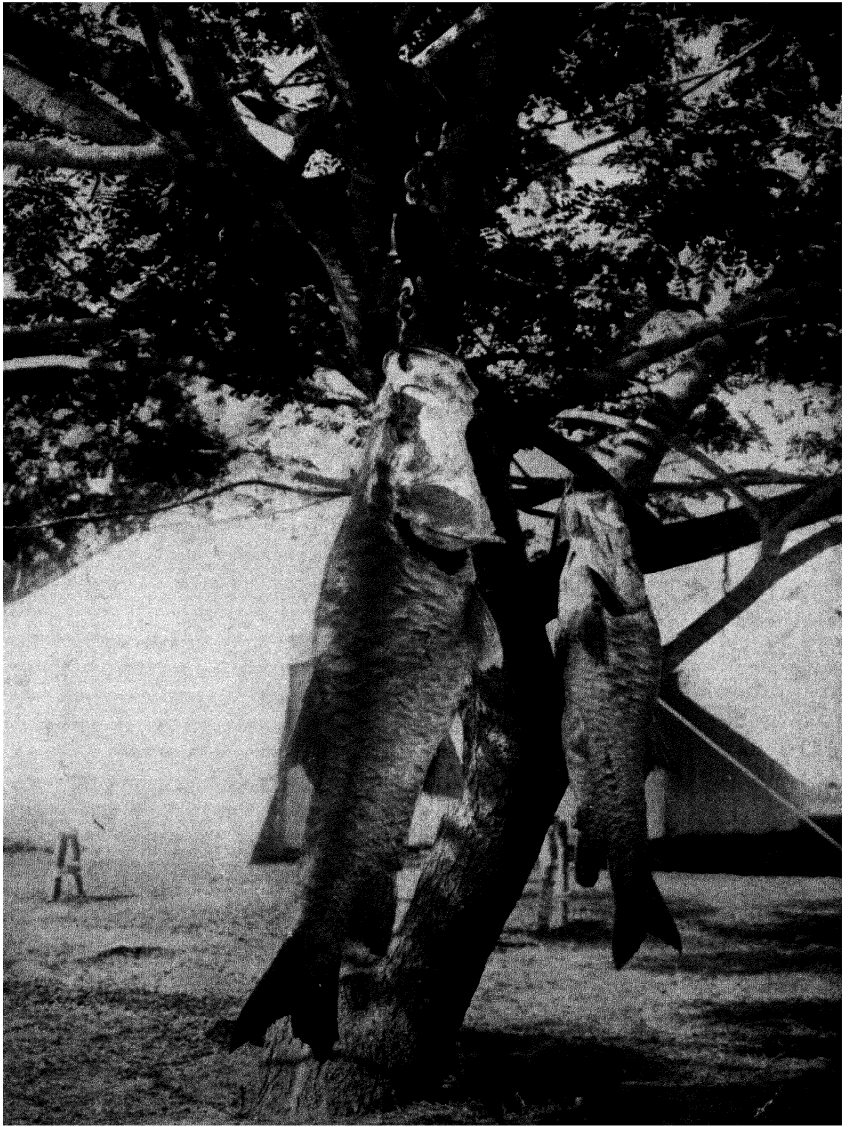
“Mr. Jackson tells of a bull buffalo which, after having received two bullets, both of which went through both lungs and one grazed the heart, continued to make it very unpleasant for its hunters, all but succeeding in killing one of them, and only at the last succumbed to the sixth bullet. Colonel Pollok says he had an exciting time with a gaur which took thirty-nine bullets to kill it, which repeatedly charged and scattered the elephants of the three sportsmen who were its assailants, so badly mauling one of the elephants that it was laid up for four months and was ‘ever afterwards useless for shikar.’ Mr. Oswald had his horse killed by a buffalo which he had supposed to be dead or mortally wounded until it got up and charged him. The same authority cites a case of a party of nine lions which spent the night attacking a herd of forty or fifty buffaloes and failed to capture so much as a single calf. Another buffalo, though wounded, made a game fight against three full-grown lions, and when it fell it was ‘killed by the rifle ball, not by the lions.’”

“In India, both the wild buffalo and the gaur are commonly reputed to be a match for the tiger, and the latter is said never to attack the tame buffaloes when in a herd; and, as Colonel Percy mentions, the small native child who commonly acts as herdsman, ‘traverses the tiger’s domain in perfect safety, if mounted on the broad back of one of his charges.’”

In regard to the size of the gaur, Mr. Rowland Ward (“Records of Big Game”) says:

“The height of adult bulls at the shoulder usually varies from about 6 feet to 6 feet 4 inches, though specimens of more than 5 feet 5 inches or 5 feet 6 inches are not often killed. It is, however, stated that a Nilgiri bull stood 6 feet 10 inches, while Kachar and Burmese bulls have been asserted to reach 7 feet at the withers.”

The “record” horns (Major C. H. Stockley, locality unknown) measure $44\frac{3}{4}$ inches “widest outside,” and 20 inches “circumference



Photograph through the kindness of Messrs. Barton & Sons, of Bangalore.

MAHSEER HOOKED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND ADMIRAL HALSEY IN
THE RIVER CUBANNY, MYSORE

Mahseer, the "Indian salmon," are a species of large carp. The record for
this fish weighed 119 lb.

at base." The largest Mysore pair (Captain C. P. Graham) measure $41\frac{1}{2}$ inches "widest outside," and $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches "circumference at base."

The Burmese gaur, to which reference is made in a later chapter (see Chapter VII., "Big Game in Burma"), is regarded as a separate local race, and bears the name *Bos gaurus readei*. The Burmese name for it is *pyoung*. It is nearly black in colour, and has a conspicuous throat tuft.

MAHSEER FISHING

The fishing in Mysore consists of the ordinary red-finned Mahseer, the Black Mahseer, *Labeo kontius*, *Labeo boga* (both the latter being locally known as "Kural"), Carnatic Carp, and lastly the freshwater catfish (*Wallago attu*). Besides these there are numbers of smaller fish which can be caught with worm or *atta* or a small live bait, and many again which are difficult to catch with rod and line, among the latter being Thomas' Labeo (*L. calbasu*).

Mr. Van Ingen writes me :

"Referring to the fish in the Cubbany, I do not think the black mahseer is a different species. It is exactly like the red-finned mahseer in every respect except colour ; a case of melanism.

"At Birankuppe, on the Cubbany, there is a large spawning bed, known in Canarese as a *thippay*, within a few feet of a small island. Peering through the bulrushes which fringe the island, I have seen the *thippay* full of mahseer, among which was a solitary black one, and my shikaris who had been there quite a fortnight before I arrived, and took a keen interest in this *thippay*, watching the fish for hours every day, assured me that the fish I saw was the only black mahseer which frequented it. I think this goes to show that the black mahseer cannot be a different species, or it would probably not associate with the ordinary mahseer in this manner. The biggest black mahseer we have secured was a 22-pounder, caught by Mr. Bowring. I have, however, seen what were probably 50-pounders rising within a few yards of me at the Krishnaraja Sagara Dam. Of those I have seen caught, some had their sides and belly a beautiful shade of dark pink, others again were jet black.

"I wonder how many of those who catch mahseer know anything about their life history ? Their spawning beds, or *thippays*, are most remarkable structures. Once you have seen a *thippay* you could never forget it. It is invariably built in very heavy water, and is shaped like the letter U, both arms pointing up stream, and composed of small

round stones about the size of an egg, called in Canarese *jelly*. I have seen a *thippay* where there was no *jelly*, and the fish had worked a depression close to the bank, and thrown all the stuff up to a height of about 5 feet. They must, of course, have worked very hard to push all this amount of earth up to form a bank.

"To build the ordinary *thippay*, I believe the fish carry the stones in their mouths to make up the heap, and the big hen-fish make the bed of the *thippay* symmetrical, for every big hen-fish I have seen during the rains has had the lower part of the tail and the anal fins rubbed down to mere stumps.

"I know of a very large *thippay* quite 25 yards across, and regularly every year, in January, the villagers level this and make small beds for Carnatic carp to spawn in, when they wait at night and net the entire shoal. Now how would this *thippay*, which had been levelled, be erected again if the fish did not carry the *jelly* back to the same spot?

"There are heaps of cock-fish about every *thippay*, the hen-fish coming in only to do some spawning. The biggest cock-fish I have caught was a 28-pounder. I do not think they go much above 35 lb.

"The kural (*L. kontius* and *L. boga*) are very handsome fish and great fighters. They are ground feeders, but love rushing waters and rocks; it is useless fishing for them elsewhere. The kural never sulks nor takes advantage of rocks and snags; on being hooked, his one desire is to keep in heavy water.

"The local fishermen say that the kural feeds on mahseer spawn. As soon as the mahseer leave the *thippay*, up comes a shoal of big kural. Whether they hunt up the spawn ensconced in the *jelly*, or whether they, like the cuckoo, take advantage of a ready-made nest to deposit their own spawn, I cannot say. We have a great deal to learn about Indian fishing yet.

"That only big streams hold big fish is true, for big fish want plenty of room, as they probably have to cover several miles every night in search of food. In pools, and in fact everywhere, mahseer go in shoals. All the fat old hen-fish of 70 to 80 lb. keep together, then the next size, and so on. Leaving out the babies, the 8 to 12-pounders form the biggest shoals.

"Mahseer apparently spend all their lives in the same pool. They may go several miles up stream during the floods, but they drop back to their old homes as the water subsides. There must, of course, be newcomers to every pool, but I doubt if they are very numerous.

"The male mahseer is a beautiful fish, built on finer lines than his

fat wife. He has little or no hog-back, his fin and tail are very brightly coloured up to their base, and when gaffed and drawn ashore, the most wonderful opalescent shades of pink, blue and green play over his silvery sides. I have more than once taken sketching materials with me, but have never used them, as I felt it was simply impossible to produce such colours."

The above remark about the female fish making the bed of the *thippay* symmetrical, and rubbing down the anal fin in doing so, is borne out by the 72½-pounder, caught by Mr. N. S. Symons with a rod and line in the Bowani River, now in the Bombay Natural History Society's collection in Bombay.

THE FORESTRY OF MYSORE

Some of the best forests of teak (*Tectona grandis*), Mr. Iyengar informed me, lie in this part of the country, with an undergrowth consisting of bamboo in the well-drained localities, and tall elephant grass in the flat ground. The rainfall varies from 60 to 80 inches, and the predominating rock is diorite. The teak, which is the principal timber tree, attains enormous dimensions, and trees up to 19 feet in girth are not uncommon. The principal species associated with teak are :

Dalbergia latifolia.
Terminalia tomentosa.
Adina cordifolia.
Grewia tilaefolia.
Garuga pinnata.

Pterocarpus marsupium.
Anogeissus latifolia.
Lagerstræmia microcarpa.
Eugenia jambolana.
Albizzias, and other deciduous species.

RECORD OF THE ROYAL SHOOTING AND FISHING IN MYSORE

January 21st to 23rd, 1922

TIGER.

Date.	Place where shot.	Total length.	Height at shoulder.	Sex.	Shot by
January 21st	Heggedevankote.	ft. in. 9 3	ft. in. 3 1½	♂	Colonel Worgan.
January 22nd	—	—	—	—	Captain Beddington.

CHAPTER IV

BIG GAME IN BHOPAL

February 4th to 7th, 1922

THE Prince arrived at Bhopal on a bracingly cold morning, February 4th, 1922. But this account is not concerned with shivering officers dressed in white, nor with red carpets, bands, banners and booming guns, but with wooded hills and glades, and the free life of a shooting camp.

Before we plunge into the jungles, however, I propose none the less to say a word to those to whom Bhopal is but a familiar name. Thousands are hurled into the railway station yearly, and thousands pass on, little knowing, for the sight is not for them, that a mile beyond the utilitarian rows of station buildings lies one of the most beautiful places in all India, unique, with a charm wholly its own.

Here, on the northern edge of two large sheets of water, rises the city, white palaces gleaming amidst green trees, while tall minarets, their glittering spikes dominating all, proclaim the religion of the ruler.

On the southern shore stands the residence of General Ubaidullah Khan with its magnificent view over the lakes, and, at a lower elevation, the comfortable "Lal Kothi," in which H.R.H. resided during the visit. This faces across the lower lake towards the group of old palaces, the grim city walls, and the Fatehgarh Fort, which so stoutly withstood the Maratha hordes in the eighteenth century.

To the west, towards Sehore, the country is level and cultivated, but to the north and east the land is full of hills which, as one gets further from the city, become rougher and covered with fine jungle, an ideal haunt for wild animals of every kind.

The shooting proper was to take place at Kachnaria, about twenty miles as the crow flies out of Bhopal, where had been pitched a standing camp out in the jungle. The intervening time, from the arrival on the morning of the 4th till the night of the 5th, was filled up with a round of entertainments and State functions, one of which, however little it had to do with sport, it would be absurd for any account of the Prince's visit to Bhopal not to make some mention of; for it was, in the truest sense, a historic occasion.

It was at a banquet as sumptuous as any that was given to H.R.H.

in India that the Begum in person, speaking in Urdu, made the announcement that, in honour of the Prince's visit, she had that day given to her people a Constitution modelled on the lines of the British reforms in India. She said :

“ This very morning, when the booming of the guns from the Fort proclaimed the arrival in my capital of the Heir Apparent to the throne of the greatest democratic country in the world, was announced the new Constitution of Bhopal State, under which there will be established an executive, a council of state, and a legislative council. No occasion could be of happier augury for such an announcement than one which associates it for all time with the first Royal visit to Bhopal, and a better, more abiding commemoration could not be conceived of that visit than the formal concession by the ruler of Bhopal to her subjects of the right to participate in the moulding of its destinies.”

It was an extraordinarily dramatic moment, when the Begum, standing veiled and crowned at the right hand of the Prince, made her momentous announcement ; and it was done with extreme grace.

As a matter of fact, all of us (of course the Prince is excepted) fell more or less in love with Her Highness the Begum. Equally of course, we never saw her face, for in public she is always veiled, the pale blue *burqa*, with only its two eyelet holes, covering her from head almost to her feet. But her photograph is known. When young she was extremely beautiful ; and at over sixty years of age she is beautiful still.

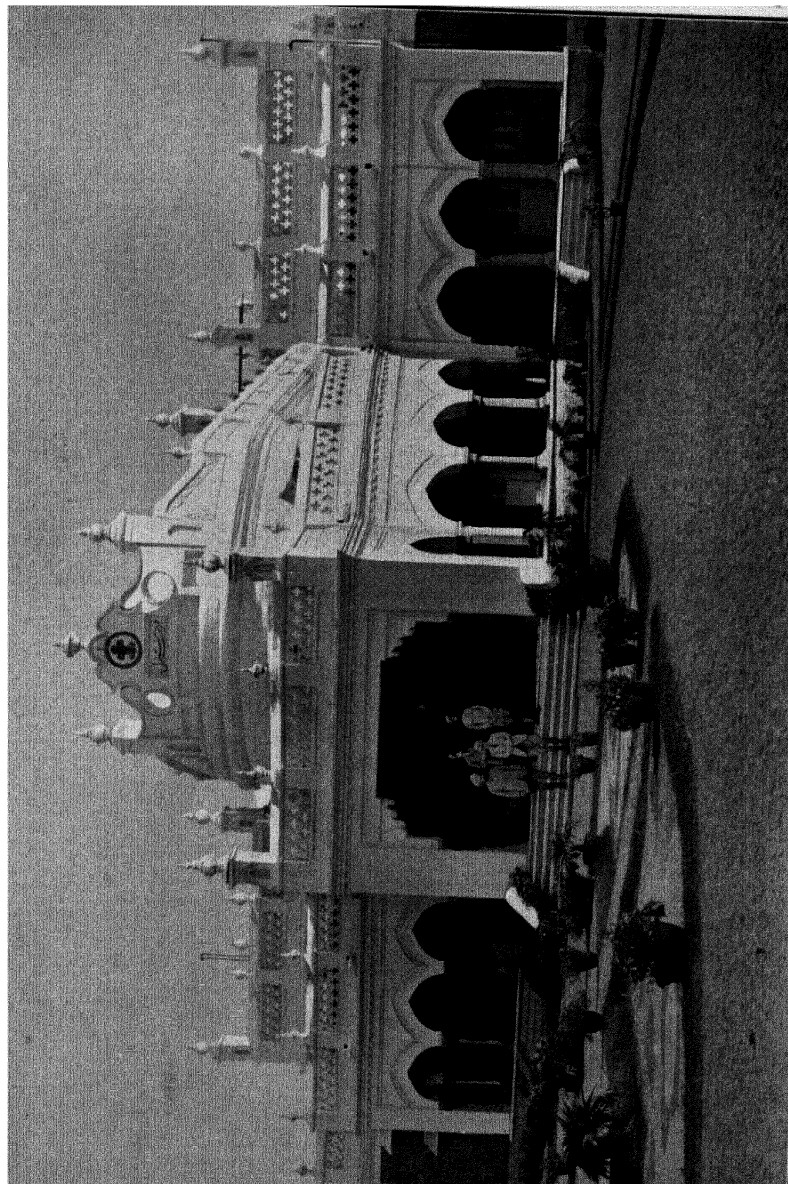
Her Highness is—one may dare to say it—a little woman ; but we in England know how much of Majesty a Sovereign Lady can show in her carriage regardless of her stature. Queen Victoria, however, never had to go veiled. The Begum, on State occasions, wears her crown outside—resting on—the *burqa*, and it is amazing, invisible though her actual person is, how great pride and dignity show in her bearing. Her consideration for and attention to the Prince were perfect ; and not in Bhopal alone, for later she came all the way to Delhi to grace the festivities in his honour there.

At the great banquet given in Delhi to H.R.H. by the Ruling Princes of India, she was (she came in after the actual dinner was over) the only woman in a most gorgeous assemblage of some 300 or 400 men ; and as she stood by H.R.H., with the other Ruling princes massed around and beside her—the whole room a blaze of uniforms and decorations—she was once again a figure of extraordinary dignity.



Photograph through the kindness of Her Highness.

H.H. THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL, G.B.E., C.I., &c.



" THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FARHAT MANZIL," OR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ABODE OF DELIGHT.
 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the late General Sir Nasrullah Khan, eldest son of Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, with
 Sahibzadas Habibullah Khan and Rafiqullah Khan, in front of the magnificent white pavilion made of stone especially for
 H.R.H. in the shooting camp at Kachnar, in the jungles of Bhopal.

Photograph by the kindness of Colonel C. E. Luard, C.I.E., &c.

Some minor sport was enjoyed round Bhopal before the party went to Kachnaria.

Sir Godfrey Thomas went out for buck on the afternoon of February 4th towards Duraha, but, although the country promised well, a glimpse of two chinkara out of shot was all the reward he obtained for his exertions.

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, who went towards Ashta, also had a blank day.

There had been a lot of recent traffic on these roads on account of the Prince's visit, which had doubtless disturbed all buck and chinkara and made the herds go far from the main roads.

Captain Dudley North, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh and Commander Newport went out after snipe and had some sport, bringing in 18½ couple. A good morning was also spent with sand grouse on the Sehore road. A nullah was found where the grouse watered, and about 15 brace were got, mostly pintail.

Another party amused themselves on the lake at Bhopal with duck, which were very numerous, but difficult to get at. Attempts were made to circumvent them in boats, but it was of no avail.

Staying out for their evening flight was tried by yet another party, who had good sport at the top end of the lake among the reeds. About 12 couple were accounted for, among which were 4 couple of mallard.

On February 5th the writer left early by special train, in order to see that his men, who had arrived some days previously, were properly settled in their camp. After a railway journey of about thirty miles, through thickly-wooded country with plenty of small hills and crags which augured well for prospects of good shooting, he arrived at Salamatpur Station, and was met by Colonel Iqbal Muhammad Khan, a nephew of H.H. the Begum, and together they rode to the camp about five miles away.

The shooting box at Kachnaria, provided for the Prince's accommodation, was a magnificent white pavilion made of stone. This had been built at the shooting camp by H.R.H.'s host, the eldest son and heir of H.H. the Begum, the late Nawab General Sir Nasrullah Khan, K.C.S.I., himself a big game shot of high repute, who had shot over 130 tigers, mostly in Bhopal State.

Some time ago the Nawab started erecting a country residence at Kachnaria, and as soon as the Prince of Wales's projected visit was announced, the building was rapidly completed, electric light was installed, and water laid on. Round it a large camp was pitched, as the house was only able to accommodate the Prince and a small por-

tion of his Staff. H.R.H. was the first occupant of the house, and consented that it should be named "The Prince of Wales's Farhat Manzil," or "the Prince of Wales's Abode of Delight," in memory of his visit.

Some distance from the house at Kachnaria a special skinning camp had been arranged. It lay in a small depression and was surrounded by trees—the "wanton lapwing's" eternal cry of "Did you do it?" showing that it was their favourite haunt. Sheds of bamboo with leafy tops had been erected. Here every arrangement was made for dealing with the animals shot. The whole place was delightfully cool and airy, and both for this reason and on account of the convenience of its situation, so close to the rest of the camp, was an ideal place for its purpose.

Profiting from his experience in Nepal, the writer made arrangements for every member of the shooting party to take out labels, which were given to each person every day after dinner for use at the next day's shoot. This he found worked very well, as all confusion was thus obviated. There were generally several parties shooting, and every person who secured a trophy affixed a label to the animal immediately after it was killed, and saw that proper measurements were taken. Thus, mistakes were impossible, measurements being taken and recorded at the time of shooting, before *rigor mortis* had set in.

The arrangements for the Prince's shoot had been personally supervised by Sir Nasrullah, who had spent weeks in accelerating the work of preparing the house, and in arranging the beats.

Leaving Bhopal by special train on the evening of February 5th, the Prince and his Staff reached a wayside platform, erected for the purpose, about 6.30 p.m., whence they were motored along fair-weather roads, made for the occasion, to Kachnaria, about two miles away.

A triumphal arch of green leaves had been erected at the entrance to the camp, and here the local populace had gathered to await H.R.H.'s arrival. Most of these people were Gonds, a jungle tribe which inhabits these forests. They had prepared to greet the Prince with one of their dances, and women and men were already dancing, as their custom is, in separate groups, the men in white and the women in red clothes; "tom-toms," cymbals and the monotonous chant with its emphatic *cæsura* beat and occasional loud shouts adding to the weird scene.

But alas! a practice game of polo and an inspection at General Ubeidullah Khan's house of the record sambhur head (50½ inches), shot by the General's father, delayed the start, and H.R.H. reached

the camp only as darkness fell. No bustling police car (an unnecessary precaution there) announced H.R.H.'s approach, and the Prince had come and passed the arch before it was even suspected. However, on another occasion, when H.R.H. was returning from a shoot, the Gonds had their opportunity of performing before him.

While the writer was at the skinning camp just before the Prince's arrival, news of a "kill" some four miles away was brought in. As in Mysore, news generally came by an elaborate system of heliography on the surrounding hills.

A glance at the map will show the places to which H.R.H. went, these being marked "P," while blocks to which other members of the party went are marked "O." I have already noted that some shooting was done direct from Bhopal by members of the Staff, who did not come out to Kachnaria to stay, but joined the camp for a day.

The party at Kachnaria on the night of February 5th comprised :

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
 General Nawab Sir Muhammad Nasrullah Khan, K.C.S.I.
 The Earl of Cromer.
 Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.
 Colonel Worgan.
 Mr. Petrie.
 Commander Newport.
 Lord Louis Mountbatten.
 Nawabzada General Ubeidullah Khan, C.S.I.
 Nawabzada Lieut.-Colonel Hamidullah Khan, C.I.E.
 Sahibzada Habibullah Khan.
 Sahibzada Rafiqullah Khan.
 Colonel C. E. Luard, Political Agent in Bhopal.
 Colonel C. B. McConaghy, I.M.S., Agency Surgeon in Bhopal.
 Mr. B. C. Ellison.

The accounts of the shooting which follow are written up from the writer's diary.

FIRST DAY

February 6th.

Although several people got up early to shoot, most waited with the Prince until 9 a.m. for news of a "kill."

The Prince then set out on horseback, accompanied by Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan, the Begum's youngest son, who was also a member of H.R.H.'s suite, and Sahibzada Habibullah Khan. Sir Nasrullah followed in a car, in which were Colonel Luard and myself. The route led from Kachnaria to Salamatpur Station, whence a fine metalled road leads to the old fort of Raisen. After travelling some distance along the road, we picked up Admiral Halsey, who had been

out since early in the morning, and had shot a nilghai about two miles from the station.

The country on either side of the road was cultivated, except where the hills come close up to it, and the fields were covered with a fine crop of wheat, easily grown without irrigation on the fertile soil of this region. The wheat, though it looked very stunted to eyes accustomed to the cornfields of England, was, in fact, a first-rate crop.

Soon we reached the old fort of Raisen, standing high above the road on a lofty rock, 1,980 feet above sea level. Founded in early days of Hindu domination in these parts, it subsequently became one of the strongholds of the local dynasty of the Mohammedan Sultans of Malwa, whose capital was the ancient fort of Mandu, near Mhow Cantonment. Held by various competitors for power, it witnessed many a sanguinary struggle, falling to the Emperor Sher Shah (1543) only after a protracted siege, when, as the picturesque account of the old historian says, its defender, a Hindu, Puran Mal, and his companions, "like hogs at bay, failed not to exhibit valour and gallantry, but in a twinkling of an eye all were slain."

It is now but the shell of a fort, yet its massive stone wall, pierced with nine gateways, and its thirteen bastions still defy the elements.

At Raisen the car swung off on to a specially prepared fair-weather road, through jungle country and round fearsome corners, no relaxation of speed being considered necessary by the drivers, because the road was *kacha* (bad), though possibly Mr. Nash (the car's maker) might have expostulated had he been present.

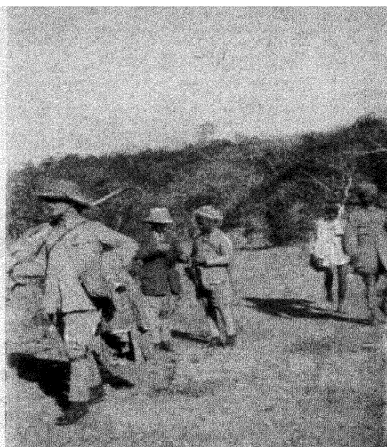
At a spot a little distance from Raisen we halted for a short time to wait for the Prince, who was on horseback some way behind. It was a most picturesque place, where a shrine and small Idgah stood in a walled enclosure surrounded by trees—the tomb of Pir Fatehullah Shah.

At the Pir's tomb we were joined by Colonel Worgan, who was limping, being rather lame after a recent polo accident; he had been out very early, but had only flushed some small game. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Wales came riding up. We then drove on for a couple of miles and reached a place called Bijalia Kondul (3, see map) at about 12.30.

Getting out of the car we walked to the machans, which were about 200 yards distant, flushing some partridge on the way. The machan in which Colonel Worgan and I were placed was not a good one, except from the point of view of being nicely sheltered. It did not allow one to swing a rifle round quickly in the event of a tiger breaking cover from any direction other than that immediately in



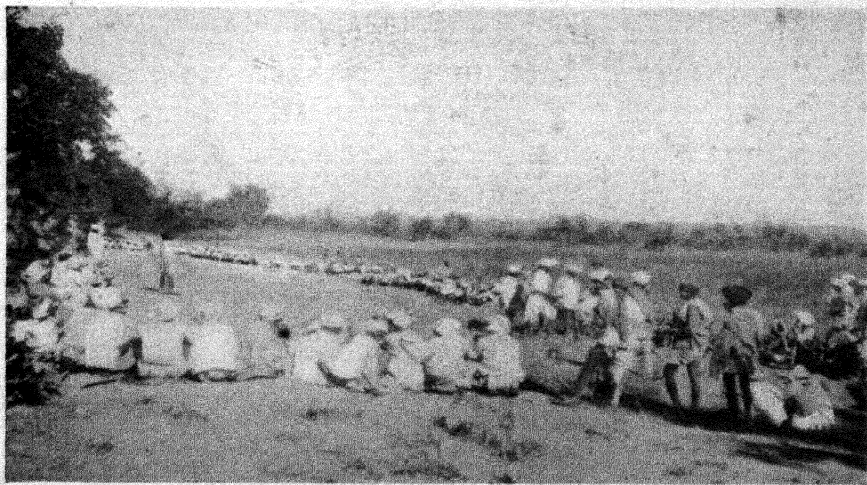
(1)



(2)

CHANGING BEATS ON A TIGER SHOOT IN BHOPAL.

The figure nearest the camera in the first picture is the late General Sir Nasrullah Khan, Heir Apparent to the throne of Bhopal.



(3)

Photographs through the kindness of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., C.S.I., &c.

BEATERS IN BHOPAL WAITING TO BE PAID AT THE END OF A DAY'S SHOOT.



CAPTAIN POYNDER AND HIS BAG IN BHOPAL.

The tiger was in fine coat and had a magnificent ruff on its neck. It measured 8 feet 11½ inches, and was 1 foot 10 inches round the forearm. The panther, or leopard, was very much knocked about, as in addition to Captain Poynder, the Hon. Piers Legh, Sir Godfrey Thomas and a shikari fired at it.

front of us. Little basket stools would have been extremely useful here. The tree in which we were had a lot of dry leaves, which made a constant cracking noise as the wind rustled through them.

The cry of the beaters began at 12.50—a not unmusical “Yoo-oo,” punctuated now and then by the beat of a drum—and was maintained continuously up to the shooting line. Some jackals sneaked out, stood for a moment on the edge of the open space, and then, crossing in haste, vanished beyond, while the pit-pat on the dry leaves of many peacocks’ feet was heard, followed by a whirr as a cock cleared the open space and floated down into the brushwood beyond.

The beaters’ voices seemed to approach and recede, as they mounted a ridge or crossed a depression.

A quarter past one passed, but no tiger. He seemed to be keeping along the hill. Suddenly two shots rang out—then silence—that pregnant silence of which the secret is known as a rule only to the shooter, and often not to him. We remained quietly, thinking that probably the tiger had been killed by the Prince, until the heir apparent of Bhopal came up to our machan and told us he thought the tiger was hit. We got down and learnt what had really happened.

A tigress had come out very fast in front of H.R.H., uttered a “woof” and passed clean under the machan and out in the rear, giving very little chance of a certain shot, and fled untouched—going away equally fast. The Prince did not fire, as it was not a possible shot. She was an old hand at the game, and had evidently escaped her fate on previous occasions. Three sambhur also broke out, and it was at these the shots had been fired.

After this we had lunch, and then drove back towards the Raisen road to a place called Makhni (2 on the map), about eight miles away, where the second beat was arranged.

At 3 o’clock the machans were reached and the beat began. At about 3.45 the beat came up. But no tiger was seen, only some bears and one male and two female nilghai, which passed within sight of Colonel Luard, but out of range.

The reason, I think, why the drive was blank was that we had been expected in the morning, many people had been about, and their movements had driven game away. Moreover the machans, as in Mysore, were in rather too open ground and too near the out drive.

Getting into the cars again we drove to the scene of the third beat, which was in Makhni forest, about two miles off. Two shots were fired, but nothing was hit, nor did the majority of the guns see anything but a lot of langurs and some quail and pea-fowl.

The peacock, it should be said, is sacred in the eyes of the Hindus. In their mythology it is the steed on which the goddess Sarasvati, the

Minerva of India, rides ; and therefore peacock feathers are not unlucky as they are in Europe. Peacocks are never molested in Hindu States ; but in Mussulman States, like Bhopal, they can be shot, as long as they are not in, or close to, villages.

So much for the fate of H.R.H.'s party. Those who were not with the Prince had better luck.

Sir Godfrey Thomas, Captain Poynder, Captain Legh, Captain Metcalfe and Mr. A. Metcalfe, under the guidance of Colonel McConaghy, went to Satdhara (1). The first beat, a very long one, produced a tiger. It was shot by Captain Poynder, and was in fine coat, and had a magnificent ruff on its neck. As it lay on the ground by the tree near Captain Poynder's tent, it looked a fine big tiger, but on measurement did not prove to be as big as was anticipated. It measured 8 feet 11½ inches, and was 1 foot 10 inches round the forearm.

The party then moved to a second beat at Bhulna (5). This was in the same direction, and the line of machans was under a low range of wooded hills. Some sambhur crossed the ridge, but they were too far off to distinguish heads. There was a certain amount of firing, and Colonel McConaghy got two sambhur. One was of a class now so often met with, I am told, in Bhopal jungles, with a large body and ill-developed horns. Whether this is due to overshooting, resulting in the destruction of the best heads, or to an excess of does and consequent weakening of the stock, it is difficult to decide. A member of the Staff writing to me describes what followed afterwards :

"Poynder had shot at a panther which galloped straight down the path towards him, and wounded it, but had no idea where he hit it. It was decided to follow it up for a bit on foot, and every one was just getting on to the blood tracks when an excited man rushed up and said that the panther was sitting under a rock on the hill about 100 yards in the rear. We made a cautious approach, and found several men up in trees chattering hard, and pointing to a spot where we eventually with the greatest difficulty distinguished the animal. It was hard to make out how he was lying, and though obviously hit, he was by no means *hors-de-combat*. Poynder took a shot at it which made it jump, and then Piers Legh and a shikari blazed off. Stones were then thrown, and people came to the conclusion that it was dead. It proved to be a small female panther, and was so knocked about as to render the skin practically useless, but she was carried back in triumph by a vast crowd of beaters, who suddenly appeared as if by magic from every point of the compass."

Captain Poynder described the incident himself to me as follows :

“The panther came out right at the end, and galloped straight at me down a path. I fired twice and she disappeared. We found blood and hair on the path, and a coolie came in shortly afterwards saying she was badly wounded, and lying down 200 yards away. We walked up and found her lying behind some rocks with only her side showing. Not knowing how badly she was hit, we did not risk too close an approach and fired at this. Unfortunately Legh, Godfrey Thomas and a shikari fired as well as myself ; so the animal was knocked to pieces. My original shot had gone through the off shoulder from the front, breaking the bone to atoms, so we need not have been so alarmed. Again my ‘470 that I eulogised to you before.”

The leopard measured 6 feet, and was a female.

Having only come out for the day from Bhopal, Colonel McConaghy’s party had to return in the evening by goods train. Mis-informed as to the time of its departure, they were quietly motoring to Salamatpur to catch it when they saw it coming along towards them. Abandoning their car, which was close to the line, they rushed on to the track, carrying their guns, and stood four abreast across the track with their arms out. The train had either to stop or run over them, and the engine driver luckily chose the former alternative. They climbed into the guard’s van, and the man did not seem at all surprised, as if holding up trains on the main line was a common occurrence in India.

Captain Dudley North went out for sambhur at Bhojpur (7) this same day, and thus describes his experiences :

“On February 6th I shot a sambhur stag (33 inches) with my ‘286 Mauser. I was sitting in a machan, which was on a high rock half-way down the slope of a hill, the beaters being on the other side. A number of sambhur does passed down a track along the side of the hill, going from left to right, about 100 yards from me. There was a cutting in the jungle going straight up the hill, and as each one passed, I took careful aim in case a stag came along. A small stag passed, and then a much larger and darker-coloured one. The light was not good, but the head seemed to be good enough, and so I fired. I thought I had hit it, but it went on, and it was not till the beat was over that I was able to climb up and look, and found it, fifteen yards further on, shot right through the heart. I paced out the range, which was about 110 yards.”

Setting out very early in the morning the Earl of Cromer and Lord Louis Mountbatten reached Bagha at about 8 a.m. This place (marked on the map 9), is forty-five miles south-east of Kachnaria, and at the bottom of the map on the extreme right. A few minutes after their arrival, the beat started. Four tigers came out ; two were bagged by Lord Cromer, and two, on hearing the shots, broke away from the line of beaters.

Sambhur and chital (axis deer) passed Lord Louis Mountbatten within range, but he did not shoot at them as he was waiting for a tiger.

From Bagha they motored to Majus (8), where they were joined by Commander Newport and Mr. Petrie, who had gone out to Pipaliaghat, but had had no luck, although immediately after the beat started a tiger was heard roaring close by. Unfortunately it did not pass the machans, and probably slipped away between the stops. No shot was fired.

At Majus the beat started at about 2 p.m. A special machan was given to Lord Louis, as he had had no luck at Bagha. Sambhur, chital, etc., came out, and eleven shots were fired at them by Commander Newport, Mr. Petrie and Lord Louis, but nothing fell to anybody's gun. Lord Louis Mountbatten thought that he had wounded a sambhur, so a search was made, but with no result.

Among the guests at Bhopal on the royal visit were members of the Cavalry School at Saugor who, with Colonel P. B. Sangster, their Commandant, came to play polo with the Prince, and they shot on several occasions with members of the Staff.

Admiral Halsey, Mr. Petrie, Captain Watkins and Captain Crichton motored out about five miles from the shooting camp, and had three beats for sambhur. They saw plenty of sambhur, at least thirty, but there was not a suitable head amongst them.

The Prince's party, with which I was, arrived back at Kachnaria about 6 p.m. Going down to the skinning camp I saw that three tigers, one panther and one nilghai had already arrived, and after the Prince had inspected them they were taken to the skinning camp, and work on them was immediately commenced.

The panther had been very badly hit. All the entrails were coming out, and the skin seemed practically useless.

The skinning camp was naturally looked on by the vulture community as their special meeting-place. Hundreds assembled, dropping out of space to the tasty and sumptuous feast below : the king vulture (*Otogyys calvus*) with his conspicuous zone of white feathers on the breast ; the long-billed brown vulture (*Gyps indicus*) with his

fine white ruff; the white-backed vulture (*Pseudogyps bengalensis*) with his marked white rump, the commonest of all vultures in Central India, and "Pharaoh's chicken" (*Neophron ginginianus*) with his consequential waddling walk, a familiar figure in every cantonment in India.

In addition to the tigers and panther, which were already in the camp, five sambhur were shot this day, one by Colonel O'Kinealy, one by Captain Bruce Ogilvy, two by members of the Cavalry School, and one by another guest.

I had brought with me to camp the two first volumes of Stuart Baker's work "The Game Birds of India, Burma and Ceylon"—the one on "Ducks and their Allies," and the other on "Snipe, Bustard, &c." These I showed to the Prince after dinner, and also to the heir apparent of Bhopal, who had quite recovered, after a rest, from a slight hurt he had experienced during the arduous day's shoot, and whose death, since then, has been so universally regretted. They interested H.R.H. greatly, particularly the description of imperial sand grouse which he had shot only two months before in Bikaner. The Prince told me he had at Sandringham several original bird paintings, which he prized very much, by Thorburn, the famous artist.

SECOND DAY

February 7th.

The beats on this day also lay towards Raisen. Some of the party, it may be mentioned, went out at dawn, but obtained nothing. As before, the way lay through jungle over *kacha* roads marked out with stones. The advance guard of the party had to wait for H.R.H., who had ridden part of the way. On his arrival at Mawal-Kho (4) the party climbed up to the machans which were placed on a high ridge.

There was dead silence for a time, and from my machan I could see that the beat had started numbers of langurs which came bounding through the line quite unconscious of the presence of the shooters. Two wanted to ascend my tree, but the sound of the breaking of a twig frightened them, and off they scuttled.

A sambhur belled, perhaps scenting the tiger, and a small chital passed out. Four bears came out close to the Prince's machan, two being cubs, which kept falling back as they tried to follow their parents up the steep cliff, looking extremely funny as they did it.

When the beaters came out, Lord Cromer and myself left our machan, and went to the one on which Colonel Luard was sitting. He pointed out the risk of being below while beating was still going on over part of the line, and so we mounted up beside him. Nothing

came out, although it was asserted that the tiger was there when the beat began.

On the way back some chital and a buck were seen. The Prince got out to shoot, but another car coming up frightened the buck away.

I then went back with the party to Salamatpur Station, and from there motored on to the skinning camp. The Prince and Staff returned to Bhopal.

On the Raisen-Salamatpur road which we traversed, we could see the ancient Buddhist topes of Sanchi, and it is interesting to recollect that the jungle in this part was so thick during the Pindari War that the existence of these famous topes, which had stood on this hill since 300 B.C., was unknown to all but a few Gonds, and that General Taylor came upon them by accident only in 1818. The carved gateways, which can just be seen from this road, standing in front of the central tope, are unique specimens of carved stonework. A description of the ruins by a member of the party which visited them will be found at the end of this chapter.

Of the other parties out this day, Captain Dudley North, Commander Newport and Lord Louis Mountbatten had been far afield to Garhi, but returned at 5.30 p.m., having seen nothing at all.

Sir Godfrey Thomas, Mr. (now Sir Geoffrey) de Montmorency, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh and Colonel Harvey, motored out from Bhopal in a north-westerly direction to a series of beats in parallel lines along a thickly-wooded ridge at a place called Dhandhar (6 on the map). There were a number of sambhur in the beat. Sir Godfrey Thomas had a shot at one that came out opposite his machan, but hit it too high up, and it had stumbled and was gone before he could get in a second shot. It passed through the next beat, and Mr. de Montmorency had a shot at it from a long range, but he never saw it again, though it was picked up dead that evening after the party had left.

Mr. de Montmorency also got a big nilghai, and Colonel Harvey shot a pig on the same day.

The antics of a mongoose caused them much amusement. It was running about over some rocks and was much harassed by a lot of peacocks who made a great commotion moving over the dry leaves, so much so that people thought that at least a sambhur was coming out. While Sir Godfrey Thomas was in his machan, a fan-tailed flycatcher (*Rhipidura albifrontata*) came and fluttered about among the branches a few feet from his head, and eventually perched on the end of his rifle barrel.

Two more beats resulted in nothing. This finished the shooting in Bhopal between the dates of February 4th and February 7th, 1922.

The total bag in the Bhopal shoot was :

BIG GAME

Tigers.	3
Leopards	2
Sambhur	12
Nilghai	2
Wild boar	1

SMALL GAME

Snipe	18½ couple.
Sand grouse	15 brace.
Duck	12 couple.

The bag given is not a large one, but it is only fair to all concerned to point out that in February the trees and bushes are still covered with leaves, and grass is high, which increases the difficulty of turning out animals. In addition to this, perhaps ill-luck was inadvertently added through disregarding the idiosyncrasies of Indian shooting. It is fatal to mention the word "kargosh" (a hare) when starting out; the partridge may have called upon the left-hand side, a fatal omen up to noon, but the reverse after mid-day; and both the grey partridge (*Francolinus pondicerianus*), with its cry of "patecla-patecla-patecla," and the painted variety (*F. pictus*) with that curious harsh call, translated by Hindus into "*lahsan, piaṣ, adrak*" ("Garlic, onions, and ginger"), and by the Mussulmans into "*Khuda teri Kudrat*" ("God is your strength"), were calling all day, or a cat may have crossed the road. These and other similar hindrances to good luck may well have influenced the bag; but they did not affect a most enjoyable outing.

While there are other districts more famous for their sport than Bhopal, the shoot here can fairly be considered, both on account of the variety of the bag, and of the care and hospitality of its august ruler, equal to any of the great shoots arranged by the various States in India to do honour to H.R.H.

NOTE.—On the subject of superstitions connected with shikar, H.H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior in his "Guide to Tiger Shooting," tells us :

"Local *shikaris* have a firm belief in omens. As their experience in the line seems to have lent countenance to such beliefs, it will not, perhaps, be out of place to enumerate them here for the information of the reader. To act up to them or disregard them would entirely depend on whether one has faith in such things or not. They are as follows :

- “(1) Fine or plentiful game is expected where a sportsman, as soon as he leaves his house for *shikar*, sees a street sweeper engaged in sweeping, or a *bhishti* (a water-carrier) with his *mashak* full of water.
- “(2) The warbling of a partridge is looked upon as auspicious if heard on the right from morn till noon and on the left thereafter.
- “(3) It is considered unlucky to speak aloud the word *khargosh* (vernacular for hare) when one starts on a hunting expedition. If the mention of the animal is unavoidable, it may be called by other names, such as the *lambkanna* (the long-eared).
- “(4) It is also considered inauspicious to meet a one-eyed person at the start.
- “(5) It is believed to be a good insurance against accidents to drive an axe into a neem tree before the commencement of the beat to be taken out when the beat is over.
- “(6) Where a cat happens to cross the path of a sportsman just on the move, he should take care to walk back a little distance and re-start after the evil effects of the cat's inopportune appearance have been dispelled by a few moments' patient waiting.
- “(7) Likewise, a sneeze in front is considered inauspicious, while one behind one's back is taken to be a good augury.”

NOTE ON BHOPAL SHOOTING

TIGER (*Felis tigris*)

In Bhopal the country where shoots take place, offers unique opportunities for good tiger shooting. There are very large cliffs in the jungles, and the beaters try to drive the tigers in the direction of the cliffs, where it is difficult for them to escape. In my opinion this is the easiest method of shooting, is surer, and does not involve as much trouble and labour as the ringing and netting systems used in Nepal and Mysore respectively.

Mr. (now Sir Geoffrey) de Montmorency told me that he and Colonel Harvey on a Sunday, when they could not shoot, saw a tiger sit over its kill nearly nine hours, a very unusual occurrence.

SAMBHUR (*Cervus unicolor*)

The shooting of the sambhur or “elk,” as it is sometimes called (I remember when I was in Ceylon I could not understand for some time what people were referring to when they spoke about “elk

shooting " in India), is vastly different from any deer shooting known in Scotland. There is nothing that can be called stalking. You simply wander through jungles till you blunder on stags ; walking through ravines and nullahs, through long grass and thick undergrowth, moving all the time as quietly as you can, and then you must usually shoot immediately you see the stag, which is often quite close.

The time when I have generally seen sambhur has been in the very early mornings or in the late evening just before darkness sets in. Stags generally lie up during the hotter part of the day, being true children of the jungle and hating the glare of the Indian sun ; but this does not mean that a sportsman may not come across them at any time. I have often seen sambhur when I have been wandering about with a shot gun after small game, such as jungle fowl. I remember in the Terai below Darjeeling seeing at least five at different times, one within twenty yards of me, as I was taking an evening stroll. They had good heads and presented fair shots as they ran along the rides in the woods which had been cut by the forestry people ; and one is more likely to come across them, I think, when just merely walking through jungle than when one goes with fixed intent to shoot them. Often when you come across a stag unexpectedly it will stand and look at you, and not turn round immediately to escape.

The sambhur is found throughout the Oriental region wherever there is undulating ground or hilly country with forest. It is the deer of the woodlands, and is more widely distributed than any other species in India.

A photograph, or an examination of the fine specimen of the stag at the London Zoo, gives one a better idea of the look of a sambhur than any verbal description. In colour it is light brown when young, but the male when he grows older gradually grows darker till old stags are nearly black. They have a fine coat of coarse hair, which is especially long and thick at the neck. In the hot weather, however, they lose a lot of hair, and have a tendency to look mangy.

The antlers of this splendid creature have only three points, but nevertheless they make a splendid trophy. The reason why the sambhur does not shed its antlers every year like other deer, but carries them sometimes for two or three seasons, has never been satisfactorily explained.

The stags, except in the rutting season, are rarely found associating in any numbers ; but small herds of from four or five to a dozen are commonly met with. The sambhur feeds on grass—especially the green grass near water—and on various wild fruits such as the Ber (*Zizyphus jujuba*).

During their season, however, which is in October and

November, the stags collect in large numbers and their loud roaring call is often heard in the morning and evening. Mr. Master describes the call as "loud and somewhat metallic sounding bellow," while the hinds' call, a sharper but fainter note, he describes as a "faint grunting low."

The speed of a sambhur is very moderate, and if found on ground where riding is possible—a rare event—any fairly good horse, with a rider of moderate weight, can catch either stag or hind.

Besides tigers, the great enemies of the sambhur are wild dogs. A writer in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society, tells how he twice saw them in chase. He says :

"The first time they pulled down a calf about 150 yards from where I was. I heard a squealing and the loud barks of the mother, who stood close by the scene of the tragedy. Thinking a tiger had killed, I stalked up to the noise, and when close to I saw a yellow mass that I took to be a tiger, and was just going to fire when it split up into a dozen pieces and disappeared. I found the calf with its entrails torn out, part of the rump eaten, and the eyes picked out ; all done in a few seconds. I hid myself behind a tree, and in about twenty minutes the pack of dogs returned ; they passed me within fifteen yards, in single file, a dozen in number, ten paces between each dog. I with difficulty refrained from firing. I was between them and the sambhur, and they made a circuit and came up to the carcase from the opposite direction. As the leading dog reached the body, I could not wait any more. I fired and missed it, but luckily got one with the second barrel as they bolted. It was a female, and had the exact smell of a domestic dog.

"The second time I was sitting on the banks of the Taptee having breakfast, when a hind and calf rushed down the opposite bank into the stream, which here was shallow and running pretty strong. On reaching the middle, she stood in the water with her calf under her body, and I saw two wild dogs in pursuit, stop at the water's edge. They uttered loud wailing howls, but the old hind and young were quite comfortable, the little one, with its tail up, frisking about under and around its mother. In a short time the dogs went away, and about ten minutes afterwards the hind and calf went back to the same side they had come from and walked slowly off. You would have thought they would not have gone back to the same side as the dogs were."

The stags fight much amongst themselves, the brow antler, as in all deer, being the principal weapon of offence, and the wound it inflicts has the reputation of being very formidable.

The flesh of sambhur is coarse, but well flavoured, the marrow bones and tongue being often retained by sportsmen for themselves. Most Hindus will eat deer with antlers, and so the meat is seldom wasted.

The period of gestation is eight months.

One of the sambhur shot in Bhopal had a large body and ill-developed horns. Whether, as has been said, this was due to overshooting resulting in the destruction of the best stock, or due to an excess of does and consequent weakening of the stock it is difficult to decide.

Colonel R. W. Burton writes to me as follows :

“I do not recollect that the question you raise has ever been thoroughly investigated. Horns of ruminants vary much according to the locality in which the animals are found. In the Satpura Hills, Taptee Valley, and that part of the country, sambhur carry very large and perfect horns : in parts of Central India, Orchha, and Panna States in particular, abnormal heads are very common, and many of them at the same time run fairly large. In the Himalayan Terai jungles, sambhur carry smaller heads, anything approaching 40 inches being quite unusual. It is, I think, generally agreed, that abnormalities in horns of ruminants, those classes of them which periodically shed their horns, are caused by injuries during the time the horns are in velvet, that is to say, in process of formation and growth. Such abnormalities would not be inherited, unless perhaps they were caused by bodily injury. In such a case it may be conjectured whether the abnormality could not be transmitted. Possibly it could. But the question you raise as to the causation of the heads of sambhur in Bhopal being so frequently small and ill-developed is apart from that of abnormalities, and I think we must look for the reason either in heredity (brought about by some peculiarity in the country, its soil, or the climate, causing a poor growth of horn) or in the other two causes you mention.

“It may be that the Bhopal sambhur are very much in-bred. Perhaps those jungles are isolated, and the stock of sambhur get no infusion of blood from other localities. Or it may be that there is a weakening of stock brought about by shooting off too many stags. If there is much shooting done in the place you mention, it is quite possible that, a large number of the best stags having been shot off, mostly immature ones remain. They may not have had time to attain full age and corresponding growth of horn, and this would affect the stock. Sambhur go back in their heads when past their prime.

“It would, I think, require a knowledge of that part of the

country extending over some years, and a considerable amount of observation extending over the same period, to enable any one to come to a sound conclusion in the matter."

Another very well-known big game shot writes in a private letter :

"It is simply a matter of feeding—i.e., the *kind* of food—and of water. There is no place in India where small horns are the result of overstocking or surplus of does. Do not encourage that suggestion. In level jungles, on culturable ground, one gets immense beasts and poor horns often ; and, as soon as one gets into the adjoining hills, lighter beasts and better heads. This is where these animals have their origin. But at times, of course, the plains beast wanders into the hills, and *vice versa*."

NOTES ON THE FAUNA AND FLORA IN THE SHOOTING DISTRICTS AROUND BHOPAL

FAUNA

The attractiveness of the sport in Bhopal consists not a little in the variety of the bag that one is likely to get.

The most important fauna met with in these jungles are the Langur Monkey (*Semnopithecus entellus*), whose hordes under Hanuman rescued Sita from the clutches of Ravan, the demon king of Ceylon ; the little brown Bandar (*Macacus rhesus*), Tiger (*Felis tigris*), Leopard (*F. pardus*), Striped Hyena (*H. striata*), Wild Dog (*Cyon dukhunensis*), Jackal (*Canis aureus*), Sloth Bear (*Melursus ursinus*), Nilghai (*Boselaphus tragocamelus*), Black Buck (*Antelope cervicapra*), Four-horned Antelope (*Tetraceros quadricornis*), Chital (*Cervus axis*), Sambhur (*C. unicolor*), Wild Boar (*Sus cristatus*).

The bison and buffalo, once common, have long disappeared from this part of the country. In Mogul days elephants and lions were numerous, the lion surviving in the neighbourhood to modern times, the last being shot near Guna on Waterloo Day, 1872. The usual game birds and reptiles, of course, exist.

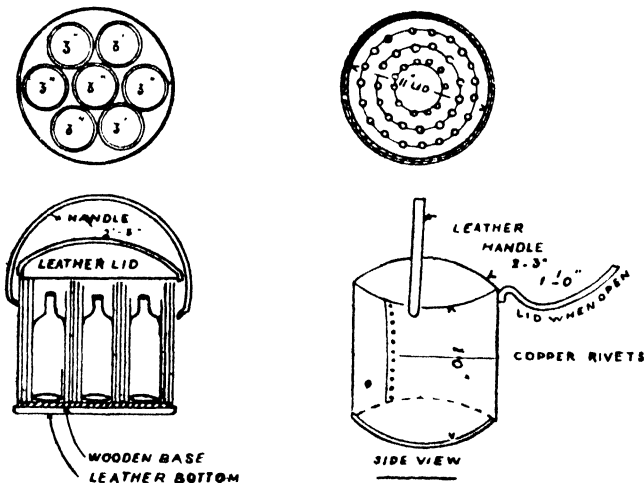
Round Kachnaria, tales of snakes being numerous and scorpions abounding were circulated, as is not unusual, the presence of such unpleasant neighbours being calculated to impress visitors. But, in point of fact, Colonel C. E. Luard, the Political Agent in Bhopal, who is a considerable expert on such matters, and who has given much practical study to the natural history of the country round Bhopal, told me that snakes are not particularly abundant, and scorpions always very local in their habitat.

Speaking generally as regards the natural history of these regions, there is probably little to be done in bird identification, but much in other respects such as nidification, migration, local prevalence, &c. On the other hand, entomology certainly, and probably the study of snakes and other reptiles, would repay observers. Something, but not very much, has been done here by the Bombay Natural History Society's Mammal Survey of India.

Regarding nilghai, Colonel Luard told me of a rather useful way of making use of a nilghai skin when shot. In view of the fact that a nilghai is generally considered one of the poorest trophies afforded to the sportsmen in India, this information is valuable. He told me :

“ A nilghai skin, if chrome tanned, is porous, and makes a wonderful water-cooler ; it will make a jar of butter placed in it in the hot weather as hard as if it had been iced, and make the temperature of water as cold as possible.”

Colonel Luard very kindly had a drawing made for me of a nilghai skin water-cooler.



NILGHAIR SKIN WATER-COOLER.

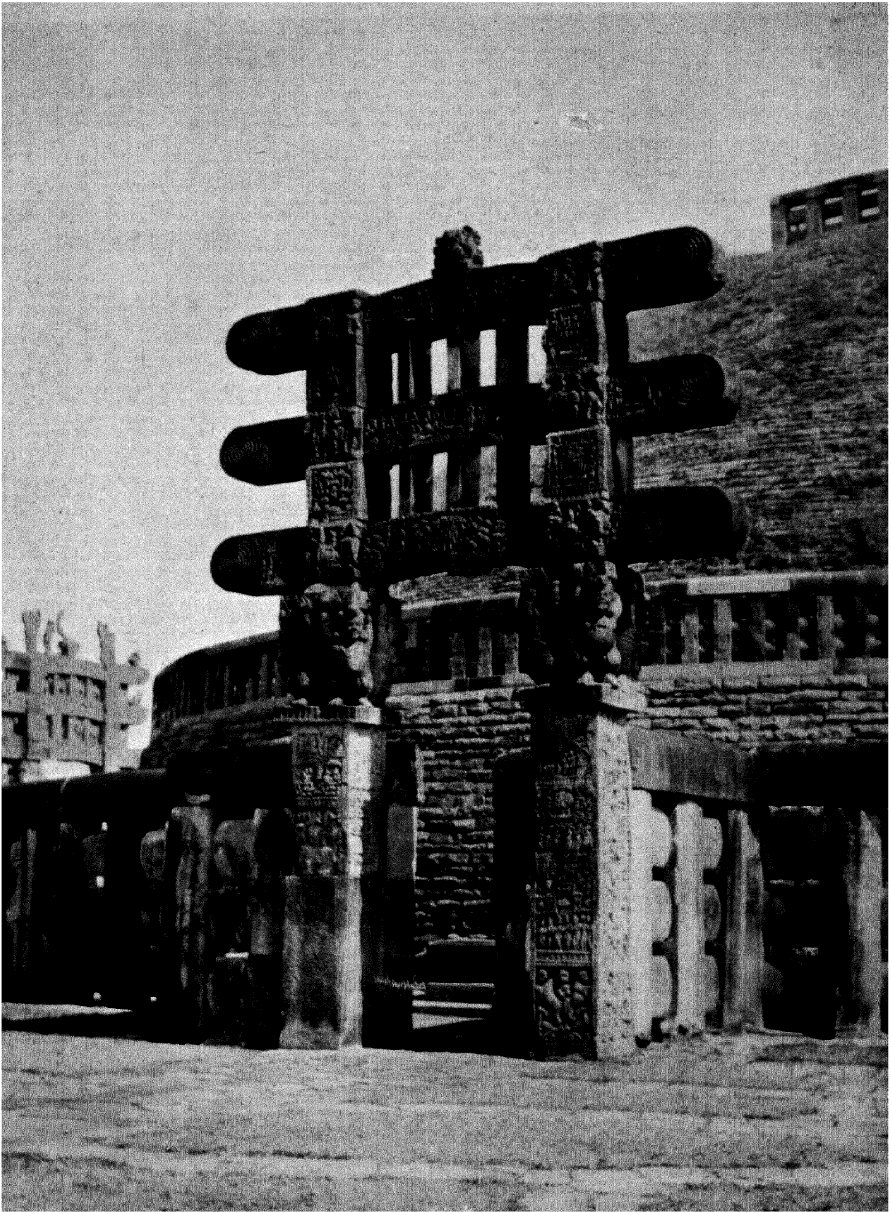
Nilghai marrow bones, by the way, are, as is well known, exceedingly good eating.

The leather is as good as sambhur leather for making shikar boots and gaiters.

FLORA

The jungles round Bhopal consist mainly of deciduous forests containing a large number of flowering trees and shrubs. Unluckily February was too early for the "flame of the forest," the kakra (*Butea frondosa*), whose fiery glare lights up the country side in March. At this season only the brown green buds were to be seen. The ganiar also (*Cochlospermum gossypium*) was not yet bearing its brilliant yellow flowers. The teak (*Tectona grandis*), here but a stunted variety, stood out conspicuously with its huge leaves. These latter sometimes obstruct the sportsman's view, when shooting, and often rouse his ire by their incessant crackling. The white-stemmed and delicately leaved dhaora (*Anogeissus latifolia*), often used to bear machans on its strong boughs; the mahua or mhowa (*Bassia latifolia*), whence the country liquor, now taboo under prohibition in Bhopal, comes, was just commencing to bear flowers; along the banks of streams the kahua (*Terminalia arjuna*), which produces a good tannin, was conspicuous for its winged fruit. Other trees were the neem (*Azadirachta indica*); Indian ebony (*Diospyros tomentosa*), with its dark black stem; clinging to cliffs in the most precipitous places, stood out the "ghost tree" (*Sterculia urens*) lifting its weird pinky-white arms to the sky; the aerial rooted banian (*Ficus indica*) (so called from a well-known specimen at Gombroon under which "Banias" sat awaiting orders from the factory); the pipal (*F. religiosa*), whose leaves the gods delight to inhabit, thus making it sacred to Hindus; the tall spiky-stemmed silk-cotton tree, the semel (*Bombax malabaricum*) just commencing to glow with scarlet blossoms; the leafless salai (*Boswellia serrata*), with its peeling bark and gum-oozing trunk; the amaltas or "Indian laburnum" (*Cassia fistula*) at this season without its lovely cascades of yellow flowers; the shady tamarind (*T. indica*); the mango, then covered with its scented flowers; acacias of many kinds, amongst which the brilliant green of the babul (*Acacia arabica*) outshines all; the caronda- (*Carissa carandas*) with its small sweet-smelling blossom. Among smaller trees and shrubs, the parkinsonia, with its yellow showy flowers, the curious madar, the calotropis with its artificial-looking white and purple blossom and poisonous milky juice (used at times to remove undesired female offspring), and the palm tree, familiar wherever there is water. All these and many others less conspicuous were met with a hundred times in traversing the forests from shoot to shoot. Colonel Luard was most assiduous in pointing the different trees and shrubs out to us.

It may not come strictly under the scientific head of "Flora,"



Photograph : Central News.

THE MONUMENTS OF SANCHI BHOPAL. THE EAST GATEWAY OF THE GREAT STUPA.

They were built 200 years before the Christian era, and, the jungle in this part being so thick, were only discovered by accident by General Taylor in 1818. The Prince of Wales and party when out sambhur shooting could see in the distance the ancient Buddhist topes.

but one very curious floral display there was in the City of Bhopal itself which deserves mention.

In Bhopal there lay by the side of the road, along which the Prince had to pass whenever he went anywhere, what was evidently in normal circumstances an acre or so of flat waste land. Probably it was unsightly ; so they had set about improving it.

The whole area had been carefully laid out in beds, about a score of *parterres* of every imaginable shape, between which wound gravel paths, and as you passed along the road you overlooked a charming acre of garden full of blue and pink ipomæas with rows of asters in pots, and here and there a small palm in the middle of a bed. And it was all sham—just a Garden of Lies.

Each *parterre* was neatly ringed with turf—artificial turf of mineral wool or painted shavings, or I know what not—but it was all green and bright. And the ipomæas, which romped so luxuriously were all artificial, stems and leaves and flowers ; just stuck into the carefully-dug soil. And the asters in pots were imitations too.

Probably it became just a patch of waste land again ; but it was very pretty while it lasted, and I doubt if half a dozen members of the visiting party ever discovered that it was not a real garden, though they might pass it four or five times a day.

And it is a good notion. A few dozen pots of artificial flowers in one's own garden at home would help out wonderfully each spring while one is waiting for the annuals to bloom. It was probably the Begum's own inspiration. It looked like a woman's idea.

SANCHI

While the Prince was at Kachnaria, some members of H.R.H.'s entourage visited Sanchi, and spent a day among the marvellous ruins. One of them writes :

“ The Sanchi monuments are Buddhist, and date in the main from about 2,000 years ago ; great buildings, balustrades, gateways, all exquisitely carved at an age when our ancestors in Great Britain were living . . . how were we living two hundred years before the Christian era ?

“ A number of low hills ring round the site of what was once the great city of Visida. It is now a vast expanse of plain, with a scattered village or two and some patches of crops, but mostly covered with jungle growth, in which tigers, leopards, and all manner of deer and other wild things now have their homes. Kachnaria, where the Prince and his party shot their three tigers, is but a few miles away.

On one of these low hills, rising out of the jungle and itself jungle-clad, are the famous ruins.

“The essential buildings are the great stupas (our word ‘tope’), which are huge solid structures, like rounded pyramids, built presumably to enshrine in their hearts some relic of the Buddha or other object of great holiness. The stupas here are not tall like the giant at Somnath, but flatter, of inverted pudding-bowl shape, each originally surmounted by a balcony above which rose the sacred symbol of the umbrella. But the marvellous things are the carvings on the balustrades which surround the base of the stupa, and cover the face of the pillars and of the high triple-architraved gateways or *toranas*, like the Japanese *torii*.

The earliest of the carvings date from, probably, 300 B.C., and the latest, with some exceptions, were made in about the eighth century of our era. Here, then, we have before our eyes displayed in the originals the whole history of Buddhist art through the thousand years during which Buddhism flourished in India. We see it in its earliest form, with its strong Assyrian influence. We see it as Hinduism begins to react on Buddhism, and Hindu art to affect Buddhist art, the Hindu art itself being in turn modified by Persian and Greek influences.

“There are temples here, which, but for the figure of Buddha himself, one might well take to be Hindu. There is one, at least, with its pillared portico, which at first glance one might easily pronounce pure Greek. The wealth of the carvings is bewildering, both the elaborate foliage-ornamentation, at which the early Indian artists were so admirable, and groups or friezes of figures of men, gods or animals. In the hard sandstone, much of it remains—down to the individual hairs on a camel’s coat, or the features on a human face no larger than your thumbnail—as clean cut and sharp to-day as it was on the day when the artist finished work on it. The beauty of design, sincerity of expression, charm of modelling are often of a very high degree, and no one could possibly come away from studying the carvings—tens of thousands of figures and beasts and flowers—without having an immensely increased admiration for Indian art.

“Around the stupas lie the ruins of temples of the various periods in the rise and decay of Buddhism in India and the foundations of great monasteries. From the top of the hill, amid all these evidences of ancient greatness, one looks out over the great level plain with the blue thread of the River Betwa winding through it, and the endless jungle, where once the mighty city lay. It is impossible not to class Sanchi among the really interesting spots in the world. And blessings on the head of Sir John Marshall, to whom the excavation and restoration of the wonderful place are chiefly due!”

CHAPTER V

BIG GAME IN GWALIOR

February 8th to 12th, 1922

ONE of the great sights of the Prince of Wales's tour in India was the elephant procession in which H.R.H. was borne on his arrival at Gwalior station to the palace.

It was truly a gorgeous spectacle. The Royal elephant, with cloth of gold trappings, was a magnificent beast, and hardly less sumptuous were all the other monsters. On a golden howdah, under the Royal umbrella, sat the Prince, by Scindia's side. There were eighteen elephants in all for H.R.H. and his Staff; all brilliantly painted and richly caparisoned. Before them went two squadrons of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, all State troops, and the General Officer commanding the Gwalior Army and Staff, with numbers of wonderfully costumed State functionaries and retainers.

More elephants, all in sumptuous trappings, besides those ridden by the Prince and the members of his Staff, had places in the procession; and the noble beasts are treated with all deference on such occasions. In the printed programme (where there is one) each elephant is an individual item in the pageant, as much as a regiment of foot-soldiers or a squadron of horse. Nor is it simply "an elephant." Each elephant is a personage, known by its own name, accompanied by its own retinue of attendants, as surely it has the right to be when often (as with the Royal elephant which carried the Prince in this procession at Gwalior) it is over one hundred years old, full of years and wisdom and honourable service!

So the programme reads something like this :

A Battery of Horse Artillery.
The Elephant "Shah Jehan."
The Imperial Service Lancers.
A Troop of His Highness' Bodyguard.
The Elephant "Moti Lal."
A Battery of Field Artillery . . .

And so forth. And the elephants know all about it. They know their place, the honour that is due to them, and their rights of precedence as well as any court chamberlain could tell them.

As the line of enormous animals, all flashing with colour, went lounging and swaying up the street to the crash of wild music from pipes and drums, between banked masses of people dressed in bright colours, all flanked by white buildings gleaming in the sun, it was an unforgettable scene.

Gwalior, we read, is "one of the largest and most important of the Indian States." But if we had to arrange the Princes in order of personal merit (which Heaven forbid!) we should put the Maharaja Scindia higher in precedence even than his State.

The only serious complaint that I, and others, have against His Highness is the difficulty of recognising him; which, I take the liberty of believing, he entirely understands and is delighted with. Twice I was on the edge of blundering horribly, and just caught myself in time.

You have seen him, perhaps, at a State ceremonial, in all the splendour of his robes, when he is gracious and cordial as a prince could be. Half an hour later, the ceremonial over, a man in a lounge suit plumps himself down on the seat beside you, and begins to fill a pipe; or an individual in a nondescript frock coat costume strolls up, and asks casually if you are going to watch the polo. It is very hard on the unwary visitor.

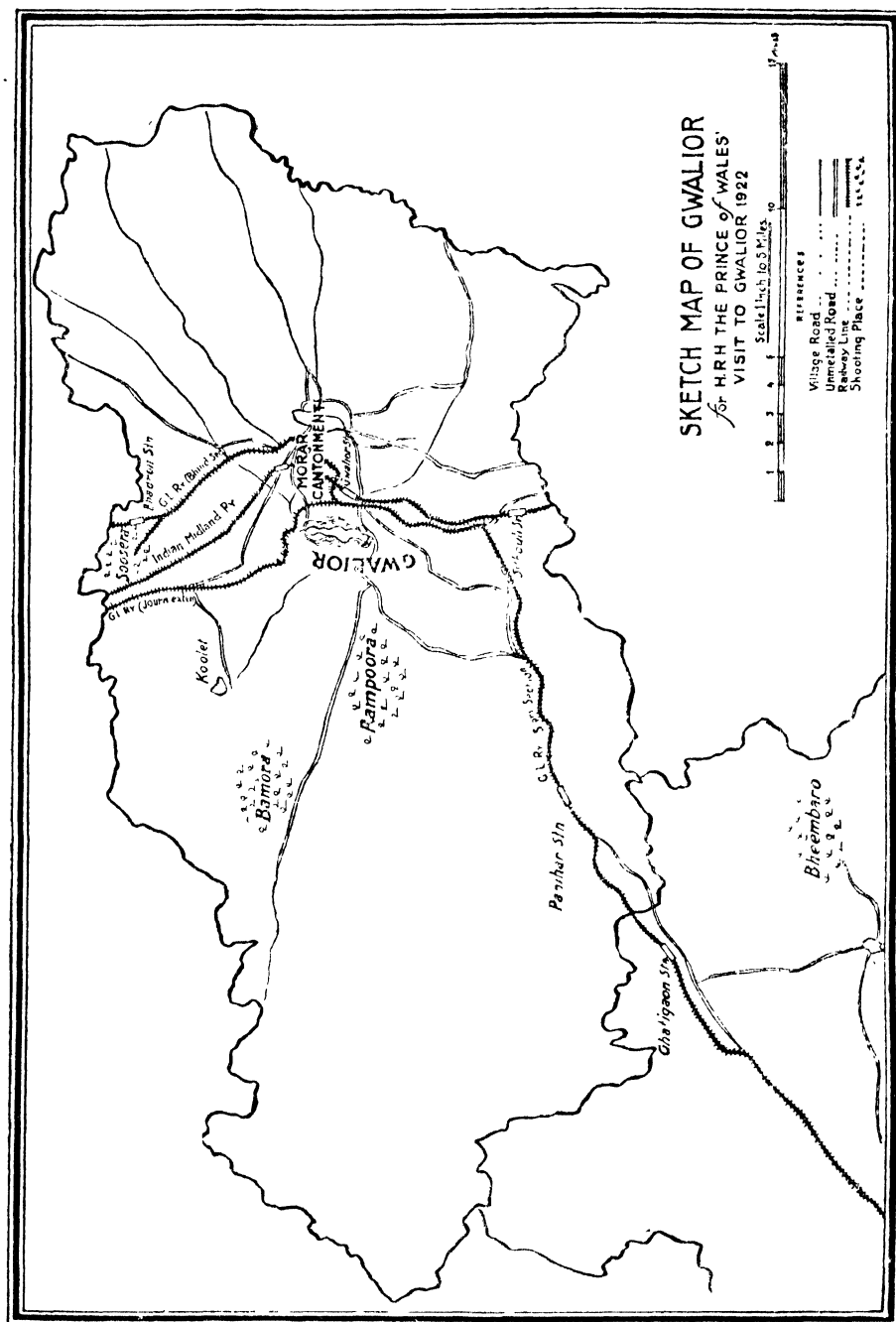
And His Highness has two children—an eight-year-old daughter and a six-year-old son—who are sheer delight. At the great review they marched past at the head of the Gwalior infantry, dressed in khaki, soldiers every inch of them, saluting with a snap. On other occasions, as at the races, they played about in the grand stand gorgeously dressed, and with some hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of jewels on their little persons—played with anybody who came along—as grave and as irresponsible as happy little children could be.

After the races, while the Prince of Wales presented the cups to the Indian winners, it was the little six-year-old boy who presented those won by the Englishmen. With a very quaint shyness he did it. But that is a story that belongs to the chapter on polo hereafter.

To the big-game shot all over the world, the State of Gwalior suggests at once the word "tiger." It is here that some of the world's finest tiger shooting can be enjoyed.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales arrived in Gwalior on the morning of February 8th, and remained there till the night of February 12th.

It was not necessary, as was the case in other States, to stay at a regular shooting box in the jungle; the parties who shot motored



out to places in fairly close proximity to the city of Gwalior and returned each evening.

FIRST DAY

February 9th.

The first shoot took place on February 9th, and the following are notes from my diary :

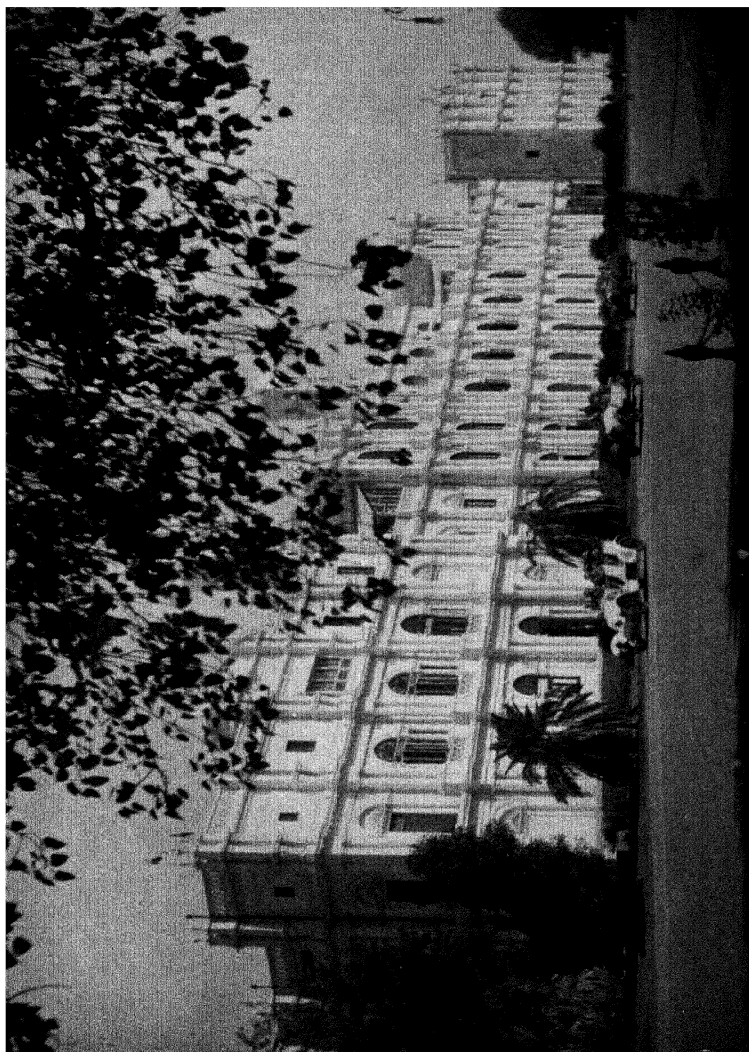
About 8.30 a.m. I went round to the palace. H.H. the Maharaja of Gwalior looked very happy sitting on the steps, waiting for his royal guest to return from the polo ground. On the walls of the entrance hall hung magnificent skins all round, mounted and unmounted—chiefly tiger—all of which had been shot in Gwalior by the Maharaja himself. He looked a veritable king of shikar surrounded by all these spoils of the chase.

Mr. W. E. Jardine, the Resident, told me that a "record" tiger had been seen lately, and the Maharaja was very anxious that it should fall to the Prince's rifle. H.H. had evidently spared no pains over the arrangements, and was looking forward to giving his guest the best tiger shooting available in the State. The start was fixed for 11 a.m., but it was well after 12 o'clock before we got off and clear of the city. The country round Gwalior is very dry in February, and the soil is of a peculiarly deep red colour ; and we had to travel slowly to avoid the dust.

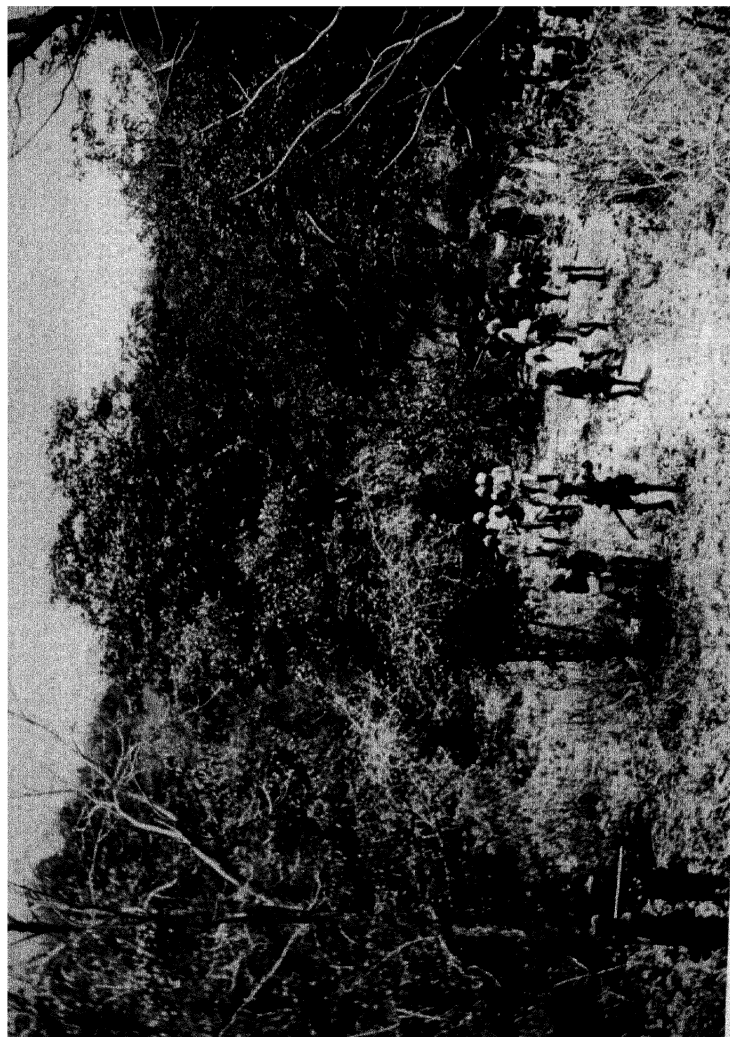
The Prince was in the first car with the Maharaja, who was driving. I was in a car with Colonel Worgan, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh and Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency. The party included the Earl of Cromer, Mr. Jardine, Admiral Halsey, Colonel Worgan, Mr. Petrie, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Captain Dudley North, Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Colonel O'Kinealy, Colonel Harvey, Commander Newport, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Captain Metcalfe, Mr. H. A. F. Metcalfe, General Knight, Colonel K. N. Haksar, Colonel Wagle, General Rajwade, Mr. J. W. D. Johnstone, General Sir Harry Watson, Captain Sultan Hasan Khan, Colonel Bhau Sahib Shinde, Colonel Kok Singh, Colonel Girdhari Singh, and Captain Knight.

After ten or twelve miles of dry and rocky country, we left the cars. The Prince, the Maharaja and Lord Louis Mountbatten mounted horses, and the rest of us got on elephants with shikar howdahs, and after going a mile as quietly as the hard ground permitted we dismounted, loaded our rifles, and went silently to our appointed places.

H.R.H. went off in one direction with the Maharaja Scindia, accompanied by the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Halsey, Colonel Worgan, Commander Newport and some of the principal officers, to the



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE MAHARAJA SCINDIA (DRIVING) LEAVING THE PALACE, GWALIOR, ON
Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Gwalior.



TIGER SHOOTING IN GWALIOR.

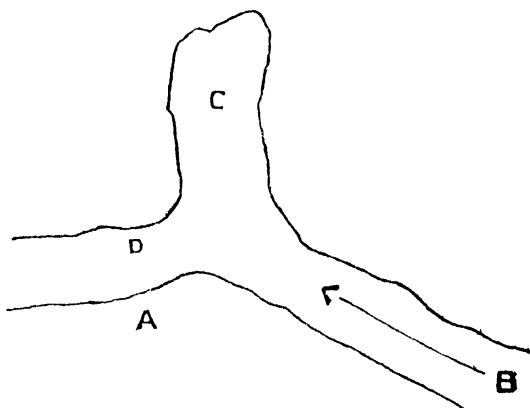
Photograph through the kindness of W. F. Jardine, Esq., C.I.E.

The beaters steadily moving up the ravine on the shoot when the Prince of Wales shot the first of his four tigers in Gwalior. The photograph is typical of the forests in the State which abound in big and small game, and are particularly suited for shikar, being neither too dense nor too open.

position selected for him. Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency Captain Dudley North, Colonel O'Kinealy, Mr. Jardine and I went to a spot further up, walking delicately over a formation of stratified rock, till suddenly we came to the edge of a dry ravine or river-bed, that seemed some 200 feet deep, 200 yards wide, and a mile or more long, and then moved forward and took our places on the cliff. We there discovered that the Prince's party had also taken up a position on the edge of this ravine, 200 or 300 yards further down.

It was here that M. Clemenceau got his three tigers in 1920. (A herd of buffaloes had been put in the jungle that day to locate a tiger that refused to move on and face the guns, and a few of the buffaloes had straggled past, when the beast emerged and attacked one of them *en passant*; and in the rough and tumble, somebody shot the poor buffalo instead of the tiger, much to the owner's delight, no doubt, for, of course, he was handsomely compensated).

Some people, I noticed, had two rifles, one of them a heavy reserve weapon, in case of accidents, as it was quite possible, though improbable, that if the tiger broke cover on our left, and was not hit, it might try and get out on our flank, and then there would



be danger for every one. To guard against this, five or six soldiers with long spears were posted with us.

The tiger had been marked down in a heavy jungle near the junction of three ravines, where the cliffs were some 50 feet high. The Prince was posted on a projecting rock just beyond the junction, at "A."

Nothing happened for some time. A beautiful owl hooted, flew across the ravine, and disappeared into a crevice opposite. Sand grouse flew over us at a great height in twos and threes. In the distance the beaters were steadily moving up the ravine, the elephants keeping pace with them, and the troops which we could see lining the cliffs were gradually closing in; the whole scene was admirably staged as only a soldier-shikari like the Maharaja Scindia could stage it. Then suddenly two shots rang out, and we knew that H.H.'s hopes had not miscarried.

It was already 2 o'clock. We moved very slowly along the edge of the cliff to try and get a better view of what the Prince was doing. The shikaris said that there were two or three tigers. Then there was a roar, and a minute after, two or three more roars followed by three shots at intervals of a minute. Was this the same tiger, or another? We wished we knew. Then silence once more.

It was 2.30. The beat was getting closer; we could hear the men making little grunts and whistles, "Ur, Ur, Ur." Then silence again. The tiger had ensconced himself in the scrub where it was thickest. This was, however, nothing like so thick as the sea of grass that I shall never forget in the jungles of Nepal; so dense that not even a rhino or an elephant could get through at any pace. In such a place a tiger would be invisible. Besides, as a friend remarked:

"You can go on plugging and plugging at a rhino that is all but invisible and make no impression, unless you hit him in one or other of the two vital spots, whereas in a Gwalior jungle not only is a beast forced to show himself, but you can hit a tiger almost anywhere with effect."

And that makes all the difference between shooting big game in Nepal and shooting in Gwalior.

On this occasion, though, the tiger refused to show himself, and people began to throw stones down into the ravine to try and wake him up. Several shots were fired in the beat, and we all moved up and stood in a bunch at the corner near the place where the Prince was standing.

H.R.H. was on a rock jutting right out into the ravine, and near him were the Maharaja and Lord Cromer. H.R.H. had his rifle ready for the moment when the tiger should show itself again. The elephants pushed on to the place where the tiger was supposed to be lying. The beaters thought the tiger must have moved forward. Then, without warning, the tiger got up with a roar, and made off down the ravine. We heard two shots, and learnt that he had been headed off, and was lying near the point "B" (see diagram), from which the beat originally started.

Some adventurous spirits mounted the shikar elephants and went down in search of the beast, but could not find it. Commander Newport at last spotted its ears and eyes: *Bang! Bang! Bang!* and the tiger was dead.

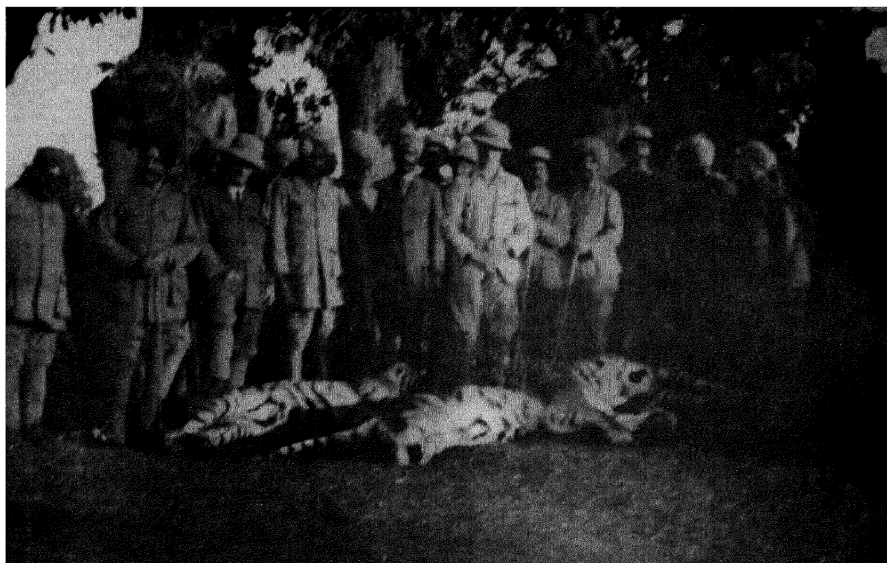
We all went down the cliff and viewed her (for it was a tigress) as she lay in the nullah. I tried to get the beaters to move her into a good position for a photo, but they did not seem to understand, and



THE PRINCE READY FOR THE TIGER TO BREAK
COVER.
H.R.H. is standing on a rock jutting out into a very
deep ravine.



Photographs through the kindness of W. F. Jardine, Esq., C.I.E., &c.
THE TIGER NULLAH, GWALIOR.



Photographs through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Gwalior.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THREE TIGERS HE SHOT IN GWALIOR.
In the lower picture the Prince's host is prominent in consequence of the Royal guest's insistence.

"H.R.H. will never be as good a shot, or anywhere near as good a shot, as his father, the King. But the kind of shooting that he likes best is to go off with, perhaps, one companion and find the game big, or small, with as little auxiliary *bandobast*—as little pomp—as possible."—See page 105.

moved her just into the place I did not want. Her glassy eyes seemed to look at me reproachfully as I snapped her two or three times.

Sir Harry Watson gave me a good account of what he saw from his point of view, which was much nearer the Prince :

“The beat commenced at ‘B.’ For some time there was no sign, and we felt that the tigress must have made for ‘C’—but a line of elephants stopped her egress from the ravine, and beating towards the junction, drove her into the open at ‘D’—just under the cliffs, about 150 yards from where H.R.H. was sitting. She was galloping at the time, and H.R.H. missed her ; she disappeared into jungle, but shortly afterwards, frightened by stops, returned to the junction between ‘D’ and ‘C,’ and was wounded by the Prince on her way. At that point the jungle was dense, and the tigress lay very low, and though the elephants pushed in from ‘C,’ not a sign of the beast could be seen or found. The elephants came almost up to the edge of the bushes and jungle below H.R.H. without finding a sign of her, so we concluded that she had slipped away down the nullah, past stops and beaters to ‘B.’

“H.R.H. and those with him had left their places, and were discussing the situation when the tiger uttered a roar from a bush in the ravine just below where the Prince had been sitting, and made for ‘B.’ The Maharaja and the Resident, Mr. Jardine, ran along the tops of the cliffs as hard as they could towards ‘B,’ and catching a glimpse of the beast fired at her, hit her very hard and stopped her. We all collected above ‘B’ ; some of us mounted elephants, went into the nullahs, and eventually found and killed her in thick grass and bushes. It was a fine tigress measuring 8 feet 3 inches.”

Lunch was then served among the rocks at the top of the ravine. The Prince was very pleased, and so was the Maharaja. So indeed were we all, including the beaters. As we were sitting there we got a fine view of the beaters and the skimmers, bringing the dead tigress through the jungle to the place where the pad elephants were waiting.

It appeared from what people said at luncheon there had been two tigers, of which the second got off unobserved. When the first got up, H.R.H. had two shots, one of which hit her. She was right out in the ravine at the time when the Prince fired, so that it was quite a long shot. The Maharaja fired later, and, it proved after, hit her in the back. Then H.H. and Mr. Jardine, the Resident at Gwalior, had the presence of mind, when the beast was wounded and getting away altogether, to run down and head her ; and at the moment the Maharaja Scindia fired again and seemed to have missed, Mr. Jardine put

in a shot that hit and stopped her, so that the Prince and the Staff could come up and finish her off from elephants. There were some nasty cut-outs, from which the wounded beast might have emerged and escaped.

On this day three black buck were also shot. The party who went after them were Mr. A. Metcalfe, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Sir Godfrey Thomas, and Lord Louis Mountbatten. Mr. A. Metcalfe got two, Lord Louis Mountbatten one.

SECOND DAY

February 10th.

The shoot was at Bhimwara, some twenty-five miles south-west of the city. The party consisted of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.H. the Maharaja, Mr. W. E. Jardine, the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Halsey, Colonel Worgan, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Captain Dudley North, Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Colonel O'Kinealy, Colonel Harvey, Mr. A. Metcalfe, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Captain Metcalfe, General Sir Harry Watson, Mr. J. W. D. Johnstone, General Knight, Captain Knight, and myself.

The whole country through which we motored was like that of the previous day—very dry and arid, but not quite so flat, and most of the time we traversed rising ground, with patches of jungle, scrub, and stunted undergrowth. We got away some time before lunch, and—in spite of having to go slowly because of the tremendous dust—in a comparatively short time reached the place where we were to leave the cars. They were on the side of the road near the luncheon tents, and we all walked along a bridle path, scattered on which were a tremendous number of black and white droppings. There were quite a lot of porcupine quills too, strewn at intervals along the path, which were picked up by H.R.H. and by members of his Staff. The Prince had them all collected.

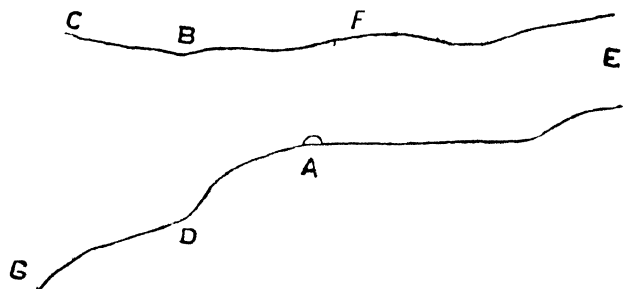
Mr. Jardine told me that in some parts of India the mother porcupines are credited with going into water, cocking their tail quills, which are not pointed but hollow, filling them with water, keeping them cocked, and so taking liquid refreshment to their young at home.

The shikaris who escorted us said that the tiger was in a hollow not far away, and that we must divide parties and proceed very slowly. As on the preceding day, the Prince, the Maharaja, Mr. Jardine, the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Halsey and others separated and went off to the left. The rest of us halted for a few minutes, till the other party had disappeared down a slope in the ground surrounded by small

jungle. Not much shooting, we were told, was expected on our side. We then went off in single file along stratified rocky, scrubby ground, on which grew tufts of parched grass and small stunted trees, until we came to a place where we could see a large dip in the ground, about 100 yards in front of us, which we judged to be another ravine.

We passed to the left of this very quietly, until we came to a stone wall at "C" on the diagram, and there took it in turns to peer through a small hole like the opening in the turret of a castle. The view which met our eyes was a huge ravine, larger and broader than the one we saw yesterday, deep and wooded, its steep slopes covered with low jungle and rocks, with clearings (about 20 yards wide) about every 300 yards cut right across it from top to bottom. It certainly was an ideal place for tiger, and more than one were supposed to be lying up in thick cover 1,000 yards and more to our left; the colour of the jungle being peculiarly adapted to conceal the coloration of the beasts.

On the other side of the ravine, half-way down the slope, and perhaps 500 or 600 yards away from us, was one



of the famous shooting towers, made of solid masonry, at the point marked "A" on the diagram, and to this the Prince had been taken quietly by the Maharaja, while the rest of the party were distributed further along the cliff at points covering the clearings, in case a tiger got past H.R.H.

The tiger, we were told, had been seen within 100 yards of the tower on the preceding night, when part of a buffalo had been consumed.

It was now about 2 p.m., and nothing had happened. Everything was quite still except when the silence was broken by the noise of peafowl flying down the valley. The beat started from "E," just a few men throwing stones from the cliffs on both sides of the ravine. Commencing at the top it gradually worked its way down, and soon afterwards shots were fired from the tower across the valley. Naturally we saw little of what was going on, and had no idea of what was being shot at, but it subsequently transpired that two tigers had come out at "F," and that one of them H.R.H. had killed outright with a single shot, a very fine performance right across that broad valley.

About twenty minutes later shots rang out again, and with an "ugh" and a roar out rushed a big tiger at full speed down the nullah. We all saw him, and he gave a very good show as he ran down the valley, with shots and bangs going off right and left. He was first fired at from the other side, but appeared none the worse for it, as he was still going strong when the shooting commenced from our side. It was, of course, next to impossible to know who hit him, but our side stopped him, and he disappeared in some rocky scrub low down the slope beneath us, and evidently lay up in the bushes, probably badly wounded, possibly dead.

It was a great sight; as all the sportsmen stood high up on the ravine firing at the tiger as he rushed along a couple of hundred feet below. At a time like this a tiger looks ever so much bigger than it really is, and this particular one looked huge when breaking cover and bounding along the ravine, its yellow and black markings standing out very well against the bare background. The whole incident was fully observed by the hundred odd people present.

Although the tiger had been hit several times, and everybody who could had had a shot, it had a good run for several hundred yards, and disappeared in the scrub jungle not far away from where the Prince was posted. The problem then to be decided was whether we had to deal with one tiger or two? Was it a dead tiger, or was it only wounded? And was it in the bushes, or had it moved and found shelter elsewhere?

We then heard that another tiger, probably a wounded one, had been seen quite near us, in fact in the jungle just beneath. Buffaloes were, therefore, put in at the far end of the ravine, from which it was beaten, to locate the other tiger, and if possible drive it past the guns again. The Prince and Maharaja Scindia were still in the tower. There was silence now for a time, and the Maharaja's voice resounded down the huge ravine as he shouted orders to the beaters; for it must be remembered that H.H. the Maharaja Scindia, when shooting, conducts things personally, and is satisfied with no half measures when matters pertaining to tigers are at issue.

After a short time every one got out of the tower and climbed up the side of the ravine. The Maharaja then shouted to the head shikari on our side, and explained that one of the tigers was under a green tree to the left, right down the ravine in a nullah.

As nothing happened, and it was not safe to go into the gorge on foot, he decided to have the shikar elephants up, and beat the ravine.

It was 2.45 p.m. when they arrived, and were put in at the bottom of the valley, where the sides were less steep. In the howdahs were Colonel Worgan and Lord Louis Mountbatten. A spot was noticed

in front with a yellowish patch which it was thought might be the tiger lying dead. So deceptive was the coloration of the animal that even when glasses were brought to bear on the spot it could not be said for certain whether it was the tiger or not. Colonel Worgan and Lord Louis Mountbatten moved forward until they came to a place where the elephants stopped dead. Just as, on the first shoot in Nepal, Colonel Worgan pointed out the exact spot where the tiger lay hidden, so to-day he shouted out "I think it is on the left," and advised movement in the direction of the small nullah. The elephants advanced slowly in this direction, and suddenly stopped near some bushes. They smelt the tiger and would not go further on. Someone suggested that the best way to find out for certain the exact spot where the tiger was lying was to "lob a bullet into the place." Colonel Worgan tried a shot into the bushes, but the tiger did not come out. "He is dead all right," the Colonel shouted across to us on the cliff. The mahouts agreed in this decision, and they seldom make mistakes on a point like this. The elephants would not go any nearer. They did not like approaching the bushes, even though the mahouts tried their utmost to make them go in. They violently opposed all efforts to force them forwards and showed that they were frightened by making cries like a little child.

There, sure enough, was the tiger lying dead ; the Prince's tiger, as he had got the first shot in.

It being 3.35, the Maharaja Scindia decided to leave that tiger for the moment, and beat down the ravine again and round up the other one, which was supposed to be lying wounded in the thick jungle just under our peephole.

Now commenced an excruciating noise of "Hara-Har-r-r-r" and shrieks and groans, so that it seemed that any wretched tiger that continued to lie low must be half-witted. The beaters appeared from all sides, running about the ravine like a swarm of ants. When suddenly three bangs went off, one of which was made by a bullet, and the others from blank cartridges. Someone said the tiger was dying, others doubted it. In another minute the tiger's roar decided the question. There was another bang, and it was difficult to say whether it was a shot, or whether it was only one of the bombs used by the beaters to drive sulky tigers. Finally some adventurous spirit went cautiously down the slope of the ravine, and proclaimed that the tiger was dead.

Altogether three tigers had been shot—the one which the Prince shot at the beginning, the second which was located with the help of elephants, and then this one : all three having been either killed or first hit by H.R.H.

After lunch the three tigers were brought up, and photos were taken of H.R.H., the Maharaja and party in front of the bag, surrounded by elephants.

In speaking to me later at the Kadir Cup pig-sticking meeting at Gajraula, the Prince told me how proud he was of them, saying, "You remember the Gwalior tigers, Ellison. Put a big mark on them." He wanted special care taken of them, and was very glad to have the lucky bones. H.R.H. certainly did shoot magnificently.

Sir Harry Watson, who was with the Prince on the opposite side to me, summarised his version of the day's sport as follows :

"Three tigers were soon seen moving in the bushes at the bottom of the ravine, two of them crossing to the side opposite to H.R.H. One of them, a tigress, stood for a short time at 'F' on the diagram, just showing her head and shoulders from behind a bush, and H.R.H. made a very good shot, killing her stone dead at about 130 yards across the ravine. The second tiger then bounded along the opposite side towards 'C,' and did not give an opportunity of a decent shot, though H.R.H. hit him (slightly) as he crossed the clearing below 'B.' He stopped in the jungle in the side of the ravine between 'B' and 'C.' The third tiger then appeared going hard along the bottom of the ravine, and was slightly wounded by H.R.H. Several shots were fired at him from 'B' and 'C,' and he eventually stopped in thick grass at 'G.' Elephants having been called up, Colonel Worgan mounted one, and eventually found and killed this tiger. There still remained the wounded tiger in the jungle between and below 'B' and 'C.' By beating from the top from 'B,' and rather in the direction of the clearing below 'C,' this tiger was found and killed easily by Major Sultan Hasan, the Superintendent of H.H.'s Shikar Department."

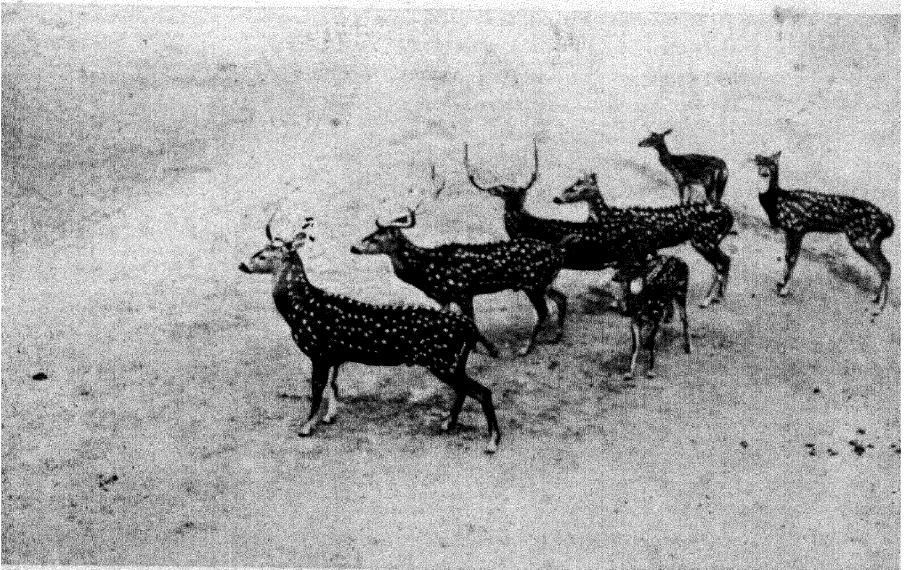
After this, H.R.H. and party went to look at the dead tigress at 'F,' and then, climbing the opposite slope of the ravine, proceeded back to the tents where the cars were awaiting them. The drive back in the evening was very pleasant, and we disturbed lots of partridge and quail feeding near the bushes by the roadside.

We reached Gwalior at 6 p.m., and were met by the Maharaja's little daughter, Mary Kamla, riding her pony astride. She had come out to meet the Prince of Wales and her father.

This same day Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Mr. D. Petrie and Commander Newport, and ten other guns, went out after hare and sand grouse.



Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Gwalior.
LUNCH TENT, GWALIOR.



Photograph through the kindness of Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe, C.B., M.C., A.D.C.
SPOTTED DEER, OR CHITAI (*Cervus axis*).

They did a dozen miles or so in cars to a long low hill covered with scrub, and then rode two miles to the far end of it. There they found 300 beaters, and another 300 men were distributed round the hill as stops.

The guns walked up the hill in line with the beaters, who had to clear the way through the scrub, which was quite thick. Hares were very numerous and gave good sport, while a few sand grouse were put up.

Several things came out in the beat which were not at all expected, such as a leopard and pig, which fortunately did no one any damage.

The bag was 45 hare, 2 sand grouse, 1 plover, 5 partridges, and 1 quail.

THIRD DAY

February 12th.

This day the Prince did not go out, as he wished to ride gallops for the gymkhana races in the afternoon.

The party proceeded by motor about twenty-five miles to the far side of a large dam, where they were met by elephants and horses. Here they split up and drew lots for places, six guns going to the nearest place, and the remainder to the farther one.

The programme was to beat a large ravine, some two miles long, a mile broad at the lower end, and 150 yards at the upper, where it ran between cliffs, some hundred feet high, for at least half a mile. The ravine was covered with very thick jungle, which could only be seen through from the top, and at the upper end cuts were made for the principal guests to see to shoot. The guns were distributed along the tops of the cliffs.

A regiment of cavalry, dismounted with lances, acted as stops, while a battalion of infantry, armed with smooth bore muskets and black powder, supported by elephants and fireworks, was the beat.

Communication was established by signal posts in suitable positions between the guns, the stops, and the beat. The signal to advance being given, the infantry fired intermittently along the whole line of the beat for about five minutes to get the game moving in the right direction, and then commenced to advance, slowly firing as they came. From the guns sitting concealed at convenient points on the rocky sides of the ravine it all presented a wonderful spectacle. The white puffs of the muskets fired in the air showing clearly above the greeny brown of the jungle the exact position of the beat, even though the elephants were invisible.

For some time nothing happened, then the deer began to come through; and though a fair number of sambhur came by there was

nothing worthy of a shot, which was just as well, as firing might have disturbed the better things to follow.

From the time when the deer appeared it became apparent that for some reason the game, instead of coming up the centre of the valley as had been intended, were trying to break out on the side where the major portion of the guns were, and in so doing presented targets to the flank guns on that side before they came in view of those posted near the apex.

The first thing that happened was the arrival of a tiger, which was promptly shot by the flank gun on the side in question; then a bear came in view of the next gun on that side, and was bowled over in one shot.

After this the rifle posted at the end seemed to go off like a machine gun, as he fired at three more tigers and a bear. One tiger came on down that side and was spotted and laid out by the next gun.

The other two in quick succession broke down the centre of the valley, immediately causing a fusillade to break forth from both sides of the apex of the ravine. It says a great deal for the shooting, that although they were both going at full gallop a good 300 yards away, they were both bowled over by a perfect storm of shot. It was clear that honours would be divided, as it was impossible to tell who hit first.

After a short pause a second bear broke from near the end gun, and went across the valley, and along under the guns on the far side, being fired at by every one within range, but it apparently escaped untouched.

The beaters now approached as near as was considered safe, and the Indian colonel commanding the beat went forward, with a shikari, on an elephant to investigate the tigers knocked down in the big fusillade.

They found the first tiger dead. The second they found lying almost opposite the senior members of the party, apparently dead too, and the Indian colonel put his rifle to "safe," and shouted up to the Maharaja that all was well. As he did this, the tiger came to life, and in full view of every one, before the beat-commander could get his rifle off "safe," charged the elephant, and got on to its head. The elephant luckily shook it off, and retired hastily, making a tremendous noise.

More elephants were called for, and when the Indian colonel was having a second go, his howdah came loose, causing a stoppage, during which six of the party, including the Maharaja and Lord Cromer, came down into the clearing. On their elephants coming up, they mounted and prepared to join in the fray, coming in opposite to the luckless Indian colonel, who, however, this time got in first and finished off the tiger.

The party then proceeded to investigate the other two tigers and

the bear, which they found dead. They then returned to Gwalior after a most enjoyable day's sport.

GAME RECORD OF THE ROYAL SHOOT IN GWALIOR

February 9th to 11th, 1922

Date.	Place where shot.	* Total length.	† Length dressed.	Sex.	Shot by	Remarks.
Feb. 9 .	Rampura .	ft. in. 8 3	ft. in. 11 3	♀	TIGER. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	H.R.H. had two shots and got her with one. It was at a distance of about 130 to 150 yards, and a very good shot indeed. The tigress was hit in the kidneys, and was picked up jammed in between two rocks.
Feb. 10	Bhinwara .	8 4	9 2	♀	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.	
"	" .	9 2	10 9	♂	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.	
"	" .	8 9	9 10	♂	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.	This was also hit by Mr. Johnstone.
Feb. 11	Bamora .	8 8	—	♂	Colonel Harvey.	I was also told he shot a sambhur.
"	" .	8 0	—	♂	Captain Knight.	
"	" .	8 9	9 10	♂	Admiral Halsey.	
"	" .	7 9	8 6	♀	Captain The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy.	
Feb. 11	" .	6 8	—	♂	BEAR. Captain Knight.	
Feb. 10	" .	—	—		BLACK BUCK. Mr. A. Metcalfe.	
"	" .	—	—		Do.	
"	" .	—	—		Lord Louis Mountbatten.	
					SMALL GAME. <i>On February 10th.</i> 45 hare, 2 sand grouse, 1 plover, 5 partridge and 1 quail.	

* These measurements were taken by the Gwalior authorities under Colonel Girdhari Singh. I took none of the Gwalior measurements.

† This information was very kindly given me by Messrs. Rowland Ward, Ltd., who received the trophies in England.

	Total.		Total.
Tiger	8	Sambhur	1
Bear	1	Black Buck	3

NOTES ON GWALIOR SHOOTING

A NOTE ON THE TOWER SYSTEM, ADOPTED IN GWALIOR
FOR SHOOTING TIGERS

There is nothing particularly scientific about it ; but each place has to be treated differently according to its size, depth and situation, with reference to other valleys.

The " towers " are usually of circular shape, and are erected on one of the slopes of the *Kho*, or valley, in which the tiger lies up. The beast is located by the kill, a buffalo tied up as bait, and a line of beaters is employed to drive it out past the tower in which the guns are posted.

" A Guide to Tiger Shooting," by H.H. the Maharaja Scindia, gives the fullest details of all that pertains to arrangements for tiger shooting in the State. The Maharaja has, it is believed, shot between 700 and 800 tigers with his own rifle, and has been present at the killing of about 1,400 ; which must be a unique record.

Although Gwalior is famous for the number of its tigers, very few people are killed by them ; but a mad woman who had ventured out was killed by a tiger near the nullah, at Rampura, where the shoot took place on Thursday, February 9th.

Tigers are so common that one was shot recently in the Maharaja's palace grounds, and also one in the Morar State post office, about four miles from the palace. The first had scaled the huge wall which surrounds the palace ground, and afforded great sport and excitement before it was captured. The second was shot by Sirdar Bahadur General Abdul Ghani, but the story that it had eaten a lot of postage stamps is not correct.

Tigers are on the increase in Gwalior, as the breeding grounds near the Kuno River are never shot. There are probably now from 400 to 500 tigers in the State, and the number is going up.

NOTE ON THE FAUNA OF GWALIOR

The Gwalior forests abound in big and small game, and special rules embodied in the Forest Act and " Shikargah Manual," the famous little book brought out by the Maharaja Scindia, have helped towards the preservation of fauna to an appreciable extent.

Gwalior cannot be considered rich in mammals when compared to certain other parts of India, like Assam, Burma or Southern India. Still, it has a fair number of species, though nothing of outstanding interest. The reason for the comparative poorness of the mammal fauna is, of course, the fact that there are no really heavy jungles in the State, the jungle consisting either of stunted teak or babul.

Another cause, which probably contributes not a little, is the number of guns in the hands of the villagers. The natural result of this is that every animal remotely edible is killed, and a country so eminently suited to black buck and chinkara holds comparatively few of these animals.

Appended is a list of mammals either observed by collectors of the Bombay Natural History Society, or definitely known to occur in the State. Mr. J. R. O'Brien, to whom I am indebted for the list given below, wrote me when staying in the State that he considered it doubtful if the completion of the mammal survey now in progress will add any new species, unless it happens to add to the list of bats :

BLAN-FORD'S NUMBERS.	SCIENTIFIC NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.	REMARKS.
		GAME ANIMALS	
29	<i>Felis tigris</i>	The Tiger	Fairly numerous, but strictly preserved, special permission being required to shoot.
30	<i>Felis pardus</i>	The Leopard or Panther	Much more common than the previous species.
100	<i>Melursus ursinus</i>	The Indian Sloth Bear	Very locally distributed.
355	<i>Boselaphus tragocamelus</i>	The Nilghai or Blue Bull	Fairly common.
356	<i>Tetracerus quadricornis</i>	The Four-horned Antelope	Rare.
357	<i>Antilope cervicapra</i>	The Indian Antelope	Not at all numerous, as might be expected from the nature of the country.
359	<i>Gazella Bennettii</i>	The Indian Gazelle	The same remark applies to this animal, though it is more evenly distributed.
367	<i>Cervus unicolor</i>	The Sambhur	Fairly numerous in suitable places
368	<i>Cervus axis</i>	The Spotted Deer	Very locally distributed and rather scarce.
374	<i>Sus cristatus</i>	The Indian Wild Boar	Common.
		OTHER MAMMALS	
11	<i>Macacus pileatus</i>	The Toque Monkey.	Local, uncommon and sacred

BLANFORD'S NUMBERS.	SCIENTIFIC NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.	REMARKS.
12	<i>Semnopithecus entellus</i>	The Langur . . .	Locally distributed, not at all common.
37	<i>Felis rubiginosa</i> .	The Rusty-spotted Cat	Probably not uncommon.
41	<i>Felis chaus</i> .	The Jungle Cat .	Do do.
48	<i>Viverricula malaccensis</i>	The small Indian Civet	Do. do.
51	<i>Paradoxurus niger</i> .	The Indian Palm Civet	Common about towns and villages.
58	<i>Herpestes auro-punctatus</i>	The small Indian Mongoose	Fairly common, but apparently rather local.
60	<i>Herpestes mungo</i> .	The Common Indian Mongoose	Common everywhere.
66	<i>Hyæna striata</i> .	The Striped Hyæna .	Not uncommon.
68	<i>Canis pallipes</i> .	The Indian Wolf .	Not rare, but great wanderers.
69	<i>Canis aureus</i> .	The Jackal . . .	Common.
70	<i>Cyon dukhunensis</i> .	The Indian Wild Dog	Not rare in certain tracts.
71	<i>Vulpes bengalensis</i> .	The Indian Fox .	Rather common, though hard to bag.
89	<i>Mellivora indica</i> .	The Indian Ratel .	Apparently not rare in certain localities.
92	<i>Lutra vulgaris</i> .	The Common Otter.	Not common.
95	<i>Lutra leptonyx</i> .	The Clawless Otter.	Probably also occurs in the large rivers.
107	<i>Erinaceus pictus</i> .	Stoliczka's Hedgehog	Said to occur according to Blanford, but extremely doubtful, as the natives do not know it.
117	<i>Crocidura murina</i> .	The Brown Musk Shrew	Common locally.
118	<i>Crocidura cærulea</i> .	The Grey Musk Shrew	More common than the last. There appear to be at least two other Grey Shrews much smaller than these, but which I am unable to identify.
134	<i>Pteropus medius</i> .	The Indian Fruit Bat, or Flying Fox	Locally distributed, but common where it occurs.
169	<i>Megaderma lyra</i> .	The Indian Vampire Bat	Fairly common; roosts in large colonies in old buildings, &c.
187	<i>Vesperugo abramus</i>	The Indian Pipistrelle	Common.

BLANFORD'S NUMBERS.	SCIENTIFIC NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.	REMARKS.
194	<i>Nycticejus kubli</i> .	The Common Yellow Bat	Common.
213	<i>Cerivoula picta</i> .	The Painted Bat .	Almost certainly occurs, but rather rare.
218	<i>Tapbozous melanopogon</i>	The Black-bearded Sheath-tailed Bat .	Should say this, or the next species, is fairly common.
221	<i>Tapbozous cachbensis</i>	The Cutch Sheath-tailed Bat	Fairly common locally.
223	<i>Rhinopoma microphyllum</i>	The Long-tailed Bat.	Not rare.
166	<i>Hipposiderus bicolor</i>	The Bicoloured Leaf-nosed Bat	Probably fairly common.
—	<i>Rhinopoma hardwickei</i>	The Lesser Indian Mouse-tailed Bat .	Do. do.
253	<i>Sciurus palmarum</i> .	The Palm Squirrel .	Extremely common.
264	<i>Gerbillus indicus</i> .	The Indian Gerbille.	Do. do.
270	<i>Vandeleuria oleacea</i>	The Long-tailed Tree-Mouse	By no means rare.
272	<i>Mus rattus</i> .	The Common Indian Rat	Extremely common.
277	<i>Mus berdmorei</i> .	The Grey Rat .	Fairly common.
282	<i>Mus musculus</i> .	The Common House Mouse	Common.
287	<i>Mus buduga</i> .	The Common Indian Field Mouse	Common.
289	<i>Mus platybrich</i> .	The Brown Spiny Mouse	Common locally.
290	<i>Mus mettada</i> .	The Soft-furred Field Rat	Extremely common in certain crops.
295	<i>Nesocia bengalensis</i>	The Indian Mole Rat	Not common.
296	<i>Nesocia bandicota</i> .	The Bandicoot Rat .	Fairly common.
315	<i>Hystrix leucura</i> .	The Indian Porcupine	Locally fairly common.
320	<i>Lepus ruficaudatus</i>	The Common Indian Hare	Common.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE BIG GAME OF GWALIOR

THE STRIPED HYENA (*Hyæna striata*)

The Museum of the Bombay Natural History Society contains the specimen of an Indian wolf which was ridden down and speared. This is probably a unique record, as the Indian wolf has both speed and endurance. On the Prince of Wales's tour a hyena was ridden

down and speared: an unusual feat, though there is, I believe, one place where hyena-sticking is coming to be an established sport. Unless the ground is peculiarly favourable for horses, a hyena will give a good run; not on account of its speed, for it is easily caught up by a good horse, but from the way it turns and doubles. As a rule it shows no fight when brought to bay.

Most people associate hyenas with their reputation as grave-robbers, and with their laugh. As to the laugh, though the cry of the striped hyena, which is the hyena of India, is much less frequently heard than that of the spotted species of other countries, once heard by any one it is never forgotten. A man who had lately heard the cry at the Zoo thus describes it:

“I had never believed in the laugh of the hyena until lately I heard its weird and truly nerve-racking cry. Just at sundown, when the long evening shadows creep over the park, the hyena breaks the twilight silence with his uncanny ‘laugh.’ He seems to select the moment when the hideous quality of the sound will produce the most thrilling effect. Even as the sound is thrilling, so is the hideous curling of his lips, which is nothing less than a fearful grin. To the eye as well as the ear, the hyena is a formidable mammal.”

There used to be a hyena at the London Zoo, however, which the keeper would make laugh for the entertainment of visitors at any time of the day.

Every one knows the large ugly dog with its hind legs considerably bent and much shorter than the fore legs, and its dirty grey appearance, relieved in the Indian species by narrow transverse tawny or black stripes on the body and legs.

How easily tamed, if captured young, and how docile they can become is shown by the two specimens at the Zoo presented by the Ranee of Bansi Basti in the United Provinces of India. They are just like large dogs, and I saw them allow themselves to be petted by a woman.

Hyena striata is distributed throughout India, though it has only recently been recorded in Travancore by Mr. H. F. Ferguson.

Its chief haunts are rocky hills and deep ravines. As a rule the animal remains in the day time in caves amongst rocks, or in holes dug by itself in the sides of hills or of ravines. Sometimes it shares caves with leopards (like the badger and the fox in England), the two using one entrance but different compartments within. The explanation of this curious partnership is probably that the leopard takes refuge in the first instance in the hyena's den to bring up her family.

Though an occasional individual may be met with returning to its den in the early morning, its rambles are usually commenced after sunset, and ended before sunrise. During the night it roams far and wide, and no tracks of animals are more common in places where it is found than its unmistakable footprints, very like a dog's in shape, but with the marks of the hind feet conspicuously smaller than those of the fore feet. Unlike the African spotted hyena, the striped species appears to be solitary in its habits, and it is rare to meet with more than two together.

Mr. G. O'Brien, in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society, records a curious case of a hyena hunting with a jackal. He says :

“The night before last a hyena visited my camp accompanied by a jackal. My shikari and other servants saw them quite distinctly in the faint moonlight as they came very close to the camp, the jackal keeping just behind the hyena. I was at dinner and heard the ackal howl.

“My shikari came up and told me the hyena was close by, so I went towards the cook-house, and saw him followed by a jackal cantering past. I had a shot at the hyena, and missed him ; but he came again an hour afterwards unaccompanied, and I rolled him over with a charge of S.S.G. I have read of tigers having their attendant jackal, but have not heard of a hyena and jackal hunting together.

“It gave me a great satisfaction to encompass this one's death, as he is credited with killing two of my predecessor's dogs. They went down an earth after him, and never came out again.”

The principal food of the hyena consists of the carcasses of animals that have died of disease, or have been killed by beasts of prey, and very often it carries off portions of the body to its den. Nor is there any doubt that it will, when opportunity offers, dig up a body, whether of man or any other animal, after it has been buried.

The powerful jaws and large teeth are admirably adapted for crushing bones, which are consumed by hyenas after the flesh has been picked off by vultures and jackals. Occasionally sheep or goats, and more often dogs, are carried off by them, and the latter at all events are often taken alive to the animal's den.

Fragments of bones are often found around a hyena's retreat together with the peculiar dung of the animal, which dries into hard white bones, known as *alba græca*, which are chiefly composed of fragments of bones, and so indestructible that they have been found

fossilised in caves that have been tenanted by extinct forms of the animals.

Blanford gives the number of young as three or four, but not much is known about their breeding habits.

Whether the hyena is properly regarded as "game" or as "vermin" may be a debatable point. But the creature is included, if with very brief notice, in Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game." The only data given in regard to the Indian striped hycna are of a specimen of the late T. C. Jerdon, which measured 3 feet 6 inches before skinning, the tail being 1 foot 5 inches.

SPOTTED DEER OR CHITAL (*Cervus axis*)

The chital or spotted deer (or, as it is sometimes known, axis deer) is the most beautiful of all the *cervideæ*. Its favourite haunts are in some of the most charming scenery of the Indian plains and lower hills, on the margins of rippling streams, with their banks overhung by lofty trees, or in the grassy glades that open out amidst the exquisite foliage of feathery bamboo jungles.

This pretty animal, rufous fawn-coloured, spotted over the surface of the body with white at all seasons, is found nearly everywhere throughout India and Ceylon. It occurs at the base of the Himalayas, not, however, ascending the mountains. I myself have seen it in the terai below Darjeeling. Chital may often be seen feeding at sunrise, and again in the evening before sunset. Their drinking hours are generally between eight and ten in the morning, and it is a most beautiful sight to see them coming down to drink. They swim well, and take readily to water, and both graze and browse.

The call is a peculiarly loud, hoarse, barking sound, easily recognised, but difficult to describe. They also have a shrill alarm cry. Their chief enemy is that animal which is the bane of sportsmen, and whose presence drives all game from jungle preserves—the wild dog. In the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society, Mr. J. A. Duke, District Superintendent of Police in the Central Provinces, tells a curious story of a poor chital being played with by wild dogs. He writes :

"One evening I went out from my camp after chital. I took with me three long dogs and a terrier, in case I wounded an animal. Going through the jungle I saw a fine little fox slipping away, so as there seemed no chital just there I loosed my dogs on the fox. They went off, and I lost sight of them. Before they came back I heard from a small teak plantation in the opposite direction the unmistakable noise of a pack of wild dogs in full cry. I rushed

along in that direction, and had only run about twenty yards when some chital hinds rushed out past me with two wild dogs stretched at full speed after them. I could not get a shot in, and they disappeared over a small hill.

"I then dashed into the teak plantation, as I heard more wild dogs calling there. My orderly caught a glimpse of five of them, but I did not ; and I turned back to collect my own pack, as I had visions of them being killed by superior numbers of wild dogs. I assured myself that my dogs had returned, and then I proceeded in the direction where the first lot of chital hinds had been chased. I suddenly saw a wild dog standing on a little hill about 100 yards away. I moved a bit closer, and saw there were two dogs. They both looked rather out of breath and excited. Suddenly I saw also what turned out to be a small chital fawn. This fawn had been lying on the ground, and had suddenly jumped to its feet, and tried to escape. The dog which rushed at it merely knocked it over, and then stood aside. The fawn again made a dash to escape, and the other dog rushed after it and knocked it over. Neither made any attempt to tackle or kill it.

"I was dodging about trying to get a steady shot, but could not on account of the dogs' movements and trees in the way. The third time the fawn sprang up it luckily rushed past me. One dog dashed in pursuit, and as it passed, I dropped on one knee and whistled. The dog broke away from me, but drew up about thirty yards off staring at me, so I had no difficulty in knocking it over. The other dog went off like a flash ; so did the fawn, which seemed none the worse for its tumbles.

"I was using a Mannlicher rifle with nickel bullets, and the wounded dog being shot in the stomach, went about two miles before dying. I tried to put my dogs on to him, but there were too many fresh chital traces all over the place for this to succeed. I have never before heard of wild dogs playing with their prey."

Young fawns seem to be born during the cold season, and the period of gestation is eight months.

Chital flesh is dry as a rule ; but if kept till tender it is excellent.

CHINKARA (*Gazella Bennettii*)

The Indian gazelle, or, as it is generally called, the chinkara (popularly abbreviated to "chink"), is extremely fleet of foot, and can rarely be caught by dogs. It does not bound like the ordinary antelope or black buck when disturbed.

The chief feature of the pretty little antelope is its horns, which are present in both sexes. Those in the male are nearly straight,

diverging somewhat from the base, but having a slight S-shaped curve when seen from the side, the points curving a little forward. The horns in the female are much smaller than in the male.

The chinkara is found over a considerable part of the peninsula of India, and is less gregarious than the black buck, being most commonly seen in small parties of from two to six. It keeps much to waste land, especially where the ground is broken up by ravines ; but is seldom seen on alluvial plains. It is more common to find black buck near cultivated ground than it is to see chinkara. In Bhopal the Prince of Wales tried to get a shot at some which were among scattered bushes on undulating ground on the rise of a sand hill, a favourite sort of place for them.

The chinkara lives on grass and the leaves of bushes, and Blanford believes that it never drinks. It is common in tracts where there is no water except from deep wells ; and, although Blanford was on the look out for some years, and saw the tracks of almost every common wild animal at the pools in stream beds (the only water remaining in many places in the hot season), he never saw the easily-recognised prints of the gazelle's hoofs.

General R. G. Burton, however, does not agree with this. Writing in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society (Vol. XVIII., p. 250 *et seq.*), he says :

"Perhaps the poet was more accurate than the naturalist when he wrote :

*The wild gazelle on Judab's hills
Exulting yet may bound ;
And drink from all the sacred rills
That gush on holy ground."*

He says that he has seen the chinkara in the act of drinking at a pool before sunset, and "the marks of their feet might be plainly seen in the soft mud every morning."*

FORESTRY IN GWALIOR

The Gwalior forests, which are particularly suited for shikar, are neither too dense nor too open, so that beasts of prey find in them congenial homes in all seasons of the year.

I was told that in the hot weather, in spite of the rigour of the climate, the attractive picturesqueness of the forests is set off by the

* General Burton informs me, that since this was written, he has seen gazelle (chinkara) *trooping* down to drink in the middle of the day in hot weather. After a controversy for several years Lydekker finally succumbed to General Burton's views.

presence of perennial streams and rivulets rendered translucent by mid-day sun, and the effect is heightened by abundant growth of *Eugénias* and species of *Ficus* along the banks.

I saw no streams at all, however, round Rampura, Bhinwara or Bamora, the places where shooting took place. Everything, as I have already remarked, was very dry and arid, and the big nullah beds were completely devoid of water.

It is characteristic of these forests that a shower or two suffice to alter their aspect completely. Like evergreen or coniferous forests, they are not malarious excepting for some months during the rainy season, and this factor makes them accessible all the year round.

Colonel K. N. Haksar, of Gwalior, writes :

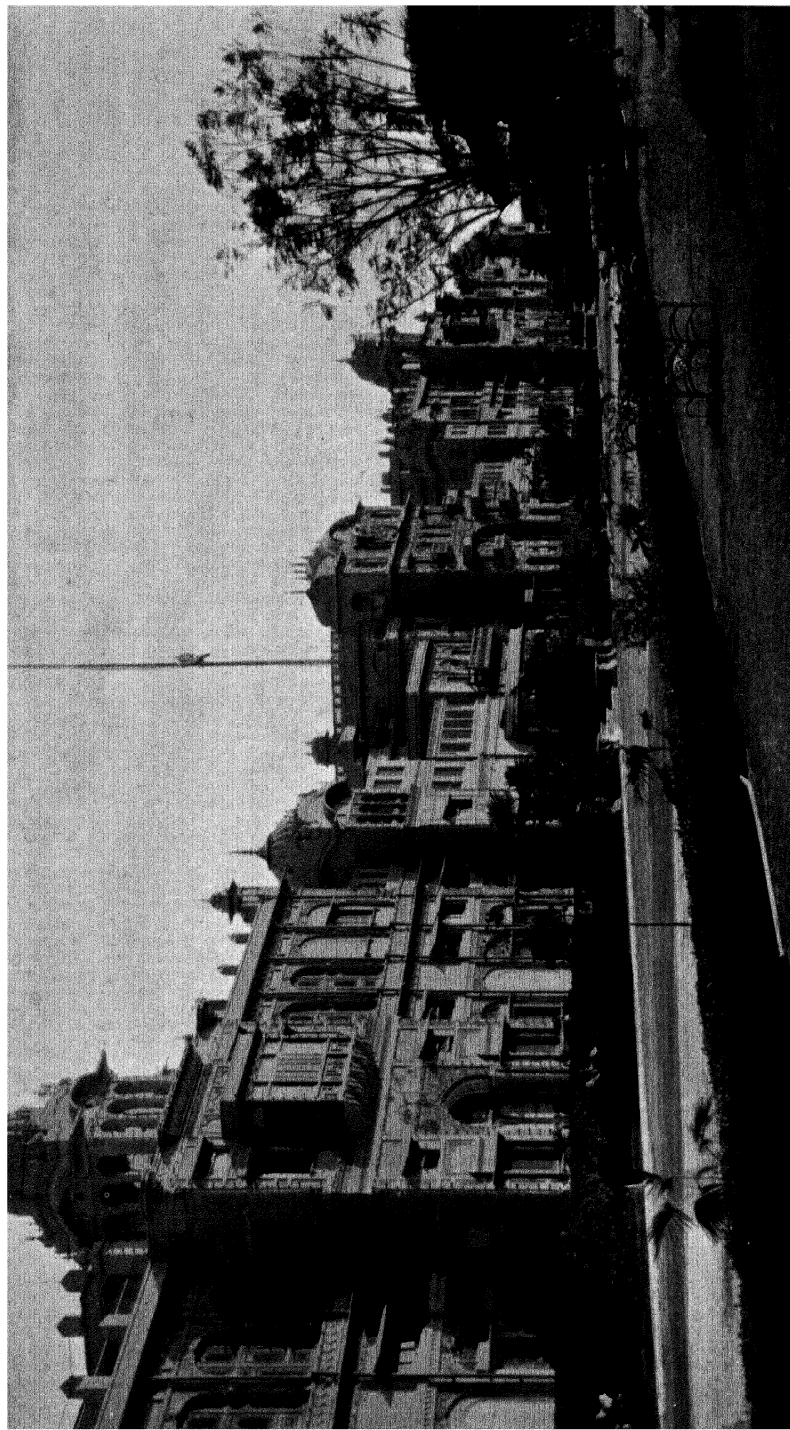
“ The principal species in the forests are *Boswellia serrata*, *Sterculia urens*, *Odina nodier*, *Anogeissus latifolia*, *Anogeissus pendula*, with other auxiliary species of *Diospyros tomentosa*, *Buchanania latifolia*, *Zizyphus xylopyra*, *Terminalia balerica*, *Aegle marmelos* and bamboos. *Terminalia chebula* was once a common tree in these forests, as the legend goes, and a few remnant trees testify, but now it has become more or less extinct. *Bassia latifolia* is one of the most useful and important trees of these forests, as it not only yields timber suitable for agricultural implements, but also yields the famous mhowa flower and mhowa seeds so essential to rural economy, and of such great commercial value. This tree also grows on good soil on the plains, or at the base of the hillocks. The tree rather lacks the power of natural regeneration, which augurs ill for the interests it serves. The forests in the vicinity of the shooting districts constitute the extreme northern fringe of the great tract of deciduous forests of dry type which cover most of the Central Indian plateau.

“ The country is traversed by the Vindhyan Range. These hillocks, before the development of the country, were naturally thickly covered with dense forests, but as new industries sprang up, cultivation extended and consumption of wood increased, the forests were practically denuded. The effect of the recent introduction of forest conservancy measures in Gwalior is already becoming visible—in the bare hillocks getting covered with grassy growth, a growth giving a footing for ‘ pioneer plants ’ of *Boswellia* and *Nyctanthes*, which in nature are precursors of the more economic species of *Acacias*, *Anogeissus*, *Buchanania*, *Diospyros*. ”

All the various interesting stages of forest evolution are represented in these parts in regular succession, and Colonel Haksar says “ one has to go round the capital of the State and further south to draw a

deduction from this natural practical demonstration of 'The formation of forests' and 'rotation of species.'” Continuing he says :

“The geological formations of the Vindhyan series near about Lashkar are equally interesting. The hillocks are of various heights, and the country rises as we move southward till it again becomes an open plain a few miles south of Shivapuri. The plateaux of hillocks in the vicinity of Lashkar are covered with a variety of grasses, of which *sain* is the most noteworthy. The valleys are in most cases richly wooded, and represent in general the economic flora of the country. The sides and the slopes of the hillocks are covered with hardy species, but in their south-western aspect, as one would expect in these latitudes, the growth is comparatively poor.”



THE MOTI BAGH PALACE, PATIALA.

Here the Prince of Wales stayed as the guest of the Maharaja of Patiala. Just before the Prince's arrival two leopards were shot in the deer park behind the palace.

CHAPTER VI

MIXED SHOOTING IN PATIALA

February 24th, 1922

THE PRINCE OF WALES was at Patiala from the morning of February 22nd till the evening of the 24th.

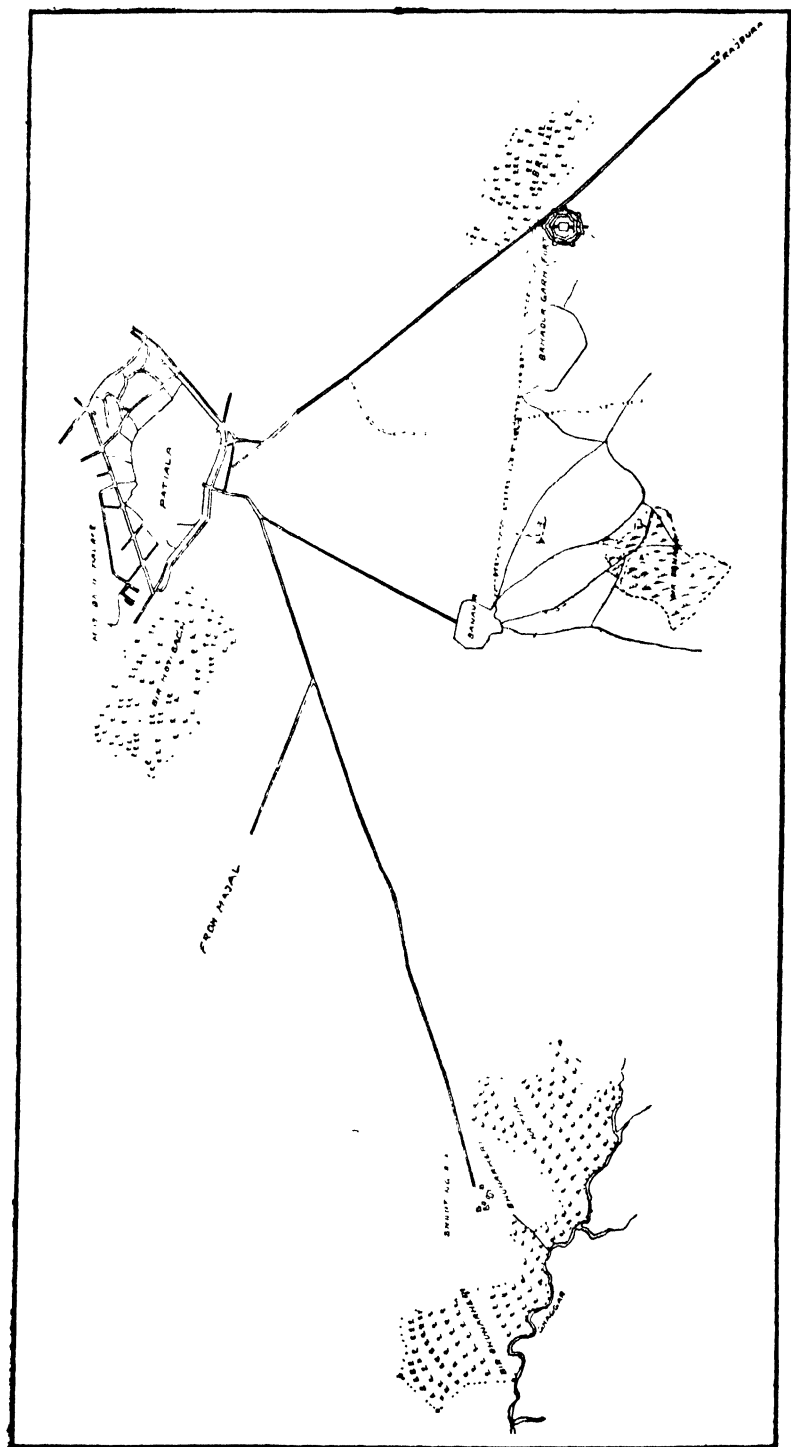
Originally a shoot for his entertainment had been planned in the Pinjaur jungles, some fifty miles distant from the city of Patiala, situated on the State boundary between the lower Himalayan mountains and the Siwalik range. Much sport would undoubtedly have been enjoyed, as the country abounds in tiger, leopard, sambhur, chital, hog deer, goral, barking deer, black bear, blue bull, wild boar, hyena, kalij pheasants, jungle fowl, and grey and black partridges. In 1918 Lord Chelmsford, and in 1920 the Crown Prince of Rumania, had very successful shoots there.

Owing to the limited time of the Prince's visit, it was decided, however, to have the shoot arranged near Patiala, viz., a general shoot from elephants at Bunerhari, and pig-sticking in Sanaur and Bahadurgarh.

Formerly around the city of Patiala there used to extend a thick scrub jungle, and it was impossible to cultivate the land owing to the number of wild animals of all descriptions ; so orders were given to exterminate them, and to burn down the jungles. Since then few places have been reserved for shikar purposes. The last tiger was shot in these parts in 1907, but leopards are still often killed. Just before the Prince's visit, two were shot in the deer park behind the Moti Bagh Palace, having presumably been enticed down from the higher ridges of forests by the Chamba shepherds, who pass through Patiala territory with their flocks of sheep. The jungles are strictly reserved and looked after by the forest and shikar departments jointly.

Many improvements have been carried out according to H.H. the Maharaja's own ideas, as by the introduction of foreign game birds and animals. The results have been good, the Maharaja told the writer ; and some of the new-comers have thrived very well and have commenced to breed. Under the strict Game Laws in vogue, both big and small game have increased.

Most of the time in Patiala given to sport was devoted to pig-



Plan showing shooting preserves round Patiala used on the occasion of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit to Patiala, February, 1922.
Scale 1 inch = 1 mile.

sticking and polo, but on February 24th a number of guests were invited to a general shoot. This was arranged by Mr. W. M. Hutton, officer in charge of the shikar department, under the direct instructions of H.H. the Maharaja. As it was to be on a very large scale, and the number of elephants was limited, lots were drawn for places among all the invited guests, including the ladies who were to watch the shoots.

At the commencement of the ball on the previous evening, every one was warned, especially the ladies, that they would have to be ready at 7 a.m. Accordingly the next morning, though many people probably had very little sleep, a large and jovial party arrived from the various tents and the guest-house near the palace, and got into the cars and motor wagonettes which were lined up waiting.

The Prince of Wales was not of the party, H.R.H. with some members of his Staff having gone out pig-sticking.

A drive out of Patiala to Bunerhari, seven miles east of the city, was soon accomplished. The country was very flat and featureless, except for the crowds of villagers dressed in holiday attire, who watched us with interest as we passed.

Bunerhari itself is a small village situated amongst pretty and picturesque jungle. There was a rest-house, or shooting lodge, on the outskirts of this, and every one got out in front of the house, where the elephants were waiting.

One of the elephants used (a huge tusker) was the one Lord Hardinge rode on the occasion when he was bombed in Delhi. The back of the howdah was blown away, and the marks of the wound the elephant received could still be seen.

Behind the shooting lodge in question, laid out on the ground, and under the charge of the shikaris, was a magnificent selection of the Maharaja's rifles and guns. Most of these were by well-known makers, and were fine specimens of gun work; some had the Maharaja's effigy in mosaic or enamel on the butts; and all were emblazoned with his arms. There was a colossal display of ammunition and cartridge bags. It was simply a question of taking what you pleased. Most people selected shot guns, and some people took rifles too, although it was prophesied that in all probability small game would be the order of the day.

The beat commenced immediately the members of the Prince of Wales's Staff had arrived. Everybody was given an envelope, inside which was a number, which corresponded with a large one placarded on the howdah elephant he or she was to occupy. There was another sheet of paper, on which were printed the names of all the game that could possibly be shot here, and places left for filling in and for

signature. These printed lists were to be filled in and entered, even for such animals as porcupine and goggle-eyed plover (stone-curlew). And there was immense enthusiasm among the non-ornithological guests at the prospect of shooting a goggle-eyed plover.

Every one mounted the howdahs, two ladies behind as sightseers, and two men in front with rifles or guns. After it had been ascertained that game cards had been distributed to every one, a move forward was commenced. It was now 8.30 a.m., and the howdahs proceeded along a bridle path through scrubby jungle for about a mile, and then stopped by some red flags. They were then separated at a distance of about twenty yards from each other; and when so drawn up in a continuous line they stretched for a very great distance. In addition to an army of beaters behind us, there was also a vast array of cavalry with lances, making altogether a most imposing and warlike spectacle.

Bugles gave the signal to advance, and the spectacle of the great line going forward was a most impressive one. It was like an enormous machine starting. The movement of the elephants in a cavalcade of this description is very suggestive of the slow movements of the cogwheels of a huge machine. The sportsmen on the howdahs, with ladies all on the alert, followed by troops of cavalry, and they in their turn followed by a masterly array of beaters and shikaris ready to pick up any game; all helped to complete an unforgettable picture. As the line got into motion and proceeded silently over the open ground, with not much stretch of imagination one might have fancied it to be the return of Pompey's triumphant armies from the wars.

We had not gone far along the flat plain, broken here and there by shrubs, small nullahs, dry for the most part, and patches of some parched grass, before we came across the first object shootable.

On the preceding day I had witnessed in similar country the driving of pig out of the scrub-district into the open, where the men on horseback were waiting for them. This had shown how thick the country was with pig. So it was only fitting that the first animal that came out should be a wild boar. A hog got up out of the bushes some yards ahead of my howdah, and although several shots reached him from those nearest, who were standing up, he was able to make good his retreat.

When two people are crushed together in a howdah, and the elephant is moving, it is extremely difficult to shoot with anything like accuracy. Nevertheless some members of the party, as the records show, gave a very good exhibition of shooting, particularly with small game, bringing off their rights and lefts, time after time, with

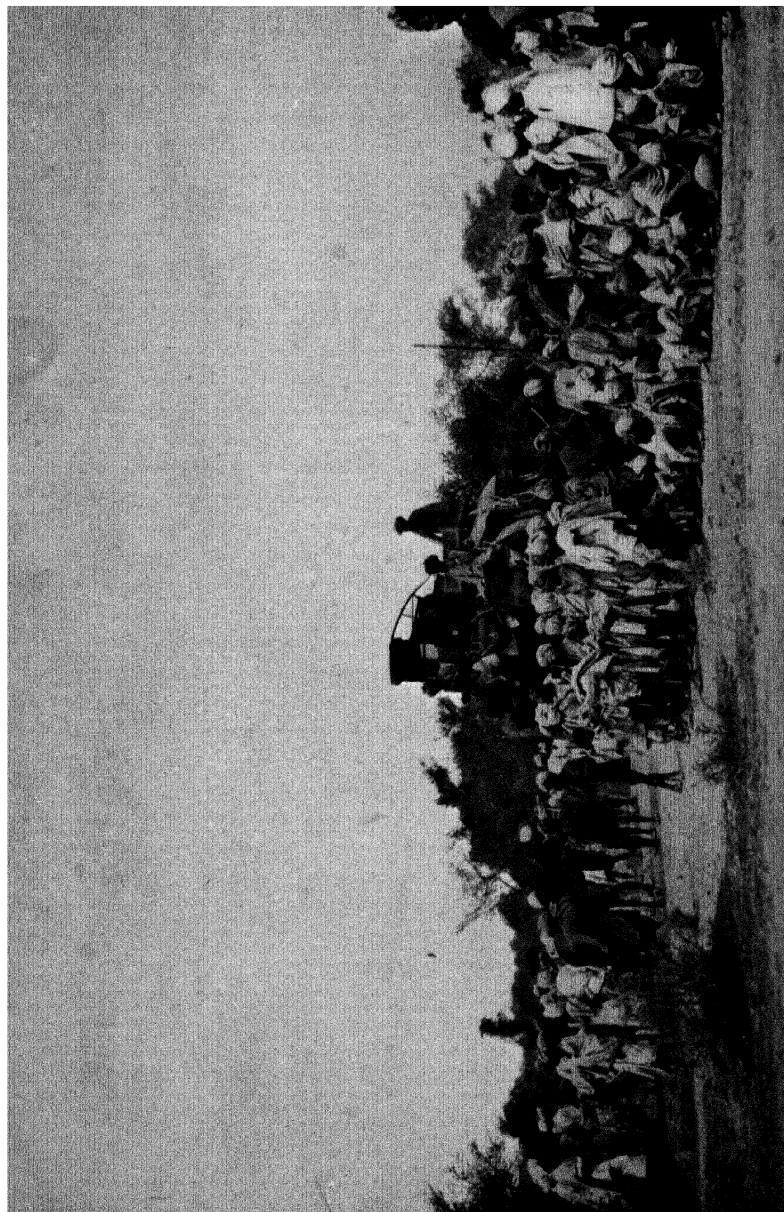


Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, G.C.S.I., &c.

SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT SELECTION OF THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA'S
RIFLES AND GUNS, ALL FINE CLEAN SPECIMENS OF INDIAN GUN WORK.



PART OF THE LINE ADVANCING ON THE MIXED GAME SHOOT IN PATIALA,
ARRANGED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, G.C.S.I.
SOME OF THE ARRAY OF BEATERS AND SHIKARIS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE GREAT MIXED SHOT ARRANGED FOR
THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA.

One of the elephants is the one Lord Hardinge rode on the occasion when he was bombed in Delhi.

considerable adroitness and accuracy. Some quail were flushed, and then some sand-grouse.

The first item shot of any importance was a panther. We were proceeding through jungle, chiefly composed of cacti, when someone saw what he thought were the eyes of a panther in the shrub, and immediately opened fire. No movement, however, was observed in the bushes, and every one thought that the panther (if a panther it was) preferred to keep earth. Several howdahs surrounded the bushes, and poured volley after volley into them. After some minutes, as nothing happened, one of the shikaris, bolder and more venturesome than the rest, approached the cactus gradually, and at last turning aside some of the leaves disclosed a fine "pard" badly hit. It was most unusual behaviour for a wild leopard!

A fine nilghai cow was espied looking in very truth a "blue bull." She was about 200 yards away and, after standing and gazing at us with that peculiar deflection of the neck which one so often sees in mounted specimens of nilghai heads in museums, trotted off down the line at a good pace.

For the next hour or two we moved alternately over scrubby jungle and ground akin to moorland, and every now and again got into open country. Sport was very good. According to the different country we got different kinds of game. In the first part mentioned panther, wild boar and hog deer. In the next partridge, quail, pigeon, peacock and plover; and finally black buck and nilghai, &c. The whole time there was a perfect fusillade, resembling the systematic popping off of machine guns. Nearly every one bagged something or other; sand grouse, quail, pigeons, partridge, &c., were most plentiful. Even my poor gun managed to bag a few birds.

In the open country pig repeatedly offered good sport as they were driven out of the bushes, and often with many squeaks a whole crowd of little pigs scuttled away in the distance with their harassed parents. Black buck were also extremely plentiful. I saw some quite good heads, but none was killed.

Peacock and peahen offered a very tempting target, as they flew over our heads, but we were not in Nepal, and hospitality has its laws. However, one member of the party could not restrain himself, and down came a peacock to the intense amusement of every one. It was really an accident, "fifty rupees fine or a month's imprisonment" the commissioner, who was shooting near by, announced amid peals of laughter.

At about 12 o'clock the line wheeled round, and we returned by a different route, getting back to our starting point at about 2 o'clock.

Colonel Worgan in the course of the morning had a nasty accident, of which we knew nothing till afterwards. His rifle, which was standing on end in the howdah while he was using his shot gun, suddenly went off. The bullet split on the iron rail of the howdah, and several pieces of the bullet went into his hand. It was a curious accident, probably unprecedented; and it was very lucky that he got off so lightly.

As the bag shows, everybody had splendid sport, and, quite contrary to many shoots, there was no tedious waiting about or sitting up in machans. There was not a dull moment in the whole five or six hours, firing going on with varying intensity on some section of the line the whole time.

Everything was done smartly and briskly. A bird was shot. It was immediately picked up by a beater, given to the owner, who put it in the net supplied for that purpose hanging on to the back of the elephant. If larger game—a pig for instance—were shot, a label was immediately put on it coinciding with the note made by the owner on his game card. All these cards were collected at the end of the shoot for purpose of reference and statistics. I cannot speak too highly of the wonderful precision and accuracy shown in every detail of the shoot. Much thought and care had been expended by the Maharaja himself; and the way it was carried out reflected great credit on his shikar department.

Everybody was in excellent spirits, and when birds were repeatedly missed, or incidents happened such as a donkey or camel breaking loose and dashing into "No man's land," there was a cheer the whole way down the line.

In all, as will be seen from the list given herewith, 254 head of game, big and small, were killed, of eleven different species.

Every one was sorry that the Prince was not present, as the fast and varied sport of the day, when everybody stood an equal chance, would have been to his liking.

H.R.H. had good sport with pig, however, and it was on that day that he killed a boar with one spear, a feat to be very proud of. That is doubtless a memory worth more than any enjoyment he could have got from the shoot.

RECORD OF THE SHOOT IN PATIALA, FEBRUARY, 1922

Howdah No.	Hare.	Quail.	Pea-cock.	Black Part-ridge.	Grey Part-ridge.	Leopard.		Wild Boar.	Porcupine.	Pigeon.	Hog Deer.	Stone-Curlew.	Total.
						No.	Measurement.						
1	1	1	—	—	14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	16
2	1	—	—	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10
3	2	1	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11
4	1	1	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6
5	1	3	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10
6	4	—	1	—	11	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	17
7	1	1	1	1	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19
8	1	3	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	11
9	3	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10
10	—	1	—	—	3	1	5 ft. 8 in.	—	—	—	—	—	5
11	—	1	—	—	3	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	5
12	5	—	—	—	5	1	6 ft. 7 in.	—	—	2	—	—	13
13	2	1	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
14	—	1	—	13	3	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	18
15	5	1	—	—	15	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	23
16	—	3	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	13
17	3	1	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8
18	3	—	—	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12
19	2	—	—	5	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	1	10
20	—	—	—	6	12	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	21
21	2	—	—	2	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9
Total	37	19	2	27	151	2	—	6	1	5	3	1	254

CHAPTER VII

BIG GAME IN BURMA

January 2nd to 10th, 1922

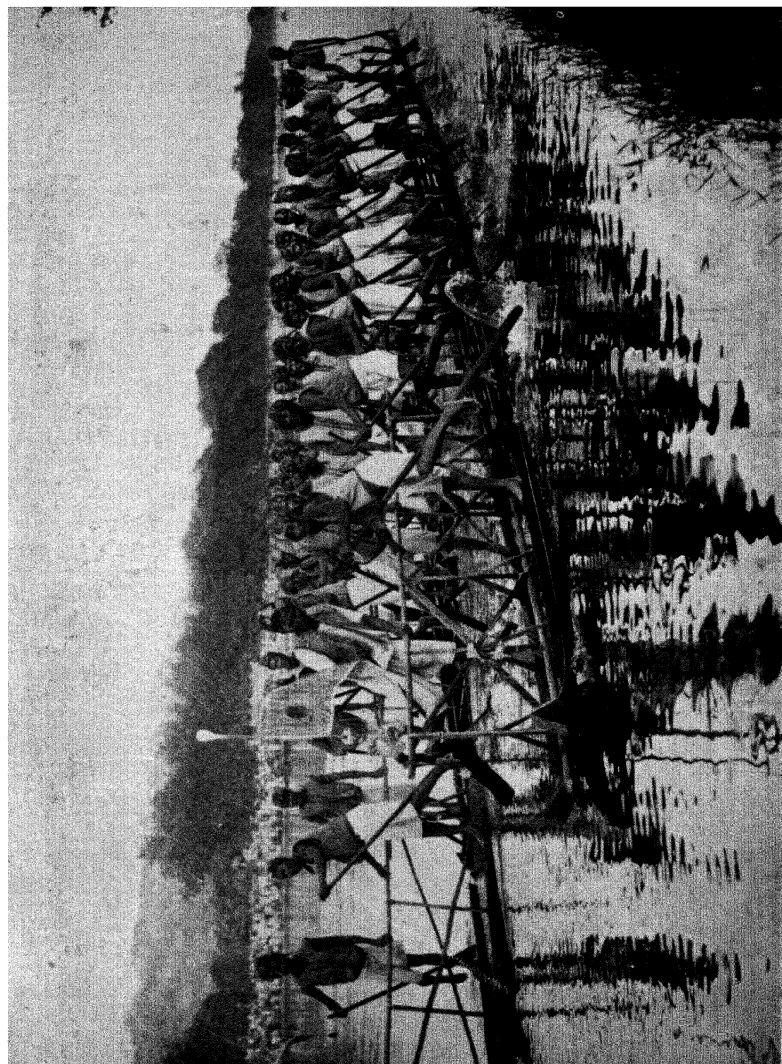
THOUGH the Prince of Wales did no shooting in Burma himself, he saw a quantity of native sports and games, most of which were entirely novel and vastly entertaining.

The boxing, for instance, is immense. One of the neatest *coups* is to kick your adversary in the face, but as the contestants are bare-footed, it does not matter much. Otherwise a bout becomes a *mêlée* of swinging round-arm blows, with only half-clenched fists and rapid clinches, which seems to be governed by no rules, in which nobody appears to win and nobody gets hurt. A dozen bouts before the Prince produced at last one bleeding nose—a very trifling bleed—when, amidst great sensation, the victim—not the conqueror, but the victim—was brought forward to be presented, or exhibited, with difficulty and great pride educing just a drop or two of blood to show to His Royal Highness.

And there is the *chitlon*, which is a sort of small football made of plaited bamboo, with which the expert can do most amazing things, catching it, balancing it, tossing it from his head, his elbows, knees, shoulders, hips or toes.

Imagine yourself having a small football thrown at you which you catch delicately between your knees. Thence, without any use of the hands, you let it fall to your instep, and kick it up so that it balances on your head, whence you let it trickle down to come to rest on your left heel behind your back, only to be kicked up again to settle, as if glued there, on your shoulder. Then keep three of the balls thus going on different parts of your person at the same time. Of course, thus described in print, it is incredible. But it is more incredible when one sees it done. The sport, however, was introduced to the British public in connection with the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

And the canoeists, the Inthas, who paddle with their legs. You take a long canoe, hollowed out of a single log, of a length to accommodate a dozen rowers on either side, and as light and tricky as a racing shell. Down the middle, hip high, is a single rod or railing.



CANOEISTS IN BURMA.

Though the Prince of Wales did no shooting in Burma himself, he saw a number of native sports and games, including boxing, the *chillon*, bullock cart races, etc. The picture shows the boat races with the boat crews in their strange-looking crafts. The boats were propelled by paddles, each member standing and using one arm and one leg for that purpose.

Photograph: Central News.

To this the rowers, standing up, cling with their inside hand—the left hand if on the stroke side, the right hand if on the bow—holding in the other hand the end of the handle of a long-bladed paddle. Round the paddle they wreath their outside leg. Bringing their leg forward they dip the blade in the water, and swaying their bodies in unison bring it back with a long sweeping stroke. It is very graceful to watch, and time is easy to keep. You cannot get the speed of the ordinarily rapid arm-paddlers, who do anything up to 150 strokes to the minute, but it is said to be much less tiring for long distances. And crews of women are nearly as good as the men.

Then there are the bullock-cart races—perhaps the most hilarious form of sport in the world to-day. The races on the bund beside the moat, arranged for the Prince's benefit, were deliriously exciting and preposterously funny.

Above all, was the wonderful *fête* given to the Prince by the chiefs of the Shan States who, besides large unofficial retinues, brought down to Mandalay a combined troupe of some 600 performers for the strangest pageant that was ever set before a prince.

Primarily it was a Masque of Beasts—and such beasts! There were llamas—pantomime llamas, of course, with human hindquarters and forelegs. Some were white llamas, woolly and not incredible, but others were striped in rainbow colours with gargantuan gilt and tinsel demon faces; and with them were tiger-cubs and a bear and a clown elephant and a buffalo (all pantomime beasts at home) and gigantic cocks and hens and strange reptilian things surviving from another age; and others again which can never have been in any age; the whole heraldry of fairyland gone mad.

And with these were some of the daintiest, most coquettish girl-peacock-pheasants—little things with masked faces—painted to the ideal of Burmese beauty in a glory of rainbow plumage which shivered and thrilled, spread itself and fluttered obedient to unseen strings with wonderful lifelikeness. Bernhardt in her cock-pheasant costume in *Chantecler*, for all its glitter, was as dull as a grey goose compared to them.

By the light of innumerable coloured lanterns, for it was late at night, these beasts paraded on the open grass before the gorgeously decorated gilt *pandal* or marquee in which the Prince was seated, having for background behind them an enormous throng of the Burmese people in their softly coloured garments fading back into the mystery of the night. They paraded and salaamed and grovelled with grotesque solemnity, and then the revel began. It is no use attempting to describe it. Much of it was buffoonery, but buffoonery shading into delicate and exquisite comedy—these wild people from

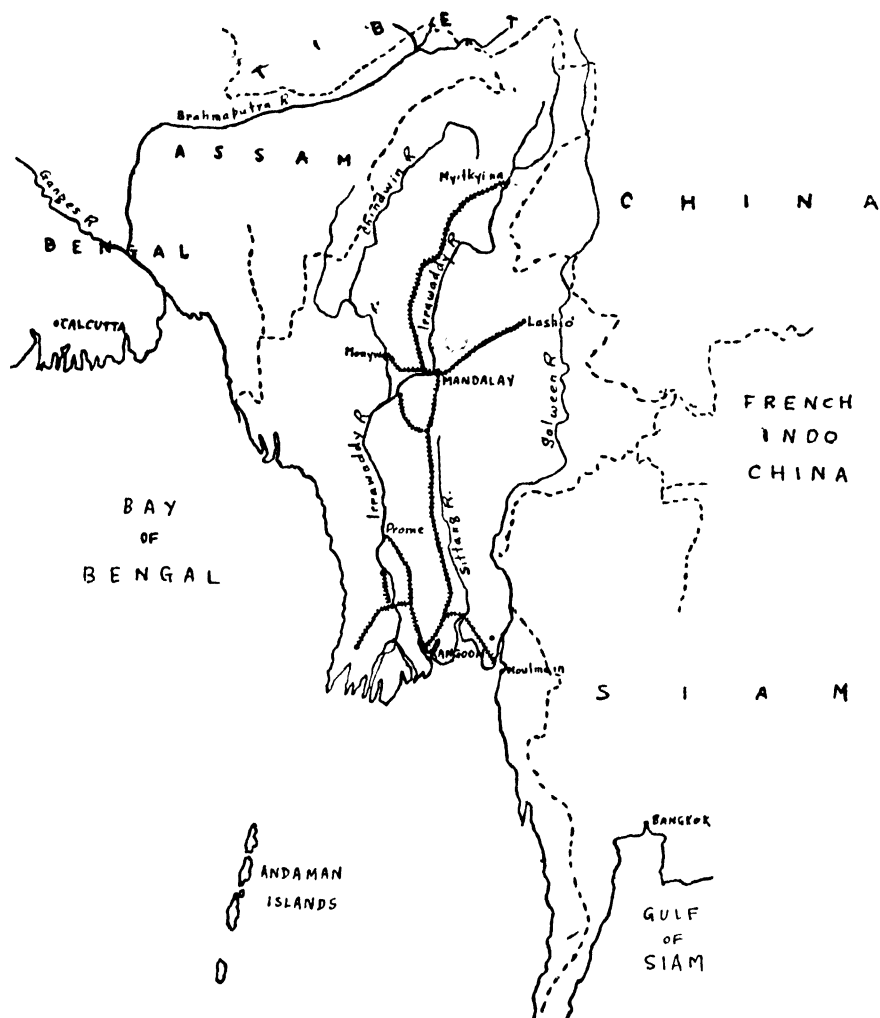
the Shan hills—till we laughed as one laughs but few times in one's life. Compared to it the foolery of a carnival at Nice is gross and commonplace.

Have you ever heard a really great war-drum—one of the enormous instruments whose note, soft, muffled, mellow, is heard for miles—which seems to make the very foundations of the earth quiver and throb, and is said actually to displace the bones of the skull in those who play it? There is no other earthly noise like it, for depth and hundred-organ-toned immensity.

Above, and through all the chanting of strange voices, the clash of cymbals and skirl of pipes, the great drums pulsed. Now and again, out from the dimness beyond the many-coloured lights, there rose the roar of human voices in tremendous acclamation. Yet "roar" is not the word for the fierce Shan cheer or war-cry, which is high-pitched and cruel with the rasp of the crow's call in it. The Scandinavian peoples have borrowed their stirring *Rab ! Rab ! Rab !* from the voice of the Northern hoodie crow, and it is a splendid, stirring call. The Shan cheer is mixed crow and tiger, not broken into notes, but long drawn, and bloodthirsty. As it rose out there in the darkness beyond the lights, with the throbbing of drums and clashing cymbals, with that impossible medley of beasts in the foreground . . . surely there never was so wild a scene before !

And what a laughter-loving people it is ! And what a green and pleasant land ! Against the blue sky, where the kites wheel, the sun flashes on the gilt pagodas, and the air is full of the tinkle-tinkle of little bells. And down below, where the merry-faced people are, is all a ripple of laughter and a shimmer of silks.

For the Burmese go clad in silks, almost to the very poorest. The women wear no headdress save their own black-coiled hair, with a flower or jewelled ornament stuck coquettishly in the coils. The *paggri* of the men is generally of some shade of pink, from palest salmon to deep rose. Both sexes wear short white jackets, below which from the waist the silk *loongyi*, or petticoat, reaches to the little feet. And such silks as they are, woven in two colours, so that what looks like a pale peach-colour is shot with rose, an apricot yellow gleams puce in another light, and the palest of pinks turns, in its folds, to cherry-red ! The sunlight plays on the lustrous surfaces, and at each movement the fabrics shift and glimmer like opals. When streets are thronged with the silk-clad crowds, as they were thronged in honour of the Prince from kerb to housetop, the effect is unlike that to be seen anywhere else in the world, and very beautiful.



SKETCH
MAP
OF
BURMA

Scale 1 inch = 200 miles

Locality of shoot shown //

Map through the kindness of V. H. T. Fields-Clarke, Esq., I.F.S.

It is one of the saddest things that, though the Burmese have generally no love for Indians and nothing in common with them, either racially or in religion, and are anxious to be politically separated from India, yet, in their innocence, they are allowing Indian agitators to stir up trouble among them. As a result, the Prince and his party could not visit any of the famous pagodas.

Though the Prince himself did not shoot in Burma, a party consisting of Captain Dudley North, Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Captain Metcalfe, Captain Poynder, and Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy left Rangoon on January 2nd for Mandalay, *en route* for Upper Burma in search of elephant, gaur, and tsaine. They arrived at Mandalay early on the 3rd, and embarked on a steamer to go up the Irrawaddy.

There were six guns in three parties in the Mogok (ruby mines) district. Two guns disembarked at Ingadi and Singu; the remainder at Thabaitkyin, the terminus of the Ruby Mines road. In each case jungle was very thick, teak and bamboo being predominant, with some fine timber and spear grass. Fresh tracks of tsaine and gaur were found in large quantity, but the density of the undergrowth and the consequent noise prevented close approach; for at this time of the year, although there was an immense amount of game in the jungle, it was impossible to get up to it, owing to the leaves on the ground being so dry, and it was extremely difficult to track properly. After a long trek, just as the sun was going down on January 5th, Sir Godfrey Thomas flushed a bull tsaine, who gave a bellow and was off. Later, when hot on the bull's track, he saw two herds of tsaine. Then darkness came on.

Captain Legh got a fine tusker elephant (solitary), and his trackers started two large bull gaur.

On January 7th Captain Poynder got a medium size tusker (solitary), and killed him with one shot between the eye and the ear.

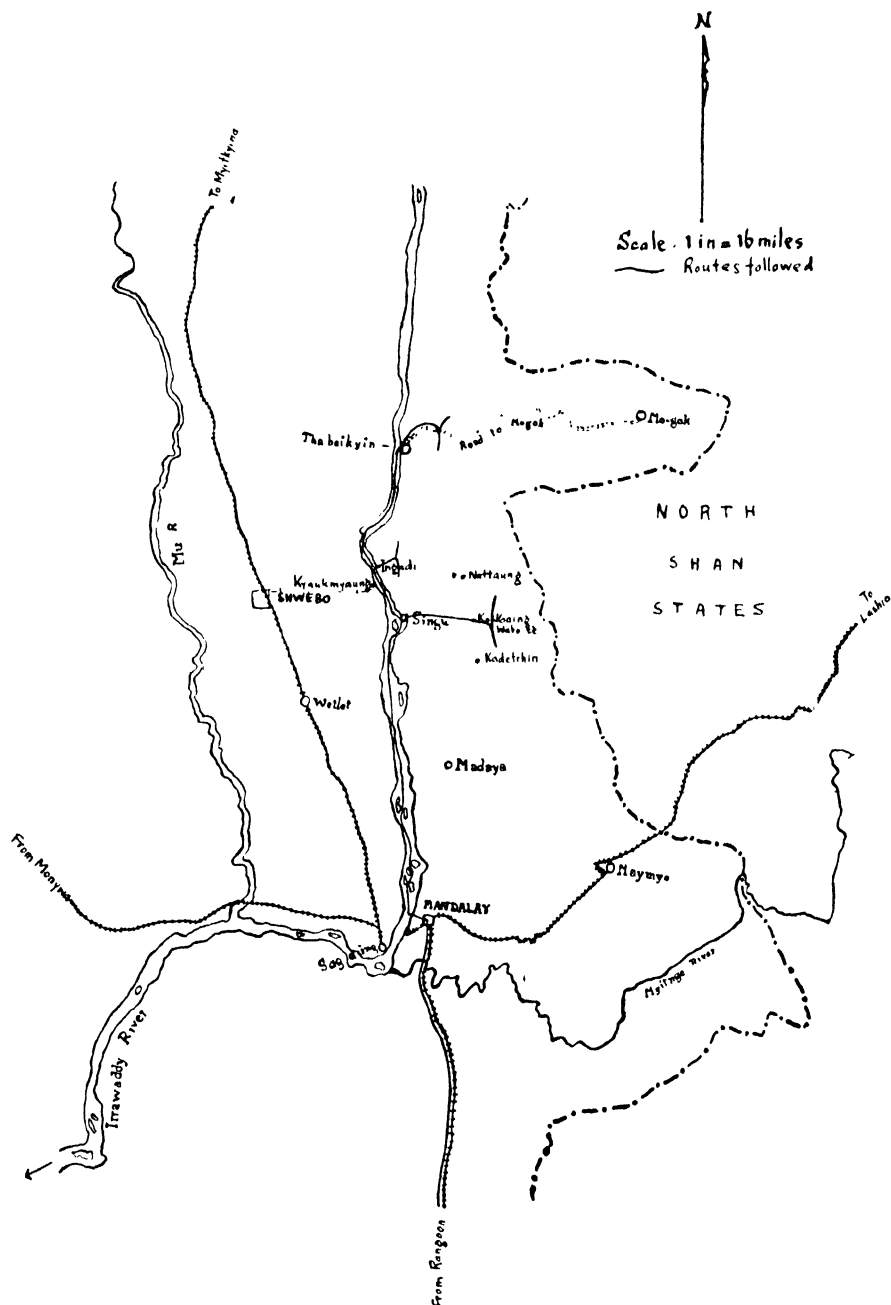
Sir Godfrey Thomas, who started at 5.30 a.m., had a very hard day. He came across fairly fresh tracks, and some quite fresh sambhur blood, the animal having been chased and attacked by wild dogs; but he was unable to get a shot.

Captain Metcalfe got a small tusker out of a herd, and it took a dozen rounds to kill it.

Barking deer were very common and were often seen. Tracks of many sambhur were also found, and the jungle was full of monkeys—mostly Gibbons.

The sportsmen were accompanied by the following officers of the Forest Department: Messrs. S. F. Hopwood, M.C., E. H. Peacock, T. Marlow, V. H. T. Fields-Clarke, and H. V. W. Fields-Clarke. Mr.

SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE H. R. H.'S STAFF'S SHOOT.



Map through the kindness of V. H. T. Fields-Clarke, Esq., I.F.S.

Hopwood, Conservator of Forests, was in general charge of the arrangements. Mr. Peacock had arranged camps and marked down game in the Mogok district, and Mr. V. H. T. Fields-Clarke had done the same in the Mandalay district, *i.e.*, near Kokoaing and at Ingadi. Messrs. Hopwood, Marlow and H. V. W. Fields-Clarke travelled up with the party from Rangoon, Mr. V. H. T. Fields-Clarke joined them at Mandalay, and Mr. Peacock joined them at Thabeitkyin.

To convey the party up-river from Mandalay a steamer, the *Thanbyadine*, had been lent by the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. As, however, that vessel drew rather a large amount of water, and the river was at its lowest at this time of the year, the Burma Government launch, *Northern Ranger*—a very shallow draught vessel, was in attendance in case of difficulties. As a matter of fact, except for one or two bumps against hidden sandbanks, the *Thanbyadine* got through without incident. There was a heavy fog on the river on the morning of January 3rd, and the party were not able to leave Mandalay till late.

A glance at the accompanying map will show the relative positions of the various places named. Travelling up-river from Mandalay, the first point of debarkation reached was Singu, for Kokoaing. Here the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy went ashore, accompanied by Mr. V. H. T. Fields-Clarke. Captain Metcalfe, with Mr. H. V. W. Fields-Clarke, left the party at Ingadi, the others going on to Thabeitkyin. The following most interesting account of the incidents that came within his personal knowledge is furnished by Mr. V. H. T. Fields-Clarke :

“After Captain Bruce Ogilvy and I had disembarked at Singu, Captain Metcalfe and my brother left the party at Ingadi, where I had previously had tes (huts) built and arranged shikaris. Ingadi is a well known tsaine (*Bos sondaicus*) ground (it has since been closed to the shooting of tsaine), and I had previously ascertained that a herd of elephant, which included at least one good tusker, was in the immediate vicinity ; in fact, it came down regularly to within a very short distance of the camp. Of the details of the shoot at Ingadi I have no knowledge, except that elephant and tsaine were found on the ground, that tracking was extraordinarily difficult, and that Captain Metcalfe managed to kill a very small tusker. My brother, I may mention, was far from fit, and was subsequently found to be suffering from dysentery.

“Though Captain Ogilvy was not, I am sorry to say, lucky enough actually to bag an animal, some account of his shoot will, I think, be of interest as illustrating—particularly if the *bandobast* be not perfect—the hard work involved in big game shooting in Burma.

"The locality selected was some fifteen miles inland from Singu—near an old Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation timber camp, known as Wabo-te. At Kokoaing, twelve miles from Singu, there was a forest rest house. As far as Kokoaing from Singu there was a jungle cart road, but from Kokoaing on to Wabo-te there was nothing better than a jungle footpath, very steep in places, passable for baggage elephants, but not for carts.

"I knew there were tsaine and a solitary bison or gaur (*Bos gaurus*) as well as the chance of an elephant in this locality. I had seen the bison and several tsaine a short time previously, and subsequently got a very good elephant in the neighbourhood.

"We had four clear days to get to the camp, shoot, and return to Singu. In making the *bandobast* a difficulty was to decide whether to arrange to get out to Kokoaing the same day that the steamer disembarked us at Singu or not. There was a possibility of three, or even four days' actual shooting against only two days—the latter a very short time in which to guarantee a shot at bison, tsaine or elephant in Burma in January.

"Personally, I should of course have arranged to go straight out to Kokoaing—if not Wabo-te—but, not knowing my man, I decided, and arranged accordingly, to have dinner and sleep at Singu. Most of my kit, including those important articles, cooking pots and bedding, was on the *Northern Ranger*, as I had come down river on her the day before. I had not troubled to transfer it to the *Thanbyadine*, as I thought the *Northern Ranger* would arrive at Singu at the same time as the *Thanbyadine*, or at any rate very soon after, and also, incidentally, because I more than half expected the *Thanbyadine* to get stuck somewhere or other. But as it turned out, the *Northern Ranger* did not arrive at Singu till several hours after the *Thanbyadine*.

"I explained the whole situation to Captain Ogilvy, who was unhesitatingly in favour of pushing out to Kokoaing at once. I warned him that we should certainly get a late dinner, but I did not suggest the possibility of our getting none at all! At the same time, I believe that even if I had he would still have been in favour of getting out to Kokoaing that evening.

"At Singu we did not wait to collect ponies, but started off on foot. We did not get to Kokoaing till well after dark—nothing to drink, no food, no bedding. There was nothing for it but to sit and wait.

"After an hour or two of this, however, we both felt uncommonly hungry—we were also not particularly warm—so I got the mahouts to turn us out what they could in the way of a chicken curry. But though hunger is the best sauce, and *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, the dish was so unappetising that we were only able to eat a few mouth-

fuls. After waiting another hour or so, and no kit turning up, we decided we might at any rate go to sleep.

"I therefore had two elephant *guddeelas* spread on the floor of one of the bedrooms, borrowed a couple of (not overclean) pillows 'locally,' and divided the sheets of a *Field* newspaper fairly between the two of us. I insisted that Captain Ogilvy as guest should have the cover! In this way we got such sleep as we could till part of our kit arrived about midnight. I have forgotten exactly when the cooking pots arrived; though I have still a vague recollection of hearing the carts roll up at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. But with the arrival of our bedding we decided it was too late to worry about dinner, and, after a tot or two of neat whisky, we went to bed properly—as our nurses used to say.

"The next morning, January 4th, we were up before dawn, as our idea was to get over to Wabo-te and begin searching for tracks without delay. I should have mentioned that I had got down from the Katha district a first-class Burman shikari, one Mg Nyun by name.

He had been told to camp at Wabo-te, and go out daily and try and pick up (and, if possible, keep in touch with) the tracks of the solitary bison. As a matter of fact, I do not believe he attempted to carry out the orders given him, either because he thought the idea was a useless one—in which I am not quite sure he was not right—or from laziness. However, he met us either at Kokoaing or at Wabo-te—I have forgotten now which—but reported that he had not come across any fresh tracks during the past few days.

"We therefore carried on and looked for tracks ourselves, accompanied, of course, by Mg Nyun and also a local Burman, taking our breakfast—little more than some sandwiches—with us. Personally I have no use for big meals on the march, or when looking for or following tracks, and I think Captain Ogilvy, too, was glad to return temporarily to the simple life.

"It must be remembered that the time of year, the month of January, was the worst possible for tracking. The ground was as hard as a brick, and fairly well covered with dry leaves (though not so bad in this respect as it would have been a month or two later), and none of the jungle had yet burnt. But I am sure that had there been any fresh tracks we should not have missed them. Mg Nyun *was* a first-class tracker. However, we went all day, not getting back to camp till tea time, without finding any tracks sufficiently fresh to follow."

"Colonel Evans, in his book, 'Big Game Shooting in Upper Burma,' says he always returns to camp after breakfast if he has not

found fresh tracks before then, but personally I have always made a point of going on all day. While there is light there is hope. And what greater pleasure is there than returning to camp with fresh tracks to go back to the following morning?

"The next day we decided to vary the proceedings by going out after tsaine, the while several local Burmans went out in various directions to try and find fresh tracks of the solitary bison. The tsaine we could not come upon, though previously I had never been on to their ground without finding them, but on returning to camp for a somewhat earlier cup of tea than on the previous day, we were greeted with the news that the solitary bison had crossed the stream on which our camp was, higher up, but no very great distance away, the night before.

"In these circumstances I felt fairly certain of Captain Ogilvy's getting a shot—or at any rate of our coming up with the animal—the next day. I carefully explained to Captain Ogilvy the importance of aiming *low down* for a broadside shot at a bison, imagining the body of the beast to be, roughly, a rectangle, at a point in the lower forward corner from a quarter to a third the distance from the base.

"We took on the tracks early the following morning. At first they led into an area of thick young flowered bamboo jungle, and I should not have been at all surprised had we come on the animal in this. I know that a bison will lie up in such a patch of congenial jungle for a week at a time. It was indeed in a similar patch of jungle that I had previously found this particular animal, and had got so close up to him that I could have thrown my topi on to his horns.

"I told Captain Ogilvy of our quarry's possible propinquity, and we all moved with the greatest care and circumspection. I was wearing rubber-soled canvas boots, and could therefore move as easily and noiselessly as a European under similar conditions ever can; but Captain Ogilvy had some rope-soled sambhur hide boots obtained in London, which may have been excellent for shooting in India, but were quite the reverse for use in Burma. It was impossible to avoid getting them sopping wet. If this had not occurred from crossing streams it would have been caused by the heavy dew and moist undergrowth. And, having become wet, the soles, on drying, all warped out of shape (which was uncomfortable), and also (which was worse) became hard. I therefore suggested to Captain Ogilvy that if we really wanted to give ourselves the best possible chance of a shot he should discard his boots and wear nothing but his socks, which fortunately were thick ones. This Captain Ogilvy did, and carried on for what must have been several miles till it became altogether too painful a proceeding.

"The bison, however, had moved out of this particular patch of jungle. We continued following the tracks, of course, which now led through more open jungle, until well on into the afternoon, when they descended a steepish spur into another patch of dense young flowered bamboo.

"Captain Ogilvy was ahead with the tracker. I was some yards behind with the local Burman, following somewhat carelessly, I must confess. Captain Ogilvy, I should mention, was using a .470 double high-velocity rifle, by Rigby—the property, I think, of H.H. the Maharajah of Udaipur. I had a lovely little .275 high-velocity magazine rifle, by Rigby; not to use on the bison, let me hasten to add, but in case we came across anything small to shoot, and because I like carrying a rifle. I had not a heavy rifle because, first, I think *one* man armed with a modern heavy rifle is all the ordinary really inoffensive animal should be asked to take on, and also, second, I never will tolerate any one helping me to shoot such an animal, and I thought Captain Ogilvy would probably feel the same (whatever he might say).

"However, just as we had got well inside the patch of young bamboo jungle there was a snort only a few yards ahead, followed by a noise which I rightly took to be the tracker and Captain Ogilvy making a dash to one side for better cover. For some little time—I hesitate to say exactly how long—we all, including the bison, remained as we were. The young bamboo was so dense that no one party of the three in the proceedings could see distinctly either of the others.

"The next point of which I have any recollection was its flashing through my mind that the local Burman and I, or to put it less politely but more truthfully, I and the local Burman, were standing without any kind of cover—other than young bamboo!—immediately on the animal's tracks, and as in the jungle 'all roads lead to home' there were many other less likely exits for this particular animal from this particular patch of jungle than the way he had come in. I therefore decided to move, and beckoned to the local Burman to do so too, which he did. We got such cover as a small crooked tree about 18 inches girth afforded two individuals.

"Very soon after we had made this move Captain Ogilvy fired. The bison almost immediately made off *back along his old tracks*, and passed within a few yards of the local Burman and me! It was just as well both parties had 'side stepped!' Captain Ogilvy told me afterwards that I had been right in attributing the noise I had heard to a dash to one side on the part of his party, except that the 'dash' had been done by Mg Nyun, who was leading, Captain Ogilvy himself following quietly but quickly.

"Ogilvy then showed me the relative positions of the bison and himself. He said he simply could not see the animal distinctly—only the top of his head and parts of a big black body below. He finally took his shot, afraid that the beast would make off, aiming at the point he thought was 'behind the shoulder.' There was a little, but only a very little, blood trail. I think there is no doubt that his shot was high—probably well up in the dorsal ridge.

"After a short discussion we followed up, but did not come up with the animal before we had to turn back on account of darkness. I did a little regret I had not brought my heavy rifle (a .577 double high-velocity), as I might have got a snap shot 'into the black' as the bison dashed past, which kind of shot in the circumstances might have been justified.

"There remained one more day, January 7th. On that day we had to kill our animal, if we were ever to get him at all, and get back into Singu, as we did not know how early on the morning of the 8th the *Thanbyadine* might call for us there. So once more we left camp at dawn. I took my heavy rifle on this occasion.

"The place where the bison had been wounded and the direction he had made off in were directly away from Singu. This meant that after following him up, and getting him or not getting him, we should have to return through Wabo-te and Kokoaing. So we left some beer at the former place, and arranged for tea at the latter, prepared for a long day. But though the day was a long one, the story of it is short.

"We followed up our beast till late in the afternoon without ever actually coming up with him. I am sure that at some stage in the proceedings he became aware that he was being followed and kept just ahead of us. Several times in the course of the afternoon we came on places where he had lain down, and which he had only just left. And I am sure that once or twice I heard him not far ahead. Also, quite late in the afternoon, where he had crossed a small rocky stream, the drops of water *on stones which were in the sunlight* were still wet.

"His going off in this way makes me think he may have been badly wounded. He could go, but not very fast. If he had been only lightly wounded surely he would, as soon as he knew he was being followed, have dashed off and never lain down, in which case we should have neither seen anything fresh nor heard anything of him again at all.

"However that may have been, we had reluctantly to turn back. We got to Wabo-te just as it was getting dark—and did not forget our beer. Our descent of the steep hill into Kokoaing was not entirely *à pied*—as Captain Ogilvy will remember. Lamps did not meet us

till we had nearly got to Kokoaing. At Kokoaing we had tea (at getting on for dinner time), and then partly walked and partly rode ponies the twelve miles on to Singu. It was a glorious moonlight night, and I remember thinking several times that though we had not succeeded in bagging anything we had had a thoroughly enjoyable time. And from the fact that he was singing during a great deal of the march, I think Captain Ogilvy thought so too.

"We got to Singu at about 11 o'clock, having done during the day the best part of thirty miles. Dinner was waiting for us, but we both of us felt—after a drink—that it was sleep rather than food that we needed. And so to bed.

"The *Thanbyadine*, with the other guns on board, picked us up the next morning and took us down to Mandalay. There were, of course, many yarns to be swapped between the various members of the party. In the evening we all dined at the Upper Burma Club as Mr. Hopwood's guests, Mr. Hopwood himself, owing to official duties, being unable to be present. The following morning the members of H.R.H.'s Staff were taken round Mandalay to see the sights and buy souvenirs, and finally left in the middle of the day for Rangoon."

THE BAG

The total bag obtained in Burma was as follows :

Captain the Hon. Piers Legh*	1 elephant.
Captain E. D. Metcalfe	1 „
Captain F. S. Poynder	1 „
					—
Total	3 „

* Captain the Hon. Piers Legh's elephant tusks weighed 20 lb. and 21 lb. respectively. Their length from root to tip along the curve was 3 feet 6 inches and 3 feet 5 inches respectively. I did not have the opportunity of examining Captain Metcalfe's or Captain Poynder's elephant tusks.

CHAPTER VIII

BLACK BUCK IN BARODA AND ELSEWHERE

BARODA

AS has already been recorded, the Prince of Wales shot two black buck in Bikaner ; but before that he had devoted a morning to going after buck with cheetah in Baroda.

It was at Baroda that the Prince and those members of his Staff who were not already acquainted with India, first met elephants caparisoned in all their splendour.

All the arrangements made by H.H. the Gaekwar for the entertainment of his Royal guest were of the most lavish description. The sumptuousness of the State ceremonials, the display of the Crown jewels, the gold and silver guns—all were gorgeously Oriental in their magnificence. But best of all were the elephants.

One, especially, there was—the Gaekwar's own, on which he rode with the Prince—which was all yellow ; the whole beast, body and legs and trunk and tail, all bright sulphur yellow. Its trappings were of cloth of gold, and its howdah was gold ; it wore great golden bosses on its tusks, and heavy anklets of twisted gold. Like all the elephants, it was painted in rich arabesque, even its forehead and trunk ; but, on each side of its head, reaching from the neck across the great cheeks, was painted a tiger rampant, black stripes on the yellow background ; and where the painted tiger's eye was, there was the elephant's eye, even the lashes yellow.

The effect was extraordinarily lifelike. When the elephant rolled its eyes, it was the tiger that glared out of them . . . Shabash !

The stay of H.R.H. was so short (from the morning of November 23rd to the evening of November 24th, 1921) that the only form of sport possible at Baroda was a morning's cheetah hunt. This was arranged at H.H. the Gaekwar's preserve at Sunderpura for the morning of Thursday, November 24th, but it was not a great success, measured by the amount of sport obtained, the crowd of visitors, of both sexes, who were out to see the fun, making any sport impossible. One who was present, writing that same afternoon, described the day as follows :

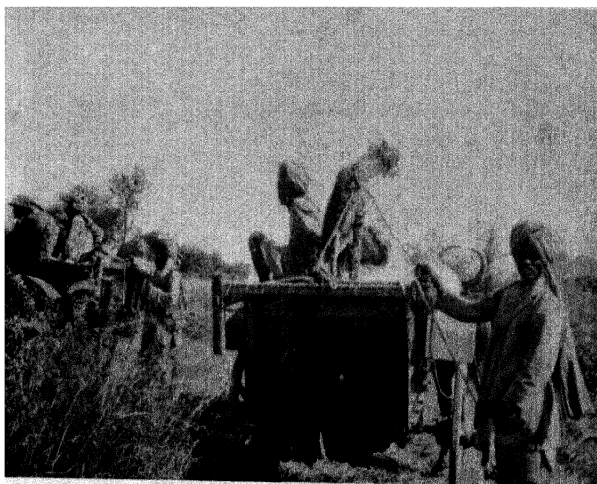
"We have been out hunting black buck with cheetahs. It is a traditional Indian sport which sounds savage and thrilling, but is really, at best, I fear, rather dull.

"In theory you ride out in a very jolty, springless, bullock-drawn country cart with the driver and the cheetah. The beast is hooded ; but he is restless, and knows quite well that a white man is there ; and as he sniffs at you with quivering nostrils and ears laid back, or turns abruptly and lashes you across the face with his tail (for there is very little room in the cart), and you pray that he will not take it into his head that he has been brought to hunt you instead of buck.

"The buck have no suspicion of so common a sight as a crawling country cart, and allow you to come, if you approach obliquely, within striking distance—say some 30 or 40 yards or so. Then the cheetah is unhooded. It springs from the cart and charges with a rush to reach the quarry before the buck can get into its stride. If it fails in that first rush and the buck gets well started, the cheetah makes no attempt to follow. If it strikes and kills, the thing is over in a second or two. So, at the best, there is an enormous deal of mandering in the jolty cart to very short bursts of thrill. Almost every sportsman in India is eager to go out with cheetah once. But you rarely find a man who makes a hobby of it.

"In our case we had even less than the due proportion of thrill. Not that there were not plenty of buck ; but there were also plenty of people. A single country cart wandering across the plain is one thing ; but a cart with a dozen or a score of Europeans clustered about it, stumbling over the rough ground, however earnestly they may try to hide behind each other and the cart, is quite another. We had five carts out that morning, each with its cheetah and its accompanying swarm of followers, including some ladies. The black buck not unnaturally regarded the whole caravan with suspicion.

"But, though there was no sport, it was a great experience. We went out in the cool of the early morning some ten miles from the city, most of us in motors, but the Prince and some of his suite on horseback. The scene of operations was a wide level plain, over which winding tracks led through the tangled yellow grass and knee-high herbage, studded with camelthorn trees, in shape and size much like English hawthorns. The earth was hard and split into miniature crevasses by the heat, which the grass concealed ; so that going—whether on foot or in the cart—was not easy. But the keen morning air, for the first hour or two, and the wild life—the herds of buck themselves (however evasive), the wide winged hawks and kites, the 'blue jays' (or Indian rollers, which are almost the most gorgeous



Photograph through the kindness of Sir Harry Perry Robinson, K.B.E., &c.



Photograph by the kindness of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., C.S.I., &c.

THE CHEETAH AT BARODA.

The Prince of Wales witnessed on November 24th, 1921, the hunting of black buck with cheetah—a traditional Indian sport.

thing that flies), and other birds—all make it a delightful day. And the cheetahs themselves were magnificent.

“Some of the animals were the property of the Gackwar. Others had been lent by neighbouring Maharajas. The five probably represented the best that all India could produce for a prince’s sport. In the little carts the great dog-leopards look enormous, as they sit up to their full height (they are taller than any other leopards at the shoulders), quivering and tense with excitement in anticipation of the sport which, from experience, they know is coming, and at the presence of the crowd of white men, of whose proximity, though hooded, they are well aware. With its small flat head upon its great shoulders the cheetah always looks as if it were badly modelled—as if its sculptor had miscalculated—but they are splendid, wild-looking brutes.

“As the day wore to mid-morning the sun grew hot, and stumbling over the rough ground hidden under its deep herbage was heavy work; and the Prince for a while—as there was evidently no chance of a cart with its attendant party being allowed to come near enough to any buck for the cheetah to be able to do its work—took his rifle and went off ‘on his own’ on foot. But, though there were buck enough about, they fairly had the jumps by now, and any animal worth shooting kept well out of range.

“When, towards noon, we finally reached camp and breakfast, we were moderately, if exhilaratingly, tired—all except H.R.H., whom nothing seemed to tire. Immediately after breakfast he was out playing lawn tennis in the sun.”

IN BHARATPUR

On December 7th, Lord Louis Mountbatten shot one black buck, measuring $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

On the following day, H.R.H. and party, besides 2,200 duck, as recorded elsewhere, also got one black buck.

IN GWALIOR

On February 10th, Mr. A. Metcalfe shot two black buck and Lord Louis Mountbatten shot one.

IN INDORE

February 2nd:

Captain Dudley North	} 1 black buck.
Captain the Hon. Piers Legh	
Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy	

February 3rd :

Captain Dudley North	} 2 black buck.
Captain the Hon. Piers Legh	
Sir Godfrey Thomas	
Commander Newport	
Total bag	- 3 black buck.

The shoot on February 2nd was an ordinary stalk on a flattish plain. There were a great many buck, but at first no one could get near any of them. A pack donkey was conscripted, and then Captain Dudley North shot a buck.

On February 3rd the party motored out from Indore about eight miles, where they found bullock carts. Sir Godfrey Thomas got his buck after going about three-quarters of an hour. There were a lot of herds about. Commander Newport also got a buck. The district where shooting took place on both occasions was Bijasani (one of the State preserves).

CHAPTER IX

SMALL GAME SHOOTING IN UDAIPUR, BIKANER, BHARATPUR, AND ELSEWHERE

UDAIPUR

November 25th and 26th, 1921

UDAIPUR is commonly said to be "one of the most beautiful places in India." But that is absurd. It is the most beautiful: it must be. There cannot be any other so lovely.

It is a city of lakes and palaces; and if you would picture to yourself the great royal palace itself, you must take all the other palaces in various countries which you happen to know and set them together, welded into one colossal range of buildings, the walls of which rise flat and sheer from arched colonnades below, to end in towers and cupolas above. Paint it all pure white. Wreath it about the feet with dark foliage, getting the effect of the white villas rising above cypress and orange trees that you see in Italy, but on an infinitely vaster scale. Then set this magnificent pile, thus wreathed, upon the shores of Lake Como, or Katrine, or Killarney, or whatever lake you think most beautiful.

On islands rising out of the blue waters set other palaces, smaller but equally white and embosomed in green. Give it all a background of hills, half translucent, like, again, the Italian hills; and sunlight brighter and a sky clearer than you have ever seen.

The palace faces westward over the lake; so, at sunset you go out to one of the other island palaces, and thence look back upon the scene—lake, white walls, green trees and further hills—all glowing in the warm rays, while, from the shores behind you, long shadows creep across the water.

Some four hours later, when the velvet night has settled down, you illuminate it all, picking out every line and detail of the architecture, and ringing the whole lake round with infinite myriads of tiny oil lamps—mere wicks afloat in small glass bowls of oil. At Baroda there were 50,000 such lamps used on the screens, masts, and arches of the street decorations alone. How many tens of thousands are used round the lake at Udaipur I do not know; but the little lights constantly flicker and waver, and their reflections in the water

flicker too, till everything—palaces, shores, islands, boats at their moorings and the very lake itself—is all a-shimmer with golden light and is really almost too beautiful to be of earth.

In the one night's run from Baroda to Udaipur we seemed to have gone back two centuries, into the old India unspoiled. It would be difficult to imagine anything more gorgeously barbaric than the scenes here; the astounding uniforms of the Maharana's troops and retainers; men in coats of mail; men armed with long spears, others with immense old-fashioned muskets with inlaid butts, and barrels two yards long; the wild Bhil horsemen; the painted elephants and a whole menagerie of beasts—leopard and cheetah and bear and fighting ram—chained on carts drawn up by the roadside; the dazzling colour and light of it all, with snatches of strange, fierce music and the thudding of drums.

Of this incredible setting the Maharana makes the ideal central figure. Tall, straight as a lance, with his white beard parted to the chin, and flowing softly to either side, he has a face of unusual beauty. His family is the proudest in all India, and he the proudest of his family; too proud to have stooped, they say, to learn one word of English, or ever yet to have made public homage to any overlord—whatever may have taken place when he called upon the Prince in private. Is he not the direct descendant of the God Rama, and known as the Child of the Sun?

Proudest of the traditions of the family is that never did it let a daughter of the house of Udaipur go in marriage to any of the great Moghuls. It would not even let its daughters intermarry with any other princely Rajput house which had given a princess to the Mohammedan emperors. Later, in treaties, the right of intermarriage with Udaipur was one of the privileges most earnestly desired by other States; and it was granted only on condition that sons born of any Udaipur princess should have right of succession in preference to those born—however much older—of any other wife.

Belonging to another age, autocratic and unbending, they say, when he pleases; yet all who come much in contact with His Highness, whether Europeans or Indians, love him.

An Englishman who knows the great old warrior well, told me that he was "a perfect darling."

The only day's shooting at Udaipur was on November 26th.

November 26th.

On this day a party, consisting of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

Lord Louis Mountbatten, Colonel Harvey, Captain Dudley North, Commander Newport and Mr. D. Petrie, went out to the Pichola Lake and shot 11 snipe and 1 chinkara in two and a half hours.

They also shot at Fateh Sagar, and got 1 goose, 15 snipe, and 1 chinkara.

The chinkara were shot by Lord Louis Mountbatten and Captain Dudley North.

A second party, consisting of Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency, Colonel Worgan and Mr. A. Metcalfe, shot at Jaisamand, and got 15 snipe.

A third party, including Admiral Halsey, Mr. de Montmorency, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Colonel Worgan, Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy and Mr. Holland, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, went to Jaisamand. There were two beats for sambhur and leopard, but nothing was shot, though some sambhur were seen.

BIKANER

December 2nd to 6th, 1921

No one needs to be told that His Highness the present Maharaja of Bikaner is a great sportsman and first-class shot. There may be a handsomer man in India, but I have never heard it stated that there is. But England knows His Highness well.

Among the memories of Bikaner there stands out the scene at the review of troops, when the camel artillery and bodyguard, and the famous Bikaner Camel Corps, 400 strong, and the light infantry in scarlet tunics were reviewed together on the ideal parade ground. Whatever its faults and temperaments, the camel has immense advantages in picturesqueness; and the scene, as the corps went by the saluting base twenty abreast, at the trot, was superb. How valuable the Bikaner Camel Corps was in the Great War, what fine service it rendered, all the world knows.

An extraordinary spectacle again was the Indian entertainment to the Prince in the Fort, when a party of the Sid sect gave a great fire dance.

A huge bonfire had been made earlier in the evening of logs of the wood of the tree known as *kajari*, which has the peculiar property that when burned it does not turn into ashes, but remains for a long time like glowing coals. After burning for some hours, with continual replenishings, what remains of the fire is a heap of incandescent lumps or nodules, from the size of a nut to the size of an egg or larger; one glowing mound, perhaps 8 feet wide by 4 feet high, each individual particle of which is red-hot, a mere mass of solidified flame.

To the savage music of drums the members of the party—twenty or thirty in all—leapt into the huge heap of burning embers with bare feet. They kicked and scattered them with their naked toes, and picking up fragments in their hands and holding them glowing between the teeth, danced round the smouldering pile. So for an hour they pranced, their feet among the fires, till the whole heap was dispersed over a wide area, and they were apparently unhurt. Some said they were drugged so as not to feel anything ; but all the while a smaller flame kept blazing by the big pile, and they declare that so long as the small flame burns, the embers of the large fire will not harm.

They harmed me. I tried merely to toss into the air with my fingers one of the nuggets of flame which a member of the party had played with unconcernedly ; and in the momentary contact the skin of my finger was burned to a callus that smarted for days.

In the deep half-darkness of the Eastern night, the glowing fire with leaping figures, and the picturesque assemblage which looked on from the terrace of the palace—bright uniforms, glittering robes, and European evening dress intermingled—it was a weird and amazing sight. No less fantastic, more unreal, and much more beautiful was the scene that followed in a great hall, on an upper floor of the palace, roofed only by the open sky.

Round the dark red sandstone walls were set some thousands of tiny-coloured lamps, purple, blue, green, orange, and crimson. They did not light the great interior hall or court. They filled it as with a self-luminous atmosphere glowing in many colours. Then into this tinted, glowing dusk there came chanting, swaying, a troop of some forty nautch girls, dressed in long skirts of rose, pale blue or amber, each skirt gold-embroidered. They had tiny electric lights in their head-dresses. There was queer haunting music, and they danced to it, gently, rhythmically swaying, imperfectly visible in the soft light, with the glint and glimmer of silks and gold. . . .

And there was sword dancing. Again, they say that the man was so drugged that he knew neither fear nor pain ; and he looked like it. He walked or danced with slow liftings of the feet, as a bear dances, on the upturned edges of half a dozen swords, set parallel in a rack, making a sort of grill. He edged a sword delicately, with naked feet out of its place in the rack ; and then as it rested, hilt on the ground and point still raised on the rack's side, he stood, slid, sidled and did rudimentary dance steps on the sloping razor edge.

We held our breath and watched—the Prince, the Maharaja, the Court and suite, and all the guests—and in the tinted half-light, frightened pigeons fluttered from niche to niche in the carved walls, showing white against the deep night sky above.

We felt the swords' edges afterwards, and they were keen as swords could be; and there were drops of blood upon the floor. They say that he is the best sword dancer in India, and is paid a great salary by the Maharaja. Of that I know nothing. But he earns it.

The Bikaner desert is a fascinating country of obvious sporting possibilities. The shooting which the Prince had here, however, was at small game only—demoiselle crane, duck, sand grouse, and partridge.

December 3rd.

The whole party motored out from Bikaner to Kodamdesar to shoot demoiselle crane. H.R.H. and Staff arrived at Kodamdesar at about ten o'clock, where they found a small artificial tank, surrounded by huts, with decoy cranes placed around. Having got into their huts, look-out men were posted at various points, who signalled when they saw flights of crane approaching. They were generally flying too high to start with, so the guns were told to let them fly round two or three times, and let them get lower before shooting at them. In the morning at Kodamdesar the bag was 27 crane and 6 duck.

In the afternoon the party shot duck in Gujner Lake. They got 231 duck.

Other guns out on the same day, not strictly of the Prince's party, brought up the total bag of the day to 289 duck and 41 crane.

December 5th.

H.R.H.'s Staff at Gujner shot 6 duck, 1,006 imperial sand grouse, and 262 common sand grouse.

Admiral Halsey shot at Gujner 1 black buck and 1 chinkara.

December 6th.

H.R.H. and Staff at Gujner shot 2 duck, 808 imperial sand grouse, and 39 common sand grouse.

H.R.H. shot 2 black buck, and 1 chinkara.

Lord Louis Mountbatten shot 4 chinkara.

On Monday, December 5th, and Tuesday, December 6th, 1921, imperial sand grouse shoots on a large scale (there were thirty-five guns) were held at Gujner. The imperial sand grouse is a handsome bird, and a sporting bird to shoot, very tricky in its flight, and trying to the novice.

The shooting season is, usually, from November 1st to February 1st, and a shoot takes place early in the morning from about 7.30 to about 10.30, during which hours the birds come to drink. Butts are placed in suitable lines and places, some 50 yards from each other.

and the success of a shoot mostly depends on the manner in which the butts are placed. The placing of one butt in the wrong place might absolutely ruin the shooting of, say, fifteen other guns, as the birds are very cunning, and as a rule do not come over the butts a second time after being fired at. When grouse are approaching a butt, the gun has to keep well down. If the shooter is spotted by the birds, they more often than not, swerve away out of range. After the first shot is fired they go at a tremendous pace, jinking and swerving over and even between butts, rendering the shooting most difficult and exciting. In a good year something like 50,000 birds come to drink at one place. They travel from twenty to thirty miles in the early morning for their drink, and will always go to their favourite place, passing over other tanks where they could easily get a drink. They come in thousands, and very hot shooting indeed is afforded for about an hour when guns—particularly those who are not used to such shooting—get bewildered, as the birds come from every direction and, unless accustomed to it, the guns find it very hard to pick out their birds, and the shooting must be good, as they carry a great quantity of shot. Three guns—all being used as quickly as the two loaders can reload and hand them to the shooter—are required to make a really good bag.

Gujner is not the only place where excellent shooting can be had. H.H. the Maharaja once shot 475 imperial sand grouse to his own gun in one morning's shoot at Pilap—a pretty spot some eleven miles from Gujner.

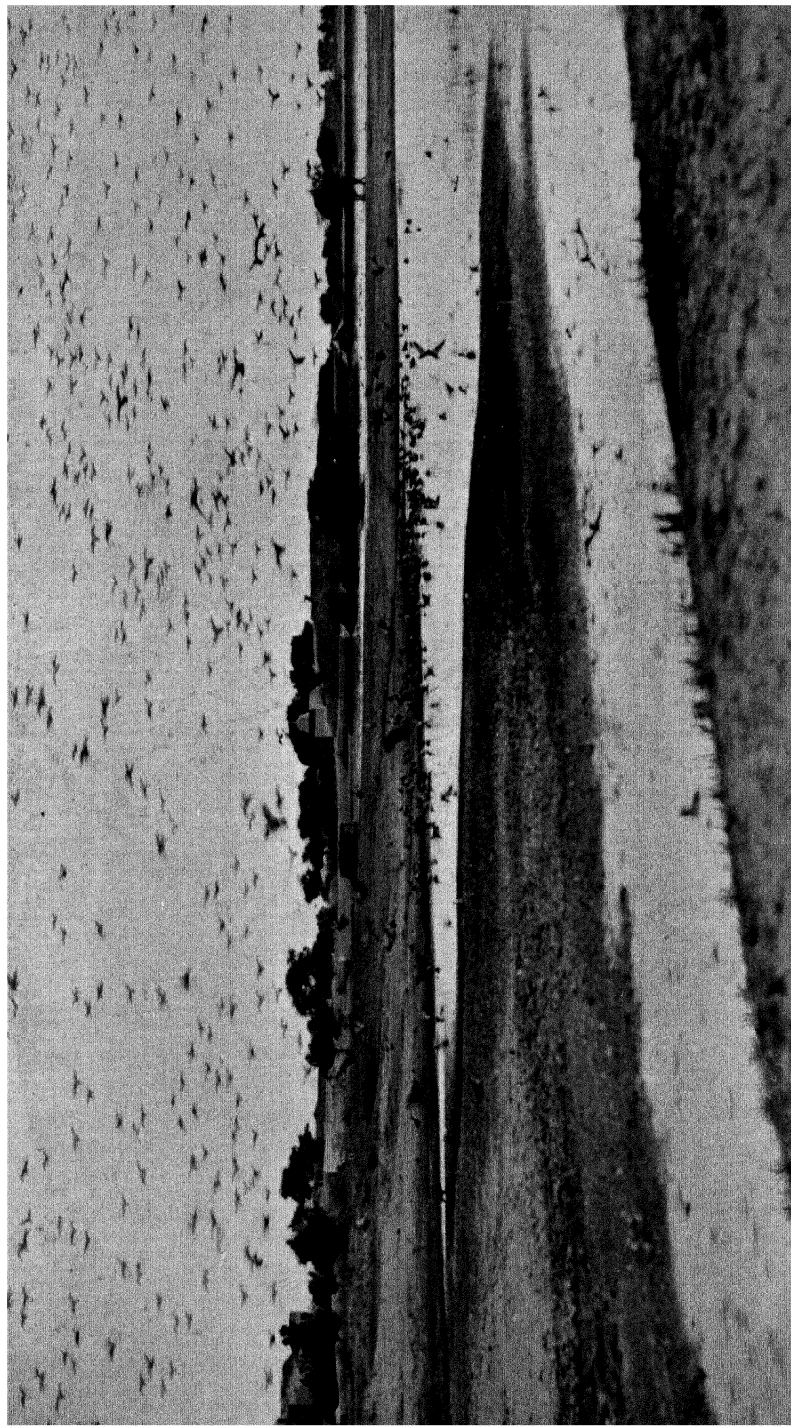
All previous records were broken lately on a recent visit to Bikaner of H.E. Lord Rawlinson. The total bag for the two mornings' shoot was :

Imperial sand grouse	5,963
Other sand grouse	43
Duck	2

As has been said, the shoot for H.R.H. was planned for the Monday morning. The following description of how the birds came in to the lake in the early dawn was written on the preceding day (Sunday, December 4th) by the special correspondent of *The Times* :

“When the day is an hour or so old the imperial sand grouse begin to come in to Gujner Lake.

“During the day they feed scattered far out over the desert, and there they rest at night, coming each morning to water for their one drink of the day. Every tank and pool in this thirsty land has its share of morning visitors, the same birds seeming to go punctually



Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner.

IMPERIAL SAND GROUSE DRINKING AT THE GREAT LAKE AT GUJNER, BIKANER.

On the shores of the lake the Maharaja of Bikaner has a palatial shooting-box. They are fine birds, sand-coloured on their backs, but flashing black and white as they wheel and show their undersides with a wingspread looking fully as large as that of an English pheasant. When squatting on bare sandy soil they are almost invisible. They are sporting birds to shoot, but in spite of being very tricky in their flight and trying to the novice, the Prince of Wales and Staff, on December 5th, 1921, shot 1006, and on December 6th, 1921, 808.

to the same place ; but it is the great lake at Gujner, on the shores of which the Maharaja of Bikaner has his palatial shooting-box, that draws the immense majority of the grouse. The long, indented sandy shore, sloping down to shallow water, suits them, and it is a wonderful sight to see them come.

“ The wide expanse of the lake, still partly veiled in opalescent mist, is dotted with flotillas of coots, with here and there a few duck interspersed ; and round the edges long-legged black and white stilts are wading, with an occasional paddy bird, or yellow-wattled plover, the familiar ‘ Did you do it ? ’ of India. Wheatears (the desert wheatears of these parts) flit among the sand dunes. Crows—the ubiquitous grey crows of India—pass and re-pass, or scuffle noisily in twos and threes over some fragment of refuse on the lake shore. Wide-winged kites, with an occasional long, thin, shivering call, circle overhead. It is a beautiful scene, with the trees and towers of the red sandstone palace rising against the pearly sky on the other side of the lake. Then, suddenly, they come, their imperial majesties.

“ They are fine birds, sand-coloured on their backs, but flashing black and white as they wheel and show you their undersides, with a wing spread looking fully as large as that of an English pheasant. They fly with an arrowy directness and quick wing-beats, more like a hurrying wood-pigeon than like a grouse, or any game-bird ; and the sand grouse seem, indeed, to be nearly as closely allied to the doves as to the true grouse.

“ They come straight out of the desert, over the low sand ridges and scattered spurge, cactus and thorn clumps, and goodness knows what distances they fly for their morning drink. First a bunch of ten or a dozen ; then stray single birds ; then a flock of fifty ; then smaller bunches ; then great flights of 100, 500—it is impossible to say what their numbers are—flock after flock, they stream in never-ending succession straight out of the illimitable distance.

“ If not shot at or disturbed they make one quick circle above the lake, then dip, and almost before you realise it, the whole flock—500 or 100, or whatever it may be—has come to rest with a pretty lifting of their wings, like plover, on the sandy shore, a few yards from the water’s edge. Each bird runs quickly to the water, dips its head once, twice, perhaps three times, and instantly, without one moment’s rest, the whole flock is in the air again.

“ This morning I timed flock after flock, and from the moment their feet touched the ground until they were on the wing again the average was about sixteen seconds. Some were quicker ; some large flocks dallied till they had stayed for nearly twenty seconds. The time spent in actual drinking is barely three seconds. Having drunk,

they go, with the same straight, swift, unhesitating flight that brought them; and for this tiny draught they come daily untold numbers of miles across the waste. For an hour, or an hour and a half, each morning the air is full of the two hurrying streams of arriving and departing flocks, of the rush and rustle of wings, and the sweet purring whistle of their call.

"For some days before a shoot, watchers are out counting the birds—so far as, by skilled estimate, they can be counted—and reporting what the prospect is of sport. Yesterday's watchers reported at the spot where I stood to-day, 17,500 birds. I should have thought there were more, but 35,000 birds—counting them coming and going—over one small stretch of lake shore in an hour are a considerable number; and each bird has its drink—its three second *chota haari*—and is gone again.

"To-day is Sunday; but for to-morrow morning a great shoot is arranged, and the poor birds are going to have a dreadful time."

Appended is the full record of the Bikaner shooting:

STATEMENT OF BAG OF THE ROYAL SHOOT IN BIKANER

December 3rd to 7th, 1921

Number of Guns.	Name.	Place.	Black buck		Chinkara.		Bustard.	Houbara.	Demoiselle Crane.	Duck.	Imperial Sand Grouse.	Sand Grouse.	Partridge.	Snipe.	Total.
			Number.	Head.	Number.	Head.									
DECEMBER 3RD (MORNING).															
1	HIS ROYAL HIGH- NESS	KODAMDESAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	4
2	Lieut. - Colonel O'Kinealy	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	4
3	Surgeon Commender Newport	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	3
4	Mr. Petrie	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	3
5	Mr. de Montmorency	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	2
6	Sir Godfrey Thomas	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	2
7	Capt. the Hon Piers Legh	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	2
8	Capt the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	2
9	Lieut -Colonel Harvey	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	2
10	The Earl of Cromer	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	3
11	Sir Lionel Halsey	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	3
12	The Maharaj Kumar	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
13	Captain Dudley North	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
14	Captain Metcalfe	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
15	Lord Louis Mountbatten.	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	1
	Picked up.		—	—	—	—	—	—	27	6	—	—	—	—	33
DECEMBER 3RD (AFTERNOON).															
1	HIS ROYAL HIGH- NESS	GUJNER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35	—	—	—	—	35
2	Sir Lionel Halsey	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35	—	—	—	—	35

STATEMENT OF BAG OF THE ROYAL SHOOT IN BIKANER—*continued*

Number of Guns.	Name.	Place.	Black buck.		Chinkara.		Bustard.	Houbara.	Demoiselle Crane.	Duck.	Imperial Sand Grouse.	Sand Grouse.	Partridge.	Snipe.	TOTAL.
			Number.	Head.	Number.	Head.									
DECEMBER 3RD (AFTERNOON)— <i>contd.</i>															
3	Lieut.-Colonel Harvey . . .	GUJNER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	33	—	—	—	—	33
4	The Earl of Cromer . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	—	—	—	—	28
5	Mr. de Montmorency . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	8
6	His Highness . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	3
7	Lord Louis Mountbatten. .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	3
1	Colonel Worgan . . .	CHANDASAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	23	—	—	—	—	23
2	Surgeon Commander . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Newport . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	—	7
3	Mr. Petrie . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	—	—	5
4	Lieut.-Colonel O'Kinealy. .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	4
5	Captain Poynder . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	4
6	Captain Metcalfe . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	1
1	Captain the Hon. Piers . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Legh . . .	SUGANSAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	—	—	—	25
2	Captain Dudley North . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	—	—	—	—	17
3	The Maharaj Kumar . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	—	7
4	Mr. Metcalfe . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	6
5	Captain the Hon. Bruce . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ogilvy . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	4
6	Sir Godfrey Thomas . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	3
1	Maharaj Sri Bijay . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Singhji . . .	GOLRI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	8
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	231	—	—	—	—	231
1	His Highness the Maha- rajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	His Highness the Nawab Sahib of Palanpur . .	DURBARI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	9	—	2	—	14
3	Sir Philip Grey-Egerton . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	3
4	Sir Harry Watson . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	3
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	10	—	1	—	16
1	Captain Walker . . .	KODAMDESAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	12	—	4	—	18
2	Mr. Holland . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	8	—	3	—	13
3	Mr. Ashdown . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	—	7
DECEMBER 5TH (MORNING).															
1	HIS ROYAL HIGH- NESS . . .	GUJNER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	65	—	—	—	65
2	His Highness . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	138	—	—	—	138
3	Sir Lionel Halsey . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	87	—	—	—	88
4	The Earl of Cromer . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	45	—	—	—	45
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	322	—	—	—	323
1	The Maharaj Kumar . . .	SUGANSAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	55	—	—	—	56
2	His Highness the Maha- rajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	52	—	—	—	52
3	His Highness the Nawab Sahib of Palanpur . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	51	—	—	—	51
4	Colonel Worgan . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	46	—	—	—	46
5	Mr. de Montmorency . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	42	—	—	—	42
6	Sir Philip Grey-Egerton . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	36	—	—	—	36
7	Captain Metcalfe . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	33	—	—	—	33
8	Captain the Hon. Piers . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Legh . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	32	—	—	—	32
9	Captain Dudley North . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	32	—	—	—	32
10	Sir Godfrey Thomas . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30	—	—	—	30
11	Captain Walker . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	—	—	—	28
12	Mr. Petrie . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	—	—	25
13	Captain the Hon. Bruce . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Ogilvy . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	24	—	—	—	24
14	Sir Harry Watson . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	24	—	—	—	24
15	Mr. Ashdown . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	23	—	—	—	23
16	Lieut.-Colonel Harvey . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22	—	—	—	22

STATEMENT OF BAG OF THE ROYAL SHOOT IN BIKANER—*continued*

Number of Guns.	Name.	Place.	Black buck.		Chinkara.		Bustard.	Houbara.	Demoiselle Crane.	Duck.	Imperial Sand Grouse.	Sand Grouse.	Partridge.	Snipe.	TOTAL.
			Number.	Head.	Number.	Head.									

DECEMBER 5TH (MORNING)—*contd.*

17	Commander Fry . .	SUGANSAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22	—	—	—	22
18	Captain Boileau . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	21	—	—	—	21
19	Mr. Holland . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	20	—	—	—	20
20	Captain Poynder . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	—	—	—	19
21	Surgeon Commander Newport . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	—	—	—	15
22	Mr. Metcalfe . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	—	—	—	15
23	Maharaj Sri Bijay Singh	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	12	—	—	—	13
24	Lord Louis Mountbatten	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	8
25	Lieut.-Colonel O'Kinealy.	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	8
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	670	—	—	—	672
	Other visitors (6) . .	KHARI	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	6	—	—	18
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	6	—	—	18
1	Sir Harry Watson . .	KODAMDESAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	41	—	—	—	41
2	Captain Walker . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	40	—	—	—	40
3	Commander Fry . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	31	—	—	—	31
4	Mr. Petrie	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	28	—	—	—	28
5	Lieut.-Colonel Harvey . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	27	—	—	—	27
6	Colonel Worgan . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	—	26
7	Surgeon Commander Newport . . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	—	26
8	Captain Dudley North . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	21	—	—	—	21
9	Captain the Hon. Piers Legh	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	20	—	—	—	20
10	Mr. Ashdown	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	17	—	—	—	18
11	Mr. de Montmorency . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	14
12	Mr. Metcalfe	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	—	—	—	12
13	Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	6
14	Sir Godfrey Thomas . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	—	5
15	Lieut.-Colonel O'Kinealy.	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—	3
	<i>Picked up . . .</i>		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	250	—	—	—	252

DECEMBER 5TH (AFTERNOON).

1	Sir Lionel Halsey . .	GUJNER (NEAR BATTIA)	1	21½"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
		MADHOLAO	—	—	1	71"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1

DECEMBER 6TH (MORNING).

1	HIS ROYAL HIGH- NESS	SUGANSAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	54	1	—	—	55
2	His Highness	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	60	1	—	—	70
3	Sir Lionel Halsey . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	—	64
4	His Highness the Nawab Sahib of Palanpur . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	53	—	—	—	53
5	Mr. de Montmorency . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	46	—	—	—	46
6	Lieut. Colonel Harvey . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	40	—	—	—	40
7	Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	34	—	—	—	34
8	Commander Fry	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	—	—	—	26
9	Major Jackson	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	24	—	—	—	24
10	The Earl of Cromer . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	21	—	—	—	21
11	Mr. Metcalfe	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	14
12	Surgeon Commander Newport	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	14
13	Mr. Petrie	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	14
14	Maharaj Sri Bijay Singh	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11	1	—	—	12
15	Sir Godfrey Thomas . .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11	—	—	—	11

STATEMENT OF BAG OF THE ROYAL SHOOT IN BIKANER—*continued*

Number of Guns.	Name.	Place.	Black buck		Chinkara.		Bustard.	Houbara.	Demoiselle Crane.	Duck.	Imperial Sand Grouse.	Sand Grouse.	Partridge.	Snipe.	TOTAL.
			Number.	Head.	Number.	Head.									
DECEMBER 6TH (MORNING)— <i>contd.</i>															
16	Captain Dudley North .	SUGANSAGAR	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10	—	—	—	10
17	Captain Poynder .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	9	—	—	—	10
18	Kumar Sri Bhawan Singhji .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8	—	—	—	8
19	Mr Percival Landon .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	7
20	Captain Boileau .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7	—	—	—	7
21	Colonel O'Kinealy .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	—	5
22	Lord Louis Mountbatten	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	—	—	—	5
	<i>Picked up .</i>		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	508	5	—	—	514
1	The Maharaj Kumar .	GUJNER	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	120	1	—	—	121
2	His Highness the Maharajah Jam Sahib of Nawanagar .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	90	20	—	—	110
3	Colonel Worgan .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50	5	—	—	55
4	Captain the Hon. Piers Legh .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	49	—	—	—	50
5	Sir Philip Grev-Egerton .	"	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30	—	—	—	30
	<i>[Picked up.]</i>		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	300	34	—	—	334

DECEMBER 6TH (AFTERNOON).

1	HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS .	GUJNER BIR	1	201"	—	—	}	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
		"	1	181"	—	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
		ON GUJNER ROAD NEAR KOIRA	—	—	1	104"	}	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3
2	Lord Louis Mountbatten.	NEAR PART-RIDGE COVERT	—	—	1	114"		—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
		"	—	—	1	11"		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
		NEAR GUJNER-KODAMDESAR ROAD	—	—	1	94"		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5

NOTES ON BIRDS SHOT IN BIKANER

SAND GROUSE

Besides the imperial sand grouse (*Pterocles orientalis*) of which enough has been said above, seven other species of sand grouse are found in India, namely the painted sand grouse (*Pterocles indicus*), the coronetted sand grouse (*P. coronatus atratus*), the Arabian close-barred sand grouse (*P. lichtensteini arabicus*), the pin-tailed sand grouse (*P. alchatus caudacutus*), the spotted sand grouse (*P. senegallus*), the Tibetan sand grouse (*Syrrhaptes tibetanus*), and the common Indian sand grouse (*Pteroclorus senegalensis erlangeri*); but of these seven the last-named was the only one shot by H.R.H. and his party. It is nearly as handsome a bird as its imperial cousin, and is the commonest member of

the family in India, being found over practically the whole peninsula. The habits are much the same as those of the imperial sand grouse. Jerdon says :

“ It feeds chiefly in the morning and, between 8 and 9 a.m., goes to feed at some river or tank at which, in some parts of the country, thousands assemble, and they may be seen winging their way, in larger or smaller parties, from all quarters, at a great height, uttering their peculiar loud piercing call, which announces their vicinity to the sportsman long before he has seen them. They remain a few minutes at the water's edge, walking about and picking up fragments of sand or gravel, and then fly off as they came. In the hot weather, at all events, if not at all seasons, they drink again at about 4 p.m.”

Mr. Stuart Baker (in his “ Game-birds of India ”, Vol. II.,) writes :

“ Hume says that in the daytime when feeding they scatter widely over the ground, but that during the night when sleeping they collect in a very compact mass ; and he adds :

“ ‘ And during the night they must keep better watch than during the day, for often when crossing the huge Oosur plains in Etawah after dark, at times after midnight, I have heard flocks of them rise at considerable distances from me. Moreover, I have never found any of their feathers about in the morning, as I have of so many ground-nesting birds, showing where some jackal or fox has made a lucky hit. If one remembers how abundant this species is in many districts, and how superabundant in the same places are foxes, jackals and wild cats, and also that the sand grouse leaves a strong scent by which a dog will nose out a wounded bird hidden amongst the clods of a ploughed field in a moment, it speaks well for their *chowkidars* that none of these little sand grouse ever seems to fall a victim to these midnight marauders.

“ ‘ Still, native fowlers will at times surprise them, and during dark nights, in some fashion, creep up and drop a net over the entire party. The net used is a very light one, a truncated triangle, about 8 feet wide at the bottom, 4 feet at the top and about 4 feet wide, attached to two light slender bamboos, each about 8 feet long. The covey is marked as it goes to roost, and then about 11 o'clock (the night must be dark and is all the better for being windy) the man steals up and drops the net over the whole pack. I went out several nights to try and be present at a capture, but on only one occasion were any caught and then only two, but, a few nights after, the men, who were *akerias*, and who were still in my camp, snaring ducks and quails, brought in some forty that they professed to have caught in

this way in one haul, and they were polite enough to hint that it was the bad smell of a European that had foiled their efforts on previous occasions. They were doubtless humbugging in some way, but one thing is certain, they do constantly manage to catch whole packs, in some way or other, during dark nights, and are therefore, though they do not *look* so, considerably sharper than the beasts of the field.”

Besides when shooting them, the Prince and the members of his party when motoring from one point to another, often saw these birds as they rose out of the desert close by the wayside. When squatting on the bare sandy soil, the sand grouse is almost invisible.

THE HOUBARA (*Chlamydotis undulata macqueenii*)

The Indian houbara, or Macqueen's bustard (or *tilur*) is a handsome winter visitor to Northern India, arriving generally from late August onwards, and staying until March or April—occasionally even later.

The common way of shooting it is from camels, which the houbara regards without suspicion. The birds having been spotted, the sportsman dismounts and, walking on the camel's off-side, circles round them, gradually approaching until within range. But it is necessary to have a trained and well-behaved camel.

Like other of the bustards, the houbara was once much more plentiful than it is to-day, and Hume tells how in 1867 he shot eighty-three in a single week. It used to be a favourite quarry for hawking, and is still sometimes killed in this way. When hard pressed by the hawk, it has a curious method of defence, described (as by other writers) by Mr. F. J. Mitchell, quoted by Mr. Stuart Baker :

“The houbara, when pursued, often rises, like a heron under similar circumstances. If he can get immediately over the pursuing hawk he squirts him with a stinking gummy (anal) liquid, which sticks the hawk's feathers together so that he cannot fly. Sometimes the hawk falls like a stone when thus squirted, and he has to be washed with warm water before he can fly again.”

The houbara, though it flies well, is a better runner ; and when it squats on the ground the buffs and greys of its plumage—as with so many birds that live in sandy countries—make it almost invisible.

THE DEMOISELLE CRANE (*Anthropoides virgo*)

The Zoological Gardens in London possess several specimens of crane identical with those which gave H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and

his party such good sport in Bikaner. The birds as they appear in the photograph "Bag of Demoiselle Crane—Kodamdesar, Bikaner, December, 1921," hardly convey an idea of their beauty when alive. Most ornamental, most graceful, and harmless as it is, the demoiselle ought to be kept in parks much more often than is the case. In colour it is silvery grey, with white ear tufts, and the sides of the neck and chest black. The birds live well in captivity, and an instance of one having attained an age of twenty-four years is recorded.

The Zoological Society's records say that the Society got its first birds of this species as far back as 1863. But probably the first demoiselle cranes to reach Europe alive were those at the Palace of Versailles in 1676. Those at the Zoo are kept in an open pen and, besides food given to them by visitors, a handful of grain and a little raw meat added to the insects and worms which they find for themselves suffice to keep them in good health.

The demoiselle crane inhabits South Europe, and extends to Central Asia, migrating to Northern Africa and India in winter, and it was during this winter migration that the specimens were shot on the plains of Bikaner by H.R.H. and his party.

Its breeding range is extensive in Europe, Africa and Asia. The nest is built usually on the sand in some isolated spot, and is formed of a few dry grasses or small pebbles in a small depression of the soil, the pebbles being so arranged as to join each other perfectly, and to leave no openings between them. The nest is either quite flat or a little depressed in the middle, and is sometimes placed on a slight elevation. All the cracks and holes of the ground round it are also filled up with stones. This last precaution is probably to prevent the young birds when just hatched and still feeble from falling into the holes and getting injured. What the meaning of this curious pebble nest is it is not easy to say. Blaauw suggests that perhaps in those parts of the country where there is no other material available, and the ground being very uneven and rocky, the birds have found out that small smooth pebbles make a suitable couch for the eggs. It is also possible that they have discovered that pebbles, once heated, keep warm for a long time, or that the eggs are less visible on such a stony spotted surface.

Both the male and female bird assist in the incubation, and the male seems to be greatly attached to its mate. Hodgson tells the following incident as an example of this virtue :

"Once having fired at a flock high overhead one bird drifted suddenly. After the flock had gone on two or three hundred yards, a second one dashed down along with it and seemed, as we ran up,

to be endeavouring to rouse its lifeless mate. Despite the usual shyness of these birds, this faithful comrade did not take wing till we were within one hundred yards, and even then, though the rest of the flock were out of sight, hung high in the air circling and calling above us for a long time."

The demoiselle crane was certainly known to the Ancients, and Pliny called it the "Dancer" on account of its wonderful dances and posturings. It was supposed to imitate man. With the birds at the Zoo this dancing process takes place every morning and evening in the spring.

Nordman gives a very interesting account of the habits of the bird from its arrival on its breeding grounds until the eggs are laid. He made the observations in the south of Russia, where he saw them arrive in the first half of March in flocks, numbering sometimes as many as from two to three hundred. They flew high, generally in the form of a wedge, and during their flight the individuals often changed their place in the flock and were very noisy. After their arrival, the flocks kept together for some time, and even after they had paired and each pair had been about its business separately during the day, they still assembled together morning and evening to dance and fly about in company. For the place of assembly they generally chose the flat banks of a river, and there they formed a circle or several long rows, and began their extraordinary dances. After having danced sufficiently they all flew up in the air, and there continued their amusements, slowly describing large circles. On fine days they were especially active at these games. After a few weeks these assemblies ceased, the birds began to look out for a suitable place for their nests, and were only seen in pairs.

Regarding the migrations of the birds over the Himalayas to India, large flocks have been observed passing over Northern Tibet in autumn. Those which have India as the object of their travel, once arrived at the Himalayas, appear often to stay there in the valleys and to rest for a few weeks before spreading over India, where they are only seen to appear about the beginning of October. At the time the Prince was at Bikaner, of course they had spread well into India; but they are rarer in the extreme southern parts. Blaauw says that this crane has never been recorded in Burma.

Regarding their habits, Mr. G. Vidal records that in India, in the first week after their arrival, the birds spend nearly all their time on the wing, seldom, except at night, alighting on the fields. They descend usually to the river beds to drink both morning and evening, but it is almost impossible to approach them. When the crops have

been cut they grow less wild and feed in the stubble in the early morning, from sunrise till 8 a.m., when they again take wing, mostly soaring about in large circles at a great height till evening.

In Mysore and the south the Brahmins most probably confound this bird with the Sarus crane, which is, of course, considered sacred ; and woe betide a naturalist who goes in for active crane collecting near a Brahmin village. The Brahmins, who are rather hazy as regards geography, say the birds come from a high mountain near Benares called the Snowy Mountain.

During its stay in India the demoiselle crane is occasionally flown at with a falcon. It is said, according to Jerdon, to make a fine flight, sometimes going three or four miles. It never uses its beak in self defence, but is very apt to injure the falcon with its sharp inner claw. A well-trained falcon therefore always strikes the crane on the back, and never on the head.

The demoiselle is one of the most beautiful, in my opinion, of all the Crane family.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN BHARATPUR

In Bharatpur the Prince of Wales saw a wonderful pageant of sport and war, which must always remain one of the vivid memories of the tour.

Outside the city of Bharatpur, with its great fort and memories of Lord Lake's stern fighting, a huge earth mound, perhaps 50 feet high, known as Akhad, erected for no one knows what purpose, overlooks the wide level plain, which is one vast parade ground. Whatever the origin of the mound, it has been used for ceremonial purposes from time immemorial. Here kings have stood to review their troops on the plain below, and conquerors have seen their captives and trains of spoil led past for their inspection. It was here that the pageant was staged.

It was at night, nearly ten o'clock, when it began. On the summit of the mound a pavilion had been erected, with tiers of seats rising behind the chairs on which sat the Prince with the Maharaja of Bharatpur. Below the seats, shielded so that in the pavilion we all sat in darkness, electric lights of 20,000 candle-power threw a great beam of light, 150 yards wide, across the plain, and in it, immediately below, the level ground rose up brown and close at hand, while the distance faded into the deep indigo of the Indian night, broken only by a vague blot of scarlet where, directly in front, perhaps 200 yards away, were massed bands of brass and native pipes and drums.

Suddenly, at the turning of a switch, the whole wide plain—a moment before but a vague blue-black expanse—broke into a myriad

lights, making one vast design of the Prince of Wales's feathers with the motto *Ich Dien* picked out in brilliant colours in the foreground.

What its size was, it is impossible to say. The motto—near at hand—may have been 250 yards distant. Beyond that, the plumes, like some vast jewelled flower, seemed, by the illusion of the night, to reach for miles—over all India.

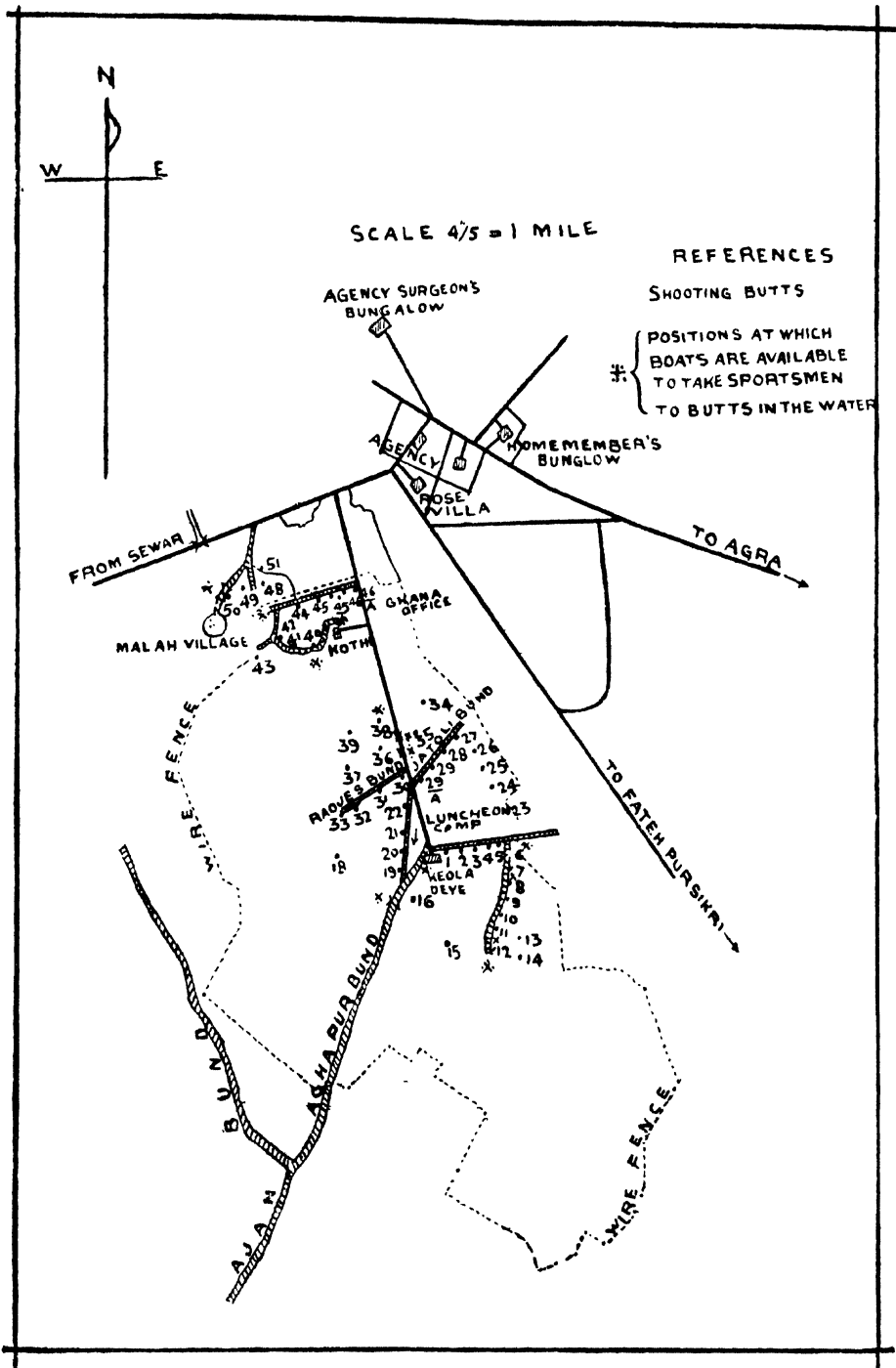
For a minute it stayed; then, suddenly as it had come, the glory vanished, the velvet darkness settled down again, and then to the crash of wild fierce music, the pageant unrolled itself.

Out of the darkness, passing from left to right, slowly across that 150 yard wide belt of dazzling light, they came; such a series of tableaux as has surely never been seen in the world before. It cannot have been seen before, for half of it might have been passing before the eyes of Akhbar and half of it—the most luxurious motor cars, caterpillar-tractors, modern guns and troops with the latest equipment—was of the very newest of to-day.

Extraordinarily distinct (you know how a single figure stands out in the beam of a searchlight picked out against the darkness?) each item passed before our eyes emerging from the blackness, moving slowly as across a screen, and swallowed in darkness again.

Single figures in splendid uniforms on white horses whose trappings were all plates of gold; elephants lounging by sumptuously caparisoned as only elephants can be, or, more businesslike, elephant batteries swinging by, six abreast; camels; a lion; cheetahs on their hunting carts; a tiny carriage drawn by black buck; bullock transport, stone-white animals in superb condition; the State Cavalry Brigade—the Maharaja's bodyguard and the Bharatpur Hussars, both beautifully found and mounted; caterpillar-tractors dragging guns; fleets of motor cars; a squadron of horsemen mounted on hill ponies on which, earlier in the day, the Prince (mounted on the smallest pony of all) had played an uproarious chukker of polo, eight a-side, to the enormous delight of a great crowd of spectators; the Bharatpur Imperial Service Infantry which did three years of such fine service in East Africa:—these and many more, they passed across that wonderful screen of light against the background of the desert, to music—now wild Oriental airs, now "Bonnie Dundee" or "The British Grenadiers," now the pipes playing "Highland Laddie"—each new vision greeted with bursts of applause from the pavilion perched in the blackness at the top of the mound.

Nowhere but in India could it have been done; and only in the State of an Indian Prince at once proud and tenacious of the traditions of his line and at the same time keenly alive to the latest discoveries of modern science.



Map showing the site of shooting butts in the State of Bharatpur, where probably the world's best duck shooting is to be obtained.

For, perhaps, the most extraordinary feature of the pageant was that it was arranged in every detail, stage-managed and untiringly rehearsed by the Maharaja of Bharatpur himself. He personally designed the whole electric lighting, and dictated each smallest item on the programme. He—His Highness the Maharaja Kishen Singh—has a talent for mechanics of a very high order. He is a keen sportsman; but so are many other Indian Princes. In his mechanical genius he is probably unique.

H.R.H. had only two days in Bharatpur (December 7th and 8th, 1921), and on the second he had some of the duck-shooting, for which Bharatpur is famous.

On December 7th, the Prince went out to Deeg, which, with its great lake and fountain palaces, is one of the beauty-spots of India. It is about a dozen miles from the city of Bharatpur by a lovely motoring road; for H.H. the Maharaja loves motors, and his roads are perfect.

At points on the way the road was lined with villagers; and as the cars of the Prince and his party passed the crowd swayed in unison, like rows of corn before the wind; the bodies bowing from the waist, the right hand swinging down, palm forward, till the fingers almost swept the ground, the voices chanting in unison the deep-throated "*Ram ! Ram ! Sahib !*" of the traditional Jat salute.

Of Deeg itself, there are high authorities who say that the main palace ranks next to the Taj among the architectural beauties of India. And, instead of flower beds and lawns, the palace pleasure is all fountains set in white marble walks. The marble terrace of the palace is fringed with jets and sprays of water, and from it you go down marble steps to white walks with fountains on either hand. Here and there deep-foliaged trees throw a chequering of shadow on the white marble, and wherever the sun's rays touch the spray they strike it into rainbows. So you walk in an environment of cool tinkling waters, deep green shade and marble whiteness, with rainbows glimmering, rising, vanishing on every hand. It is very lovely.

The great shoot, however, was on the second day (December 8th), at Keoladeo.

There may be somewhere in the world better duck-shooting than that which the Maharaja of Bharatpur has to offer to his guests; but it is very doubtful. So good is the sport and so famous, that it is the ambition of every sportsman in India to be invited once in his life to go and shoot duck at Bharatpur.

For the following account of the Prince's shoot, I am indebted to Mr. E. C. Gibson :

"Two or three shoots take place each winter, and no distinguished visitor to India considers his tour complete unless he has taken part in one. Among the guests is generally to be found a Viceroy or a Commander-in-Chief or the Governor of a Province, and a complete list of the celebrities who have shot duck in Bharatpur would be unduly lengthy.

"Among Viceroys, Lord Curzon, Lord Hardinge, Lord Chelmsford and Lord Reading have shot here on more than one occasion. Lord Kitchener took part in one shoot, and the present Commander-in-Chief, Lord Rawlinson, has also been seen here. The Crown Prince of Germany came in 1910, and Mr. Montagu, as Secretary of State for India, on two occasions in 1918 sought relaxation from his work of reforming India among the duck of Bharatpur. His late Majesty, King Edward VII., came as Prince of Wales; but this was before the days of organised shoots on a large scale.

"The scene of the shoot is a large flooded area, extending over several square miles, known, on account of the thick jungle with which it is interspersed, as the Ghana, the name being derived from the Hindu word meaning 'thick' or 'dense.' The water is let in before the beginning of the cold weather from a large embankment or 'bund,' which holds up the flood water of two rivers, the Banganga and Gambhir. The water remains till the beginning of the hot season and provides, among the reeds with which it is covered, a winter home for innumerable ducks and other water-birds of every description.

"Both the grey and bar-headed varieties of goose are met with, while of the ducks the following are perhaps the commonest visitors: nukhta, gadwall, widgeon, pintail, shoveller, spot-bill, pochards of various sorts, Brahminy duck and common, garganey and whistling teal. Mallard are also found, but not in large quantities, and other varieties of duck are occasionally met with.

"The guns, which usually number about fifty, are posted in butts on small islands, or on the bunds which run out into the water to right and left of the central road. Each gun is provided with a shikari and two or more men to collect the birds—no easy task, on account of the thick reeds and (in places) deep water. A good retriever is of great assistance and will recover many birds that would probably otherwise be lost, as was found by His Highness the Maharaja, who had some excellent dogs working for him. Only birds actually picked up are counted in the 'bag.'

"Shooting usually begins at 10 a.m., and continues till 1, when an interval of two hours is allowed to enable the guests to refresh themselves, and the duck to return and settle. Shooting then begins again, and lasts from 3 o'clock until darkness, 'gun-heads,' sore

shoulders or other injuries incidental to continuous firing induce the guests to abandon their butts and seek the tea tent.

"The signal to commence fire is given by bugle, and the dense cloud of birds that rises after the first shots are fired has to be seen to be believed. The shooting during the first half-hour or so is fast and furious, and guests who have provided themselves with two guns have a considerable advantage. Later on the birds get higher and wilder, and some seek the safety and seclusion of such other *jheels* or stray pieces of water as they can find in the surrounding country. Though the shooting gradually becomes less continuous and more difficult, however, there is generally no lack of sport until the 'Cease fire' sounds.

"Large numbers of beaters are posted in the water to prevent the birds from settling out of range. Elephants are also used for this purpose. The 'bag' varies considerably from year to year.

"The record was obtained in 1916, when 4,206 birds were accounted for by fifty guns. The highest individual 'bag' was obtained by His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur in 1919. On that occasion 401 of the birds that fell to his gun were picked up.

"The shoot organised for H.R.H. on December 8th, 1921, followed the usual lines of Bharatpur duck-shoots. After breakfast, which was preceded by polo practice in the early morning, H.R.H. was conducted to his butt by H.H. the Maharaja.

"The Prince's butt was No. 3, in the middle of what is known as the Viceroy's Bund (*vide* map opposite p. 163).

"Admiral Halsey was in the next butt on one side, and other members of H.R.H.'s Staff were accommodated in butts on the same bund, except Colonel Harvey and Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency, to whom places were allotted in the north part of the Ghana, near Malah village. The total number of guns was fifty-three, and, besides the Prince's Staff, the guests included the Maharaja of Panna, the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, Mr. Holland, the Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, Sir Hereward Wake, Sir Percy Hambro, Sir Harry Watson, Sir Henry Freeland, and Mr. Jelf, the Political Agent.

"The birds were not so numerous nor so tractable as in some years, but in spite of this the bag before lunch reached the respectable total of 1,721, to which number H.R.H. contributed 64, and H.H. the Maharaja of Bharatpur 73.

"After a good lunch, served in a large tent on an open space, known as Keoladeo, at the end of the Viceroy's bund, the photographers appeared on the scene, and when they had completed their bag, shooting was resumed from three o'clock. The Prince, however,

having had three hours' good sport in the morning, decided not to continue, and his example was followed by many of the guests. For this reason the afternoon's bag, which is usually about half the morning's total, was comparatively small. Even so, 500 more birds were accounted for, this bringing the total for the day up to 2,221.

"The highest individual bag was obtained by H.H. the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, who picked up 210 birds. Sardar Tara Charan of Dholpur had 180, while of H.R.H.'s Staff, Captain Piers Legh and Admiral Halsey did best, with bags of 144 and 100 respectively.

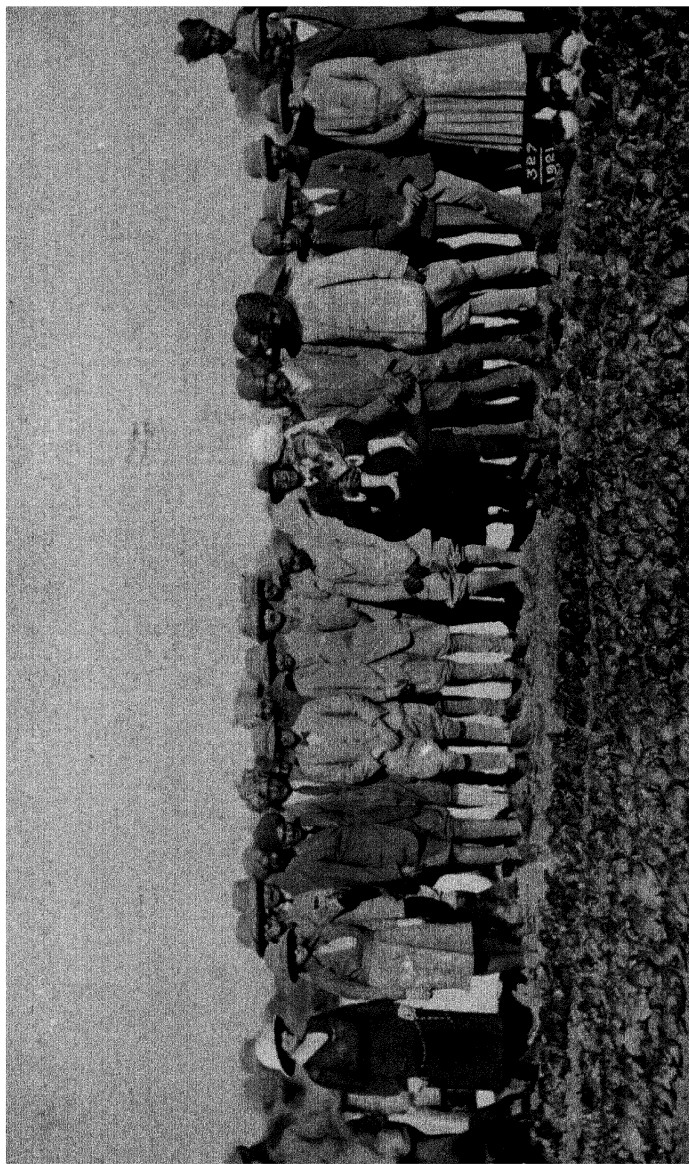
"Though the total 'bag' fell far short of the record, the shoot as a whole was an unqualified success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by H.R.H. and all who took part. Even those guests who found that the elusive duck paid little attention to their shot enjoyed the day they spent in the picturesque surroundings of the Ghana, and the part they took in what is probably the premier duck-shoot of the world.

"Bharatpur is famous for its hospitality, and on this occasion H.H. the Maharaja surpassed the best traditions of his State, leaving nothing undone that could contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of his guests."

Appended is a detailed list of the bag :

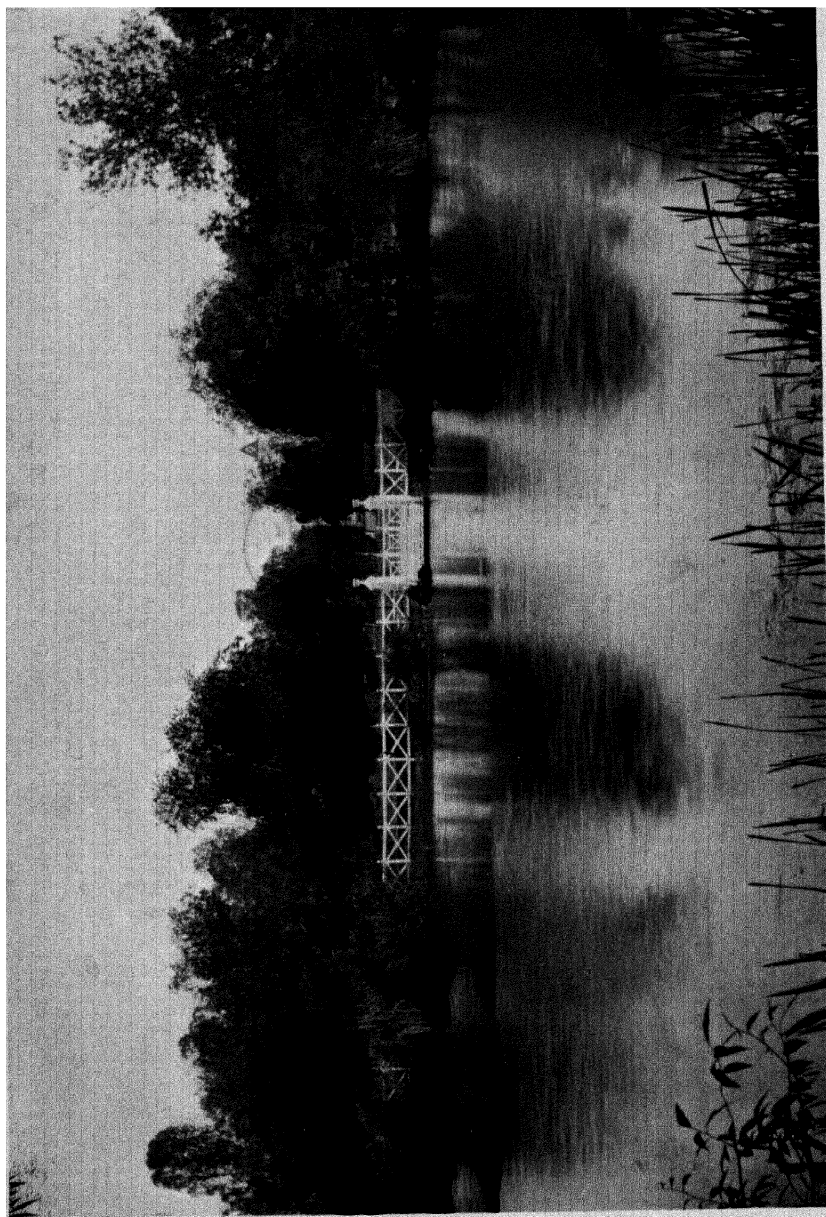
RECORD OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DUCK SHOOT
On December 8th, 1921.

Butt No.	Names	Number of bags.		Total.
		Before lunch.	After lunch.	
Boat	H.H. the Maharaja Sahib of Bharatpur .	73	—	73
1	Lieut.-Colonel D. B. Girdhar Singh .	10	—	10
2	Admiral Halsey	68	32	100
3	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	64	—	64
4	Captain the Hon. Piers Legh	116	28	144
4A	Lord Cromer	12	4	16
5	Colonel Worgan	37	13	50
6	Lieut.-Colonel O'Kinealy	7	—	7
7	Captain Metcalfe	16	2	18
8	Lieutenant Lord Mountbatten	5	—	5
9	Mr. H. A. F. Metcalfe	20	3	23
10	Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy	18	—	18
11	Maharaja Yag Nrain Singhji	15	—	15
12	Captain Dudley North, R.N.	15	—	15
13	Mr. Gove	15	21	36



THE GREAT DUCK SHOOT ARRANGED FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BHARATPUR ON DECEMBER 8TH, 1921. A total of over 2,080 duck were shot. It is the ambition of every sportsman in India to be invited to shoot duck at Bharatpur. Next to the Prince of Wales, in the centre of the picture, is the Maharaja of Bharatpur. His Highness's little son and Admiral Halsey, Mr. Petrie, the Hon. Piers Legh and Lord Cromer also appear in the picture.

Photograph by the kindness of E. C. Gilson, Esq.



THE LAKE AT KAPURTHALA, WHERE ARRANGEMENTS HAD BEEN MADE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES TO SHOOT DUCK.
H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala is a well-known shot, and the duck shooting in his State is good and convenient to the Palace.

RECORD OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DUCK SHOOT—*contd.*

Butt No.	Names.	Number of bags.		Total.
		Before lunch.	After lunch.	
14	K. Birendra Singh	50	40	90
15				
16				
17	Mr. Marryat	12	3	15
18	Captain Hammick	4	4	8
19				
20	Major Branson	7	8	15
21	Onkar Singh	5	5	10
22	Captain Hornsby	7	2	9
23	Major Reynolds	17	11	28
24	Colonel Arkwright	26	—	26
25	Colonel Henderson	21	—	21
26	Colonel Sweet	30	6	36
27	Mr. Jelf	28	—	28
28	Sir Hereward Wake	44	19	63
29	Member of H.R.H.'s Staff	19	—	19
30				
31	The Hon. Mr. Holland	13	2	15
31A	Captain Walker	29	20	49
32	General Sir Harry Watson	49	28	77
33	Colonel Watson	30	10	40
33A	Major Ogilvie	12	7	19
34				
35	Commander Fry	13	10	23
36	Major Cole	59	21	80
37	Colonel St. John	46	9	55
38	Mr. Gibson	22	—	22
39	General Sheppard	56	—	56
40	M. Narain Singh	21	7	28
41	H.H. the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur	173	37	210
42	H.H. the Maharaja of Punna	52	15	67
43	Brother of H.H. of Punna	35	10	45
44	Colonel Sir Percy Hambro	43	18	61
45	Lieut.-Colonel Harvey	43	13	56
45A	Mr. Pettit	34	20	54
46	Mr. de Montmorency	30	—	30
47	Sardar Tara Charan, Dholpur	143	37	180
48	Mr. Asdown	21	—	21
49	Mr. W. M. Vacy Ash	11	—	11
50				
51				
Boat	Sir Henry Freeland	25	35	60
	TOTAL	1,721	500	2,221

It was a disappointment that the Prince was unable to have any duck-shooting at Kapurthala. All arrangements had been made, in case H.R.H. should find it possible ; but it was necessary for the visit to Kapurthala to be limited to a single day, and that a Sunday.

H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala is a well-known shot. The greater part of his shooting is on his estates in Oudh ; but the duck-shooting at Kapurthala itself is good and convenient to the Palace.

SNIPE SHOOTING IN BURMA

January 4th :

Commander Newport	}	At Mandalay.	28 snipe.
Mr. Petrie			
Mr. Foster			

January 4th :

Admiral Halsey	}	At Mandalay.	119 snipe.
Mr. Petrie			
Commander Newport			
Mr. Thompstone			

January 6th :

Mr. de Montmorency	}	—	25 snipe.
Colonel O'Kinealy			

January 7th :

H.R.H.	}	At Mandalay.	85 snipe.
Colonel Harvey			
Commander Vibert			
Lord Cromer	}	At Mandalay.	46 snipe.
Lord Louis Mountbatten			
Mr. Thompstone			
Admiral Halsey			
Mr. Petrie	}	—	68 snipe.
Mr. de Montmorency			
Colonel Pringle			
Commander Newport	}	—	29 snipe.
Mr. Laidlaw			

SNIPE SHOOTING AT MADRAS

<i>January 14th.</i>	By a party of members of the Staff.	65 snipe.
<i>January 17th.</i>	„ „ „	44 „
<i>January 21st.</i>	„ „ „	21 „
Total bag		65 couple.

This was very interesting shooting, because the snipe were mostly in bushes. There was no water, and the shooting was chiefly overhead.

CHAPTER X

THE TROPHIES OF THE SHOOTS

THE lists printed in preceding chapters show that 95 large game animals were shot by H.R.H. and members of his Staff in the course of the tour. This does not include the boars killed in pig-sticking or any of the small game, whether birds, hare or porcupines ; nor is the Prince's hamadryad counted as "game." Besides the various members of the deer tribe, there were 30 tigers, 6 leopards, 3 bears, 10 rhinoceroses and 1 gaur, and, with very few exceptions, they all had to be appropriately treated for their preservation as trophies.

Of the carnivores there were the skins, with heads, to be preserved intact ; of the rhinoceroses the heads, and in some cases the feet ; of the gaur, the heads with horns ; of some of the boar the heads ; of the deer tribe either the heads or the horns or antlers, as well as some hooves, etc. Altogether, the amount of work to be done was considerable ; and sometimes (such a large number of animals being shot in a single day on some of the bigger shoots) the work had to be done under high pressure.

The first lesson which one would impress upon any sportsman who intends, or hopes, to bring home in enduring form the proofs of his success with the rifle is that, while the work of preservation is to some extent one of skill, it is much more one of care. You must know how each thing is to be done ; but vastly more important is it that you should do the things yourself, or see with your own eyes that they are done.

If you turn over your skin—or whatever it may be—in proper condition to a first-class taxidermist, he can generally be trusted nowadays to produce a first-class job. But he cannot do anything with a skin which has been improperly stripped, or with one which has been dried over a too hot fire, or has been packed before it is thoroughly dry ; nor can he do justice to a trophy—mask or foot—which has been imperfectly cleaned.

It is not safe to leave things entirely in the hands of your native shikaris or assistants (though I had two of the best with me), but you must give them your own personal attention. If you want good results you must first take trouble. That is a golden rule.

In what follows, I quote freely from the little book "The Preservation of Shikar Trophies," by the Messrs. Van Ingen, of Mysore—the Rowland Wards of India. It is the best book of its kind that I know. The principles which Messrs. Van Ingen lay down—the result of enormous experience—are the principles which I endeavoured to follow. Some of the following hints, as well as the blocks, are taken from the little book.

First of all : Never, under any circumstances, dry a skin in the hot sun or near a fire, or pack skins treated with wood ash, arsenical soap or carbolic till they are thoroughly dry.

In Nepal after the great shoots were over and everyone had left

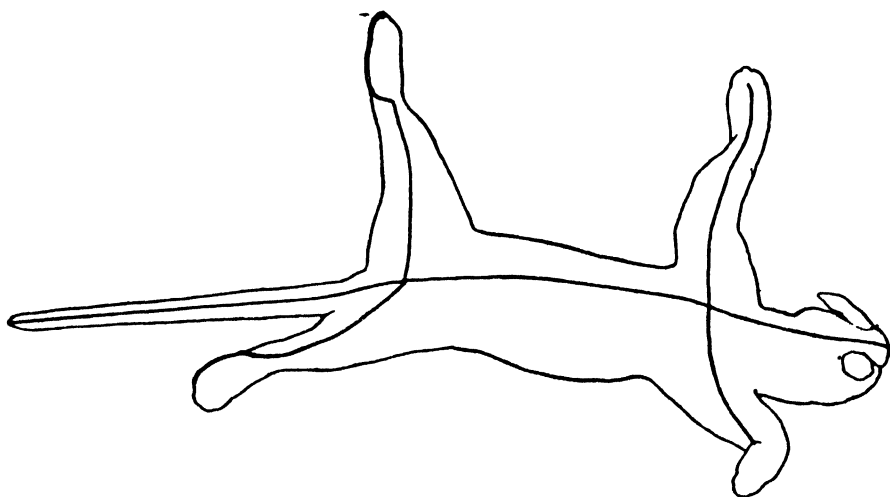


FIG 1.

the camp, there was depression in the weather, and it looked as though the winter rains were setting in. It was practically impossible to dry skins, especially such hides as those of the rhinoceroses (of which there were a number in various stages of being cleaned), so we had to adopt the salt method, of which I speak later.

In the case of tiger, panther, or in fact any animal, the skin of which is intended to be mounted either flat or with the head, we made one long incision from chin to the tip of tail, as in the accompanying Fig. 1, and two lateral incisions, one from paw to paw across the chest, and similarly with the two hind legs, being careful that when the cut reached the heel it should pass down the back of the foot. All tigers and panthers should be treated in this way (as illustrated in Fig. 1), otherwise the skins will be ruined. Unless as in Fig. 2, the white of the underside of each leg is equally divided, the marking

or coloration shown on the flat skin is not equally distributed, nor the white margin which adds so much to their beauty. Fig. 3 shows the result of carelessness in making the preliminary incision, or the lack of watchfulness over one's assistants in skinning.

We avoided the old-fashioned method of leaving the mask intact, *i.e.*, not making the incision directly up to the chin, *vide* Fig. 1. Some sportsmen, not continuing the cut to the chin, are compelled to turn the mask inside out to complete the cleaning off of the flesh, fat, and soft tissues round the eyes and lips. This method generally coincides with that of stretching the skin out to the fullest extent possible when pegging out to dry, which results invariably in the skin of the body being stretched square out of all shape. During the drying of such a skin it is not possible to see what is happening to the hair of the ears and face. This is most important, as the hair slips more readily from the ears and lips than any other part. We pegged the skins out strictly in accordance with Fig. 2, and were able to watch the tender parts, which in point of fact are the making or marring of a good trophy.

Figs. 4 and 5 show the operation being correctly conducted.

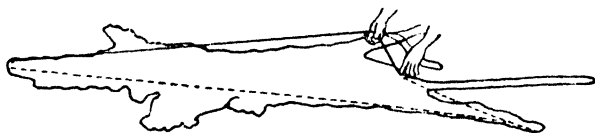


FIG. 4.

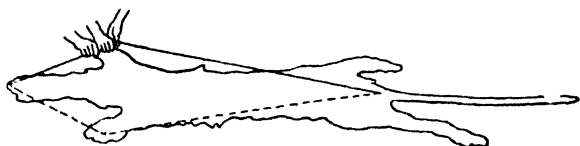


FIG. 5.

Some authorities advise the employment of wooden pegs for stretching the skins. If these are used they should be mere thin splinters. Thin steel nails are good. We used wood which was extremely slender. Otherwise large holes may be made all round the skins, which it is impossible for the taxidermist later to remedy. The tape, in the illustration, is being used to secure equality of distances, to ensure that the skin is symmetrically pegged out and not merely stretched in any direction.

It is not a good plan to stuff a mask with straw, which is liable to overheat, and also harbours insects.

It was most satisfactory to learn from the report of the various taxidermists who dealt with the skins secured on the Prince's shoots that they had no fault to find with their curing, and that no hair was lost from the delicate and difficult parts. It is always worth while to take the greatest care in the skinning and drying of the lips, ears, eyes, nostrils and pads.

All the skins that could be so treated (rhinos of course, on account of their bulk, could not) were pegged out as in the illustration of the tiger on Fig. 2, the common mistake of over-stretching any part being guarded against.

As regards rhinos, of which nine were shot in the week's shoot near Bikna Thori (two by the Prince of Wales), many people will wonder no doubt how they were dealt with. It was, indeed, a puzzle to me before I went up to the land of the Gurkhas, but, like most things, it solved itself in its own good time. Many eminent sportsmen had spoken to me before of the chance awaiting me of having to deal with that rare animal the Indian rhinoceros, and duly impressed me with their various suggestions. I remember being filled with such enthusiasm as to have in my mind resolutions to take their weights—beyond doubt a highly desirable thing, but presenting some difficulties! I believe I even infected General Sir Kaiser with some of my enthusiasm, and he even went so far as to take steps in order to try to meet my wishes on this point. I had also wonderful ideas of preserving the entire skins in one piece after they had been shot. Circumstances, however, completely upset all these plans. Rhinos were shot all round the camp in every direction, and instead of my going to the rhinos they had to be brought to me. Huge portions were arriving by lorries all day and night, and at the very end of the shoots they caused me considerable perturbation, as, my two men having more than three dismembered rhinos apiece, together with nineteen other animals of lesser bulk on the night of December 21st, we felt we were being surfeited with a feast when we were only expecting a moderate meal.

Like its African brother (*Rhinoceros bicornis*) the Indian species is extremely bulky and unwieldy, and the carcase correspondingly difficult to deal with.

As the skinners were unable to be at all places at once (sometimes there were as many as three parties shooting in different jungle areas of the Terai many miles apart), the course adopted in removing the hides was roughly as follows :

The main incisions were as in the case of the other carnivores. For convenience in handling, and to enable them to be more easily moved, the head and neck were disjointed from the body-skin at a line just in front of the shoulder. The head and neck were then made ready for the taxidermist for mounting as a trophy. Since none of the animals was required for mounting intact as museum specimens, the remainder of the hides were cut up as indicated by the natural shields of the animals. These formed very convenient pieces, about 3 feet square, some more or less rectangular, the shoulder shields being

roughly triangular. In one or two of the outlying shoots, such as the one at the fifteenth milestone on December 20th, lack of time rendered preparation or preliminary cleaning of the skins impossible, so the huge joints of the animal were brought directly into camp to be dealt with by my staff at our leisure ; if it can be imagined that under the circumstances we had any !

The first consideration was given to the masks, and the heads and necks, especially of the one shot by H.R.H. on December 19th.

Careful paring down was done by men specially detailed for this purpose by the Nepalese Government. I found these men well qualified for the work, and they carried out my instructions quite satisfactorily ; except that they did not like working after daylight had finished, and the jungles resounded with eerie cries of wild animals. The skinning camp, however, as I have already said, was well guarded by Gurkhas, while the Prince was there, and huge fires were kept burning. After H.R.H. left, however, on the night of the 21st, and during Christmas week, when we relied only on the fires to keep animals off, perhaps they had reason for waywardness and dilatory feelings as regards night operations.

This paring down was particularly arduous, and altogether a sanguinary and not altogether pleasing job. It was most difficult to work without being smothered with blood.

After the meat and fat were removed, the thickness of the hide itself, resembling rather the blubber of a whale (only much tougher) had to be removed. One might almost call this a coconut substance. It was pared off by "draw knives" specially constructed for the purpose, and keenly sharpened. The *moochies* (or native skinners) were continuously ceasing work to re-sharpen their blades. The labour too was so arduous that they had to work in relays. Great credit redounded to Baptista, the head skinner, for his patience in dealing with the men, and for his perseverance with the working, even though at one time he was suffering from a sharp go of fever. It was a considerable asset that he was able to speak Nepalese, which I could not.*

From about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick to something like half-inch or less in thickness the skins had to be reduced, and then we could attempt to treat them with preservative ; for it is hopeless to expect these preparations to penetrate anything thicker than that. Then, having

* Both Baptista and Rawje spoke Nepalese, the former very well. He had been in Nepal a great many times, and, perhaps with the exception of Hodgson, zoologists owe more to the collecting of this simple Goanese in the country of Nepal than to any one else. He has been allowed by the Maharaja of Nepal for several years to wander all over the country collecting specimens for the Bombay Natural History Society and for the British Museum. Indeed, at this moment, I believe he is continuing his researches in some remote region visited by very few people, and certainly by no white man, in the west of Nepal.

cleaned or washed the skins, men were set to work to rub in the preservative, after careful attention, as usual, to the eyes, ears, lips, etc. The preservatives used, of course, were alum and arsenical soap.

Rhinoceros skins, more than any other, take a tremendous time to dry; and for this reason the thinner they are pared the better, as they then dry more rapidly. Our stay in Nepal was therefore prolonged, and it was a considerable anxiety to have to wait till these things were in a fit condition to make it safe to travel through India to Bombay with them. Climatic conditions about Christmas time and the New Year were far from conducive to the early realisation of the results for which we were working. Even under the most ideal conditions one must be prepared for adverse weather and unlooked for emergencies, no matter what taxidermist field-books and *vade mecum*s say.

As the skins became dry they were folded in sizes convenient to fit the immense tin-lined boxes prepared for their reception. To an inexperienced person the hides would have appeared so hard as to be useless for anything, being as stiff as boards, and taking three or four men to handle them. But I have seen the result of the taxidermists' work upon some of them. In particular, a rhino trophy, which was shot by Lord Cromer on December 20th, at the fifteenth milestone from Bikna Thori shooting camp, the head of which huge beast looked very fine, as I saw it reposing temporarily in the show rooms of Messrs. Gerrard and Sons, the well-known taxidermists and osteologists, of Camden Town.

The preparation of the rhinoceros's feet presented a difficult problem, the tedious job of removing the hard muscular tissue and bones from the narrow confines of an exceedingly tough hide, and the strong toe-nails, being work that tried the patience of Baptista and Rawje considerably. It took several days to get them sweet and clean. Indian sportsmen as a rule have the advantage of highly-trained skimmers to do their work for them. Hunters in Africa have told me that they are not always so fortunate; and, having had to do this work themselves, they can appreciate what the securing of such a trophy as a fine rhinoceros foot means.

As regards the other portions of the rhinoceros, about which I was constantly having queries put to me by different members of the Staff in reference to their future use, I recommended that they should be kept, and later made into various articles for which they are suitable, such as tables, walking sticks, riding whips, paper knives, cigar boxes (these were exceedingly popular), and even ladies' bangles, etc.

Returning to tigers, the drying of these skins, after they had been

treated with arsenical soap, presented no difficulties, except in Nepal, as climatic conditions, especially in the Royal shooting camp at Karapur, Mysore, where Colonel Worgan obtained his fine tiger, and at the shooting box at Kachnaria, in Bhopal, and in that wonderland of Indian shooting, Gwalior, where H.R.H. accounted for four fine tigers, was ideal. The only difficulty with tigers I experienced was not to mix them up, but to see that the proper labels were not confused, and that the right heads and wrong lucky bones did not go astray. I remember Lord Louis Mountbatten being rather perturbed in Nepal after he had shot his 9 feet 7 inches tigress, when he came down to the skinning camp to see it. During my absence Baptista had mistaken the skewered labels planted out on the ground, and had allotted him, from among the five tigresses which had already come into camp, one measuring 8 feet 2 inches, shot by Sir Godfrey Thomas. He appealed to me, and we soon found the right animal when we turned them over, as we always took the precaution of painting the owner's name on the inside of the skin, so that there could be no possible mistake.

The "lucky bones," or tiger's floating clavicles, were much sought after; and everywhere I went I was saluted by different members of the Staff with "Well, what about my lucky bones, Ellison?" H.R.H. was particularly pleased when I gave him the pair belonging to his first tiger. I produced them from my pocket one evening at Mysore after dinner.

The skimmers were careful to see that all blood and dirt was removed from the skins before they were finished. Otherwise a tiger, like the one the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy shot near the fifteenth milestone from camp, on December 17th, which had four shot wounds, and was very much stained with blood, might have been permanently disfigured by discoloration.

Passing from tigers to leopards is a small matter, the treatment being so similar in both cases. It is of interest to remark that the panther Captain Poynder shot in Bhopal, whose skin was so knocked about, was afterwards quite redeemed by the taxidermist's art.

The elephants obtained by the party who visited Burma in January, and went to the Ruby Mines district to shoot, did not pass through our hands; but Captain Piers Legh, as I have mentioned before, sent me his tusks, and I examined them, and made the report given in another portion of this book.

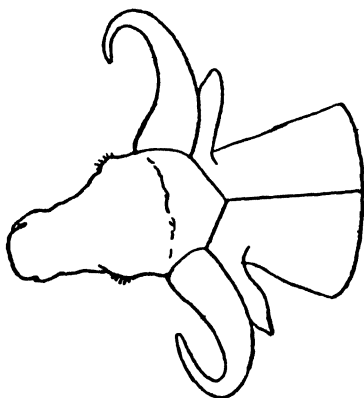
Of the bears shot in Nepal and Gwalior, I have no remarks to make. The Himalayan specimen, which is now set up in the house of Colonel Molesworth, in the Island of Jersey, caused a great deal of work on account of the mass of fat it had on it. A lot of attention

had to be given to the feet, as they have a considerable amount of cartilaginous tissue which tries the edges of the knives, and then care has to be taken with the lips, not on account of the whiskers, but because they are so thick and fleshy. Especially is this the case with the sloth bear.

Of gaur, the bulkiest of the Ungulates—only one was shot in connection with the tour—it was skinned in the usual manner, and has resulted in a very successful trophy.

Van Ingen's directions for skinning the head of the animal one quotes here, as it is an entirely different procedure from the method mentioned above in regard to Felidæ :

“Heads with horns should have the incision for skinning along the back of the neck between the ears, till the horns are nearly reached, then cut right out, and left like the letter ‘Y,’ carrying the incision round the burr of each horn. The mask can then be easily stripped off. The accompanying illustration of a tsaine head explains this. The entire neck skin should always be kept, it being understood that no incision is made along the throat, so that the taxidermist can model this part without it being spoilt by an ugly seam.”



This refers to the head only, it having been severed from the body at a point just in front of the shoulders at the back of the neck to a point in the dewlap or chest, just in front of the forelegs.

Hooves of the animals are also usually saved to make some more or less useful trophy.

As regards nilghai, sambhur, black buck, chinkara and hog deer, the skinning progressed on similar lines to that of the tiger and panther, the difference being that where the skins were to be used as mats, in addition to the incision as in the tiger, the method described with reference to the gaur head above had to be adopted, to remove the skull and horns ; but where the head was to be preserved as a trophy, e.g. the cases of the twelve sambhur shot in Bhopal forests, the head and neck were severed from the body at the shoulder, and the incisions made only at the back of the neck to the base of the horns.

Of the wild boar, it was generally borne in mind that the table is

as well served by the animal as the wall is decorated by it. Indeed, I have vivid recollections at the moment of a boar I shot shortly after I came to India, which provided a succulent repast for many mouths in a certain well-known Indian club. The drying of the skins required watchfulness. An authority informs me that the rules I laid down about drying cannot be followed in his country, Borneo, during the continuously heavy rains there. The only means then of drying wild pig is by means of a fire. For museum purposes, such a skin must be shaped previous to drying, as once it is set and dried by these means its shape cannot be altered without breaking the skin. This is the reason why drying by fire or heat of high temperature is to be avoided. It is absolutely impossible to alter the skin afterwards.

The only reptile (and perhaps the most important zoological item from a record point of view) shot on the Royal shooting expeditions was the 10-foot king cobra, or hamadryad, which may consider itself distinguished as going down to posterity as having been shot by H.R.H. himself.

It was easily preserved. A simple incision was made down the median line of the ventral surface, and the skin removed. It was then well treated with arsenical soap, and dried flat without undue stretching.

The pharyngeal teeth of the mahseer (though I mention them here, they are not big game) caught in the River Cubbany, at Mysore, by the Prince and Staff were preserved and made very interesting souvenirs. I myself had the teeth of one I caught mounted and made into a menu holder. Mr. Bowring of Mysore, who organised all the fishing, showed me one night when I dined with him a magnificent shield, on which were hung all his best mahseer pharynges, with the dates recorded underneath—a trophy worthy of a man whose name is known through the length and breadth of India wherever mahseer fishing is mentioned.

PRESERVATIVES

The following preservatives had their several uses : (a) arsenical soap, (b) alum, (c) salt, and (d) wood-ash.

(a) Arsenical soap is a mixture of soap and arsenic, and frequently with other ingredients such as camphor and corrosive sublimate ; the soap being the medium to hold the other ingredients to the skin. This is usually in a semi-solid condition, and is applied to the skin by means of a brush similar to a " painter's tool " ; water being previously poured on the soap to thin it down to a paste. Extreme care

should be taken not to handle it directly ; and I know myself from experience how sore one's fingers can become through ignoring this caution. It is only fair, I may add, to warn taxidermists what preservatives or poisons have been used on skins sent to them.

With the exception of the large slabs of rhino hide from the body, the trophies we had to deal with were all subjected to arsenical soap treatment.

(b) Alum, which my skimmers carried with them in a powdered form, was used very liberally on some of the skins, especially rhino. We rubbed it always well into the skin, of course on the flesh side. Alum is generally too stringent for use on tender skins ; but the interesting calf of a rhino extracted *ex utero* from a gravid female, shot on December 17th, at Kasra, was treated with alum as well as arsenical soap, although very tender, and it reached England in very satisfactory condition.

(c) Salt is always a good stand-by, though many taxidermists consider saltpetre better. Nevertheless, salt is of the highest value, as it is so readily procurable, which saltpetre is not. Salt we found we could get in any village in India, whereas saltpetre we should have had to procure beforehand, and carry with us.

(d) Wood-ash is very valuable as a drying agent, as well as a preservative. Indeed, I found that it almost dried off the numbers I affixed to pegged-out skins in Nepal, the paint, of course, not having properly set. Not the least usefulness of wood-ash is that the fine dust chokes the vermin which so readily attack skins. We did not experience any difficulty on that account in the north of India, but in the hotter parts, as at the Prince's shooting camps in Mysore and Bhopal, wood-ash was most useful. I was told of a man once who, when advised out shooting to use wood-ash for drying, made the fatal mistake of using the hot ashes from his camp fires, and then could not understand how his skins shrunk.

As regards pickling, we had no need to adopt this method of preservation, though I believe on King George's shooting trip in India it was largely used. Probably it would have made things easier, especially in Nepal, when we were short of workers, and there were such a quantity of trophies to deal with. But pickling requires a good deal of experience in making the brine to its requisite strength, and naturally increases the bulk of impedimenta to be transported by bearers.

Insects seldom attack well-cured skins. It is the unpleasant smell of badly-cured skins which attracts the bacon beetle (*Dermestes lardarius*), which soon makes short work of them, especially of the ears, lips and soft parts. The surest preservative is turpentine, which

should be plentifully applied to both sides of skins when they are thoroughly dry ; but finely-powdered naphthaline is also useful.

Some of the foregoing will probably seem elementary to those who have had experience of big game shooting in India. But they will please consider that they are not the only people who will read this book. Nor, on the other hand, have I aimed to give a complete course of instruction in skinning and the preservation of trophies. It is not likely that any one will wish to take this volume with him on a shooting trip as a skinning manual. Let me say again that, for that purpose, I know no better work than the little book of Messrs. Van Ingen, to which I confess myself so largely indebted.

THEOBALD BROTHERS

As I have spoken at such length of Messrs. Van Ingen, it is right that something should also be said of the other great firm of taxidermists, Messrs. Theobald Brothers, also of Mysore.

The firm was founded by the great sportsman Albert G. R. Theobald (" Big Bore ") of the Madras and Mysore Forest Service ; and it is now carried on by his two sons, Charles and William, who were associated with him for many years before he died in 1919.

Messrs. Theobald claim to have been the first firm to chrome-cure skins with the hair on, and to set up heads on hollow *papier maché* casts, a process for which they hold patent rights in India. They employ a very large staff, and receive work not only from all parts of India, Burma and Ceylon, but from Africa and other parts of the world as well.

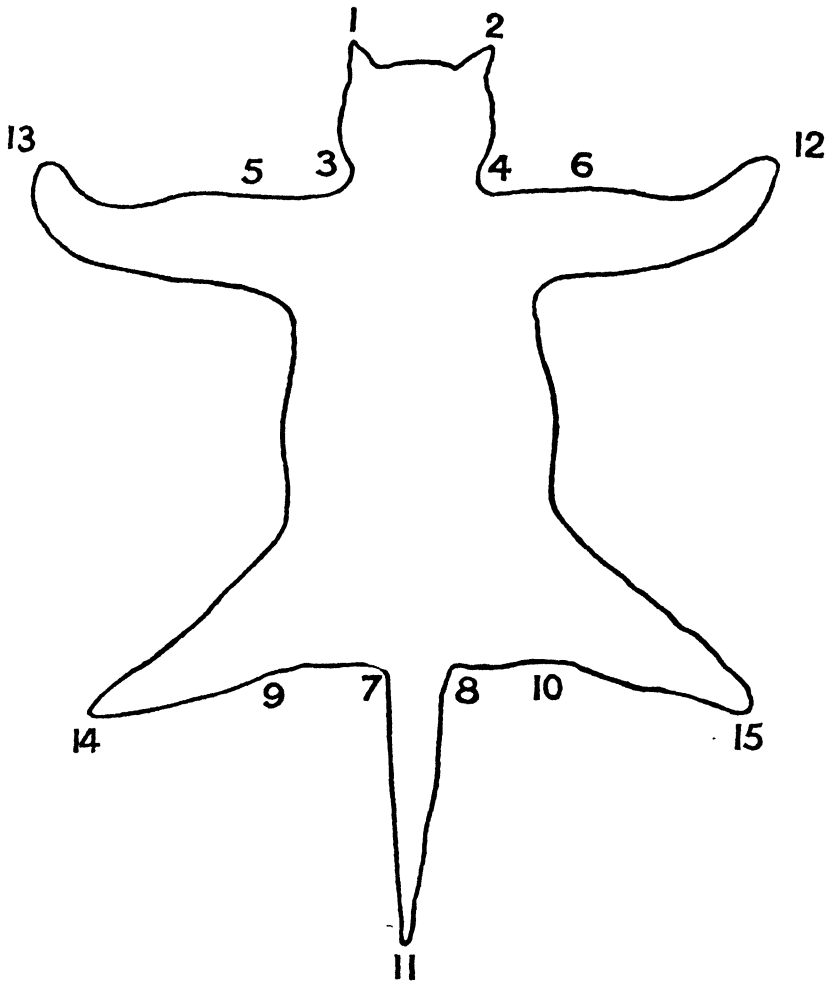
These two firms—Messrs. Theobald and Messrs. Van Ingen—are both first-class establishments. There are no better in India.

NOTE TO CHAPTER

Mr. Dunbar Brander, O.B.E., in a letter, after having read the foregoing, writes :

" Your valuable information on the subject of how to deal with skins might be amplified by giving the novice a guide as to how it should be pegged out. I have often seen the most grotesque results, and a beginner somewhat puzzled over getting the skin symmetrical. I found that if the pegs are driven in, in the following order the general shape of the skin is fixed, and cannot get seriously out of shape with subsequent stretching.

"The driving of pegs 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, mainly determines the length. In driving 12 and 13, see that 13 to 1 equals 12 to 2. In driving 14 and 15, see that 14 to 13 and 14 to 11 equal 15 to 12 and



15 to 11. After these 15 pegs are in, the skin can be widened as much as one likes and the shape can take care of itself. It takes about sixty pegs to do a tiger skin."

CHAPTER XI

SHOOTING RECORDS AND LIST OF GUNS

TOTAL BAGS OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND STAFF ON THE INDIAN SHOOTS IN 1921 AND 1922

BIG GAME

30 Tigers.*	2 Nilghai.
6 Leopards.	11 Black Buck.
3 Bears.	7 Indian Gazelle, or Chinkara.
3 Elephants.	12 Sambhur.
10 Rhinoceroses.†	3 Hog Deer.
1 Gaur.	7 Wild Boar.‡

SMALL GAME

1 Porcupine.	185 Partridges.
82 Hares.	71 Crane.
5 Pigeons.	1 Houbara.
4,431 Sand Grouse.	2 Plover.
3 Pea Fowl.	623 Snipe.
7 Jungle Fowl.	1 Goose.
20 Quail.	2,785 Duck.

In addition, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales shot a hamadryad, or king cobra, in Nepal.

FISH

24 Mahseer.

Of the above the Prince of Wales shot :

5 Tigers.	1 Chinkara.
2 Rhinoceroses.	1 Sambhur.
2 Black Buck.	1 Hamadryad.

The Prince shot a lot of small game, imperial and ordinary sand grouse, demoiselle crane, ducks, &c.

He also caught five mahseer at Karapur, Mysore.

The measurements of the carnivores and other more important animals have already been given in connection with the accounts of the shoot in which they were severally taken.

They did not include any of "record" size ; as was not to be

* A tiger cub was captured alive on the shoot in Nepal.

† There was also a rhinoceros calf *in utero*.

‡ A great many pigs were killed pig-sticking by members of the party, but they are not included here.

expected. The securing of "records" becomes always increasingly difficult as the game decreases in numbers and, what is more important in the case of "heads," the finest animals are always being sought for and shot. Even in such vast areas as the game tracts of India, the chance of the largest and most vigorous specimens being left to breed grows continually smaller.

For purposes of comparison, there is appended here a list of the "records" (taken from Rowland Ward's well-known work) of the various heads and horns of Indian big game, together with the details of the best trophies in the collections of the Bombay Natural History Museum. These were published in a "Guide Book" produced by the Bombay Natural History Society in anticipation of H.R.H.'s visit, but certain errors in that publication are here corrected.

In regard to the size of the tigers, the announcement that Lord Reading, when Viceroy, had shot a tiger in Gwalior measuring 11 feet 5 inches, following the "record" specimen of 11 feet 5½ inches, killed by Lord Hardinge, also when Viceroy, and also in Gwalior, was the subject of a very lively correspondence in the *Field*, which began with an amusing letter from Mr. Dunbar-Brander in the issue of the *Field* of August 30th, 1923. In his letter Mr. Dunbar-Brander commented on the fact that while the Maharaja Scindia has himself, it is stated, shot between 700 and 800 tigers, and has been present at the killing of about 1,400, these beasts of over 11 feet in length only turn up to be shot by Viceroys; and he asked a number of questions in regard to the methods of measurement.

Captain H. E. Gregory-Smith, A.D.C. to the Viceroy, replied (the *Field*, November 22nd, 1923) repudiating the insinuation against the authenticity of the records, and explaining that Lord Reading's animal was measured "as best we could" by three persons "round the curves" while the tiger was lying in a "dried-up water course surrounded by rocks." The three persons present were unable to turn it on its back to measure it "between pegs." As for Lord Hardinge's tiger, it was measured by twenty-five people (also "round curves"), and a facsimile of the certificate was reproduced signed by eighteen gentlemen, including the Maharaja, Colonel Haksar, Colonel Frank Maxwell and other well-known people. In the same issue, Mr. Dunbar-Brander rejected the evidence, and called attention to the fact that whereas tiger skins notoriously stretch to, generally, about a foot more in length than the animal measured in life, the skin of Lord Hardinge's animal shrank (as Rowland Ward's records show) from 11 feet 5½ inches to 11 feet 4 inches. Another correspondent in the same paper suggested that these Viceregal tigers should be regarded as a sub-species and given the name of *Felis tigris superbus*.

	Length.	Circumference.		Tip to tip.	Points.		How obtained.	Record Length on outside curve.
		Right.	Left.		Right.	Left.		
Kashmir Stag . Swamp Deer . Schomberg's Deer . Brow-antlered Deer .	44½ 36 30½ 35	46 36 31½ 35	10 4½ 6½ 6	20½ 28 24 22	6 5 10 5	5 13 —	Dauvergne Coll., purchased 1885. Siam, A. J. A. Jardine, 1897 Burma, Vet.-Major G. Evans, 1897	53½ 33 42 Length on outside curve not including brow tines.
Sambhur . Spotted Deer . Tahiti Markhor . Nilgiri Tahr . Chamba Serow . Burmese Serow .	— — — — — —	44½* 34½ 33½ 13½ 13½ 8½	— 4½ 10½ 9 9 5½	— 17 23 8½ 4½ 5½	— 3 3 — — —	— — — — — —	Tapti River, R. Gilbert . — H. Bicknell, 1887 . Dr E. C. Gaye, 1887 . Kashmir, Dauvergne Coll. Purchased 1885. Burma, Vet.-Major G. Evans, 1897. Lieut.-General Osborne, 1907. Major J. H. Yule . Purchased .	50½ 39 48½ 15 16½ 12½ 11½
Goral . Takin . Nilghai .	6½ 28½ 7½	6½ 20½ 7½	3½ 12½ 7	3½ 12½ 5½	— — —	— — —	— — —	8½ 23½ Length of horns on front—Fore. Rear. 2½
Four-horned Antelope Indian Antelope, or Black Buck .	Fore. Rear 3-8 26	Fore. Rear 3-8 26	— —	Fore. Rear. 1-35 18½	— —	— —	J. D. Inverarity, 1886 . Bought by H. M. Phipson, Esq., in 1906, for the B N H S. from a soldier for Rs 50 . Amritsar. Dauvergne Coll. Purchased 1885. R. A. Sterndale .	28½ 27½ 15½ 14½ 10½ 70½
Tibetan Antelope Indian Gazelle Tibetan Gazelle Rib-faced Deer . Marco Polo's Sheep	24 11½ 13 5½ 62	24 11½ 13 5½ 60	— — — 2½ 16	10 4½ 5½ 3½ 50	— — — — —	— — — — —	Exchanged with Amuradin Tyabji. Dauvergne Coll. Purchased 1885 Do. — — —	28½ 27½ 15½ 14½ 10½ 70½
Hodgson's Sheep Burdial . Pir Panjal Markhor .	39½ 25½ 53	39 25½ 50½	18½ 10½ 9½	20½ 18 34½	— — —	— — —	— — —	57 31½ 53 58
Himalayan Ibex Hog Deer . Gaur .	44 20½ 39½	45 19½ 38½	11½ 3 18½	25 10½ 18½	— — —	— — —	Purneah, J. Shillingford, 1885 Burma, A. J. A. Jardine . — — —	21½ 44½ Length on outside curve of longer horn. 3½ Length on outside curve. 77½
Banting . Buffalo .	30 54½	30 54	15½ 18½	20 46	— —	— —	Do. Assam, T. J. Campbell .	— —

List of the "Records" (taken from Rowland Ward's well-known work) of the various heads and horns of Indian big game, together with the details of the best trophies in the collections of the Bombay Natural History Society. These were compiled for the Prince of Wales's visit to India.

Shot off above brow tines.

Sir John Hewett (the *Field*, December 20th, 1923), who has himself measured or seen measured 241 tigers, also expressed his dissatisfaction with the measurements, and said that he thought that "without the slightest intention of misrepresenting the facts," Lord Hardinge's and Lord Reading's tigers "cannot have been measured with the precision that is vital before such records can be accepted." Another correspondent (the *Field*, January 10th, 1924), objected to any record based on a measurement "round curves" and expressed his belief that "an 11 foot tiger has still to be shot."

Other correspondents also took part in the animated and amusing controversy* which, however, leaves the case much where it was before. There are even, it is asserted, steel tapes to be found which have twelve sections of 12 inches each marked in a total actual length of 10 feet 6 inches. So the measure needs measuring as well as the tiger!

Mr. Dunbar-Brander, who has been good enough to read some parts of the manuscript of this book, writes me on the subject of the size of tigers (and other animals killed on the tour) as follows:

"I am very interested in the figures and information you have sent me about the Prince's shoot. Taken as a whole the animals shot, their size and measurements, are normal and require little special comment. This was only to be expected from a party of sportsmen to whom accuracy was everything and ostentation nothing. Tiger bulk so largely in the bag, and are of such general interest, that my remarks will be chiefly confined to this animal.

"It is necessary to deal with Nepal, Central India and Madras separately. In Nepal the average size of the five mature tigers was 9 feet 5 inches in length, 50.2 inches in girth, 38.3 inches in height. The length measurements were, of course, taken round curves. This average is to all intents and purposes normal in the best tiger country. Such divergence as there is from the normal would be a slight decrease in length and height and an increase in girth. The average of the nine tigresses shot is—length 8 feet 1.5 inch, girth 44.5 inches, height 37.5 inches. These results are somewhat less normal. The length is under average by an inch or two, the girth is distinctly good, and the average height is exceptional.

* Since this has been written a very good article on "The Measurement of Tigers" has appeared in the *Field*, *vide* issues of July 10th, 24th, *et seq.* The correspondence is summarised and, while leaving open the question as to whether an 11-foot tiger has been shot within recent sporting history, it makes it abundantly clear that neither of the Viceregal tigers establishes the existence of animals of this size.

"But for the magnificent animal shot by Lord Mountbatten, the departure from average would be more striking. The large proportion of tigresses shot, coupled with the fact that four out of nine animals were less than 8 feet in length, makes one suspect that you were hunting amongst a pocket of females, some with cubs and others hardly mature, which were possibly avoiding ground occupied by old master tigers. It is necessary to say a word about the 9 feet 7 inch tigress. Tigresses of over 9 feet are rare. One of 9 feet 7 inches is probably one in a thousand, and viewed merely from the point of view of size this animal was the finest trophy of the shoot.

"Coming now to Gwalior, and omitting the 8 feet tiger as probably being immature, the other four tigers give an average length 8 feet 10 inches, which is approximately what one would expect from this part of India. The tigresses average 8 feet 1.3 inch, which is also normal; the result, however, confirms to some extent my remarks on the Nepal tigresses. The figures published regarding the relative sizes of the animals and dressed skins are interesting, especially in view of the recent correspondence in the *Field*. It will be noted that the average increase of the dressed skin is 1 foot 4.5 inches, and that in one particular case the increase was 3 feet. It is abundantly clear that, unless shrunk and completely neglected, the dressed skin always exceeds the length of the animal. As already stated, the figures regarding the size of the tigers shot are more or less exactly what one would expect and if anything they are on the modest size.

"The tiger shot by General Worgan in Mysore was a large animal for this part of India, 9 feet 3 inches between pegs, and 9 feet 8 inches round curves. Measuring round curves and hunting this country the biggest tiger ever killed by the famous Sanderson was 9 feet 6 inches, and Hamilton, although less well-known, but who had probably killed as many tigers, only bagged one of 9 feet 3 inches. Moreover, both these sportsmen hunted in times when the probabilities of large tiger were greater than now.

"While on the subject of Mysore, the bison's measurements are worthy of comment. A bison's skull is 11 to 12 inches in width. The span of the bison shot was 72 inches. It is presumed therefore that each horn measured round the curve was about 31 inches. The girth, however, is given as 13 inches. This is quite abnormal of animals further north, and in the Central Provinces such an animal would have a girth of 17 or 18 inches. As a 31-inch horn is mature in the Central Provinces, whereas they attain a greater size in Madras, it is presumed that this measurement of 13 inches was due to the horn not yet having reached its full length.

"Another animal killed, which is worthy of remark, is the sloth bear of 6 feet 8 inches. This is an exceptionally large bear.

"In measuring animals the object aimed at should be to convey the size of the animal and at the same time eliminate as much as possible variations in result, owing to different measurements. I strongly advocate all body measurements being carried out as follows :

"Place the animal on its back on a flat surface ; depress the head ; stick a peg into the ground at the tip of the nose and the tail ; then remove the carcase and measure between the pegs."

RIFLES AND GUNS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SOME MEMBERS OF H.R.H.'S STAFF DURING THE SHOOTS IN INDIA

Rifles :

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., M.C.

1. One '400 bore express double-barrel rifle, No. 21906, by J. Purdey & Sons, London. Barrels made of Sir Joseph Whitworth's fluid-pressed steel, taking 47 grains low-pressure cordite and 230 grains bullet.

2. One '400 bore express double-barrel rifle, by J. Purdey & Sons, London, taking 3 inch case, 47 grains low-pressure cordite, and 230 grains nickel base bullet.

3. One '280 bore single-barrel high-velocity magazine rifle, by Chas. Lancaster, No. 13097, taking 52 grains powder and 160 grains hollow bullet.

4. One '450 bore rifle, supplied by H.H. the Maharana of Udaipur.

5. One '470 bore rifle, supplied by H.H. the Maharana of Udaipur.

Sir Lionel Halsey

1. One double-barrelled 400-360, by E. J. Churchill.

2. One '256 Mannlicher.

Colonel Worgan

1. One Westley Richards '470 high-velocity double-barrelled, for big game.

2. One '370 Remington automatic, for small game.

Lieut.-Colonel F. O'Kinealy

1. High velocity '470 cordite, by Manton, of Calcutta.

Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart.

1. One '450 bore rifle, by George Gibbs.
2. One '280 bore Ross single-barrel magazine rifle. Property of Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Waterhouse, C.B., C.M.G., Buckingham Palace.

Captain Dudley North

1. One '470 bore double-barrel rifle, by Gibbs. (This rifle was used by H.R.H. when he shot his rhino.)

The Honble. Bruce Gikvy

1. One '470 double-barrel high velocity rifle, by Rigby. Property of H. H. the Maharana of Udaipur.
2. One '286 bore Mannlicher magazine rifle, for chinkara, &c.

Colonel Harvey

1. One '450 H. V. Rigby.
2. One '375 H. V. Cogswell and Harrison, both double-barrelled.

Captain F. S. Poynder

1. One '470 bore double-barrel high-velocity rifle, by Chas. Boswell, charge 75 grains axite and 500 grains bullet.

"This was a first-class all-round weapon which could not be bettered."

2. One '350 bore single-barrel automatic rifle, by Remington Arms Company, firing 200 grains bullet. Little used on this tour, but an efficient light rifle. Not recommended for normal all-round use, owing to delicate mechanism being likely to jam under unfavourable conditions of sand, &c.

Captain Poynder could not speak too highly of No. 1. He shot a tiger and an elephant each with one shot, killing them instantly. It is very powerful, not too heavy to be portable, and hits like a sledge hammer.

Captain E. D. Metcalfe

1. One '450 bore Express rifle.

Lord Louis Mountbatten

1. One '450-'400 bore double-barrel high-velocity rifle, by Watson Brothers. For tiger and rhino.
2. One '375 bore rifle by Watson Brothers. For buck and gazelle.

Mr. H. A. Metcalfe

1. One '475 rifle, by W. J. Jeffrey, London.

Guns :

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

1. Two 16-bore double-barrel guns, by J. Purdey & Sons, London. (Made of Sir Joseph Whitworth's fluid-pressed steel.)

Sir Lionel Halsey

1. Two 12-bore ejector hammerless guns, by Stephen Grant.

Colonel Harvey

1. One 12-bore, by Holland and Holland.
2. One 12-bore, by Anderson.

Mr. Metcalfe

1. One 12-bore by William Evans.

Lieut.-Colonel O'Kinealy

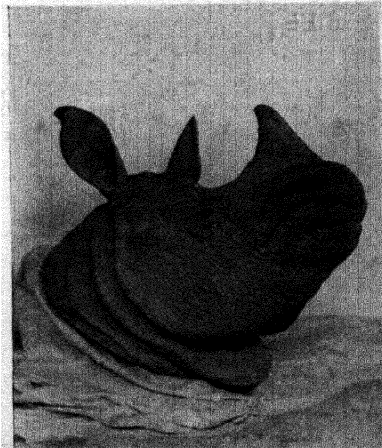
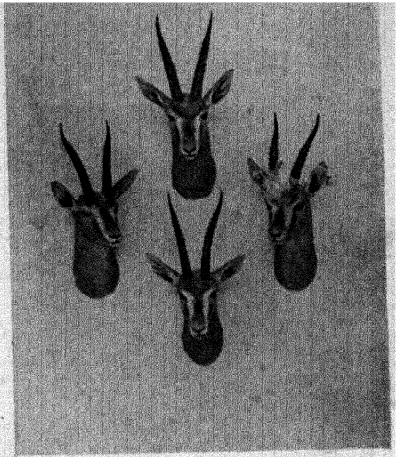
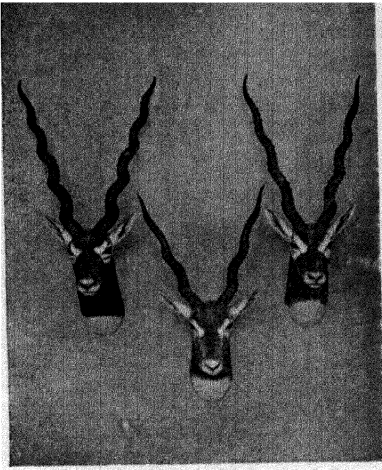
1. One 12-bore hammerless by Holland & Holland.

Captain F. S. Poynder

1. One 12-bore double-barrel hammerless gun, by Francis Scott, Birmingham.

Fishing Rods :

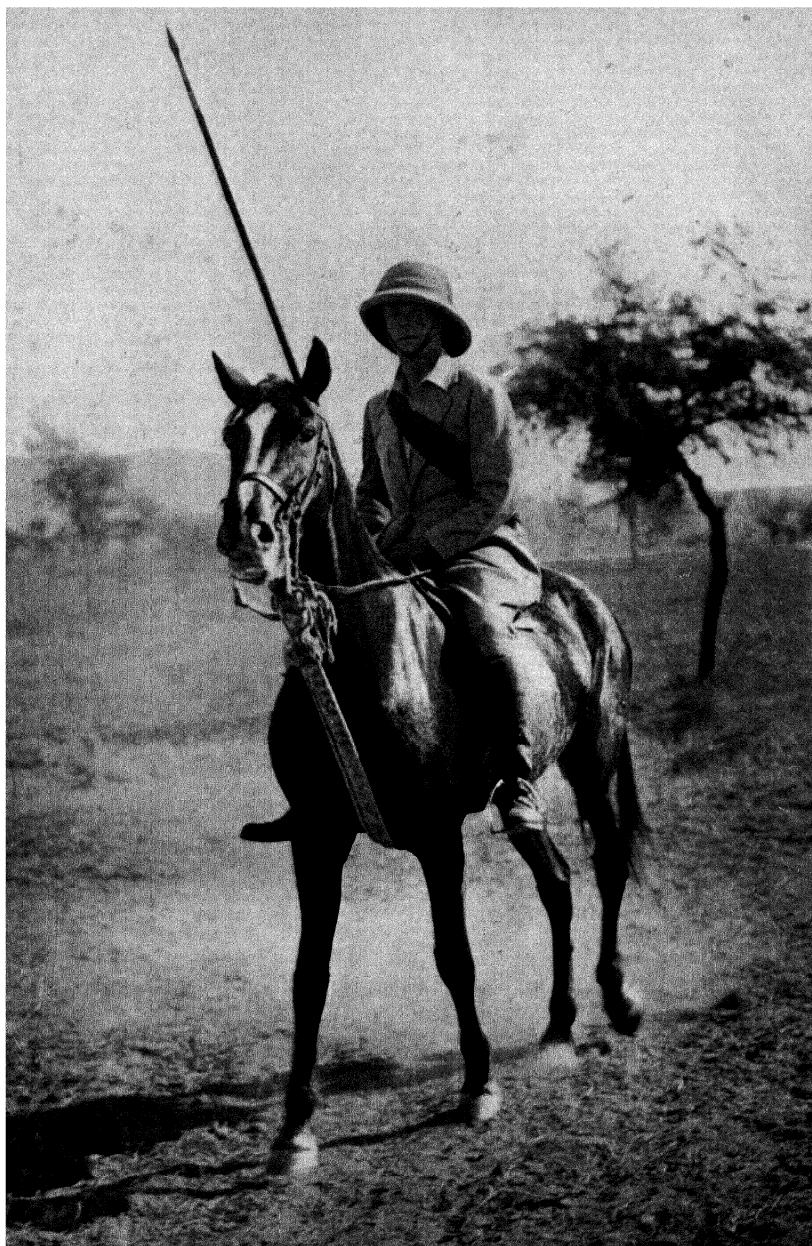
The fishing rods used by the Prince of Wales, when fishing in Mysore, were 12-feet Mardock Steel Centre Rods by Hardy, the property of Mr. Eugen M. Van Ingen. The bait used was *atta* or *ragi bittu*—or large balls of a paste made of meal with other ingredients.



Photograph through the kindness of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE BAG ON THE INDIAN SHOOTS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The tigress measured : Length 9 feet 7 inches ; girth, 50 inches ; height at shoulder, 3 feet 2 inches. The average of the nine tigresses shot in Nepal was : Length, 8 feet 1·5 inches ; girth, 44·5 inches ; height, 37·5 inches. The trophies were mounted by Messrs. Rowland Ward.



Photograph: Central News.

THE PRINCE OF WALES OUT PIG-STICKING.

There are not many more exciting or more dangerous sports in the world. H.R.H. killed one good boar with a single spear, a feat which few men achieve when as new to the game as he was.

CHAPTER XII

PIG-STICKING IN JODHPUR AND PATIALA WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE KADIR CUP MEETING

THE PRINCE OF WALES enjoyed, all told, only four days of pig-sticking in India ; but that he did enjoy those there can be no doubt. There are not many more exciting or more dangerous sports in the world ; not many thrills equal to that of getting one's first pig. H.R.H., moreover, killed one good boar with a single spear, a feat which few men achieve when as new to the game as he was.

In addition, he was present at that greatest of all pig-sticking contests, the Kadir Cup Competition, at Gajraula, in March 1922.

The circumstances under which H.R.H. first saw boar in India were interesting. It was on his visit to Udaipur in November 1921 ; and the feeding of the wild pigs at Udaipur is a famous sight. A correspondent on the tour wrote of the scene :

“ The pigs are an extraordinary spectacle. The bears that come to the Yellowstone Park hotels for food are paltry in comparison. You are placed on the flat roof of a building overlooking an acre or so of bare grey-white soil, ridged and heaped and furrowed by the innumerable trampling of pigs' feet and their rootings. Beyond is scrubby waste-land backed with forest ; and out of the forest, as the coolies begin to scatter grain and call, pour the pigs—wild pigs—great hoary tusked, large sows, pigs and piglings of every size and degree. In a few minutes there are some three hundred of them, swirling, squealing, rooting, grunting, fighting in that grey acre till it is one vast pig whirlpool—a devil dance of pigs—a veritable Gadarene nightmare—while through the maelstrom the bare-legged coolies stride scattering grain like sowers on the field. It is a sight never to be forgotten.”

Another eye-witness wrote :

“ The Royal party crossed the lake to its southern end. Here was seen a strange sight ; hundreds of wild boar, attracted by the peculiar call of the shikari, came rushing from the depths of the jungle

right to the foot of the rocky scarp. Bags and baskets full of grain were emptied upon the rocks. With grunts and squeals savagely opposing any neighbour who seemed to be making for a particularly succulent spot, the hogs eagerly made their evening meal. In the spectacle some of the party detected an epitome of the world of man. For, among the hogs, the large and powerful and cunning had the fullest meal at the most plentiful deposits of grain, their weaker brethren having to be content with foraging on the outskirts."

This, however, was a spectacle only, not sport. The Prince's first introduction to pig-sticking was in Jodhpur.

IN JODHPUR

November 29th to December 1st, 1921

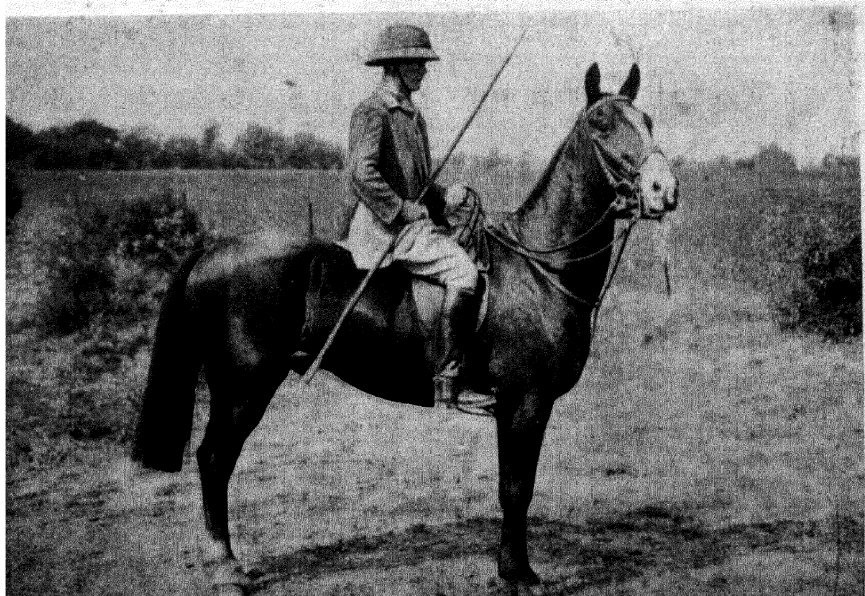
No member of the Prince of Wales's party will ever think of the visit to Jodhpur without a tribute to the memory of the late Sir Pratap Singh, Prince and Regent of Princes, keen sportsman, fine polo player, and—above all—great gentleman. He did the honours of the State to H.R.H. to perfection. It would have been sad indeed if he had not been able to welcome the Prince to Jodhpur; and, while no member of H.R.H.'s party could have any preference for, or sympathy with, one State as against another, it is impossible not to be glad that Sir Pratap Singh lived to see his beloved polo team beat invincible Patiala in that amazing game at Delhi, to which reference will be made in a later chapter.

There was a great scene when the Prince reviewed the Imperial Service Lancers of Jodhpur, with the young Maharaja at their head; and no one who was there will forget the thunder of hooves and the thrill of it as they came across the red-brown plain, emerging, one unbroken line of six troops abreast, from a red cloud of dust thicker than ever was battle smoke! It was a scrumptious scene—there is no other word—and beside the Prince, old Sir Pratap Singh sat with a seat in the saddle (at seventy-seven years of age) that few living men could match.

One had known those troops in France. One knew them in many places, and they were always the same. Splendid they looked in movement on the road or, at dusk, winding by some shell-torn path towards the front, under cover of battered village or ruined wood, moving so silently that you came on them with a shock. But chiefly one thinks of them waiting in the pitchy darkness close behind the front line on the eve of an attack, waiting, hoping, longing that the

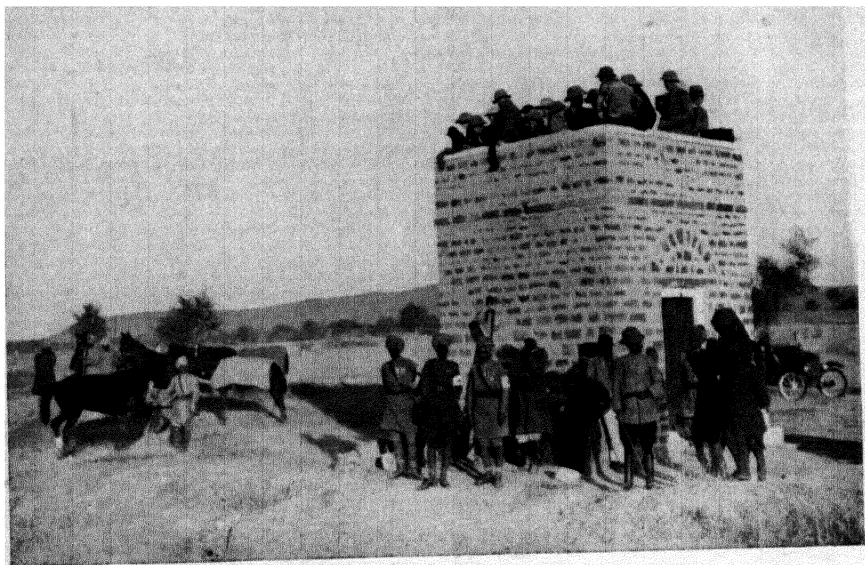


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO PIG-STICKING.
H.R.H. and Captain Metcalfe starting out at Jodhpur.



H.R.H. USEFULLY MOUNTED.

Photographs : Central News.



ONE OF THE SHIKAR KOTRIS IN JODHPUR.

They are square, flat-topped towers, assigned to the onlookers, serving the double purpose of affording an excellent view and assuring security against any wandering boar.



Photographs : Central News.

THE PRINCE'S FIRST BOAR, JODHPUR, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1921.

It was speared by H.R.H. after some very exciting moments.

moment was at hand when they could go through ; so silent and still that one felt rather than heard or saw them in the dark.

That kind of chance never came. But another chance came by Villers Guislain, when they helped to hold the German counter-attack from Cambrai, and history knows how they used it. And that, by a coincidence, was just four years ago, all but a day, on the day when the Prince reviewed them. The review should have been postponed for twenty-four hours.

Jodhpur itself, with its great fortress rock, was a fascinating place as we saw it. If you call up memories of the Acropolis at Athens ; of Carcassonne ; of that royal hill that rises in the middle of the Serbian Skoplie, and any other rock-citadels you know, you will still be something short of the impressive majesty of Jodhpur fort as it juts up grandly from the wide plain. Stupendous it is from below and marvellous from within (after you have been carried up the steep approach in an old-fashioned sedan chair), amid the mazes of the heaped pile of red sandstone palaces, all pierced and fretted screens and balconies, great gateways and towers. Here is concentrated all the pride and martial glory of the great Rajput chiefs of Marwar.

H.R.H. and his party were housed in Jodhpur in the most sumptuous of canvas cities, all wonderful in its beauty and completeness ; but most magnificent of all were the great twin reception tents.

Can you imagine a tent which is 50 yards long (yes, yards, not feet) by 35 feet high ? It takes 300 men to set it up. The poles are the masts of ships, and it came, the main framework, originally from the sack of Delhi by the Rajputs two hundred years ago.

How much of the original fabrics of a tent two centuries ago can now survive in this country, where white ants have a tendency to make all things ephemeral, it is difficult to find out. Perhaps, like the famous schoolboy's knife, it has only a sentimental eternity such as some things have in Jodhpur.

Outside the city of Jodhpur, for instance, in the suburb of Maha Mandir, are two palatial buildings, in one of which lives the Maharaja's confidential priest. In the other, close by, lives the ghost of the priest's predecessor, sleeping (one hopes ghosts sleep) in a bed with a lovely golden canopy over it. Visitors may go over the building, but no living person sleeps in it.

It may be that the old tent of Delhi lives in much the same spiritual way, continually reincarnated in new canvas, new poles and ropes. Only a ghost lives on. But it must surely be the most beautiful tent in the world, and ought never to be allowed to die.

In Jodhpur, pig-sticking flourishes as nowhere else, perhaps, in India, and it is the principal sport of the State. H.R.H. went out on two mornings before breakfast, accompanied by Sir Pratap Singh, who was as keen and active as the youngest members of the party.

The Prince speared his first pig on the first morning. The same correspondent I have quoted before, describes the sport in the *Times of India* from the spectator's point of view :

“Early this morning, long before the dawn, the rumble of cars in motion and the ‘honk’ of motor horns broke into one’s slumber. It was a timely signal. There was general rubbing of sleep from the eyes, hasty toilets and as hasty meals, and before six o’clock all who had decided either to participate in the sport or to witness it, had left the camp.

“It was still dark when we arrived at the starting point. With hesitation we groped our way to the *shikar kotris*, the square, flat-topped towers assigned to the onlookers, serving the double purpose of affording an excellent view and assuring security against any wandering pig with a toothache. The spears, in five parties of four, moved off just as the first blush of the sky proclaimed the rising sun. By this half-light there was revealed in front of the towers, undulating broken ground covered with sparse scrub, great boulders and trees, widely scarred with nullahs both deep and shallow.

“For the greater part of the time the party of horsemen was not visible to the onlookers, being concealed by the trees or plunged in the nullahs. But the rhythmic ‘clip-clop’ of the trotting horses, borne on the early morning breeze, was easily audible. Soon it changed to the quicker rhythm of a gallop. A party appeared. They plunged into a nullah and were lost to view. But a minute or two later there was borne back to us a piercing and long-drawn squeal, telling that a pig had been ridden down and speared. This, we learned later, was the Prince’s first.”

The actual death of that boar was, as a matter of fact, a rather exciting incident. Colonel Worgan thus describes it for me :

“When we got on to our first pig I was in H.R.H.’s heat, and keeping behind to watch events I came on the Prince, pulled up, and going to him to find out what had happened, found him with his rein broken short off near the snaffle ring. How he had managed to stop the horse when at full gallop, and avoid an accident in the bushes, I don’t know. One thing I do know, and am glad of, is that the gear

was not our own, and I cannot really hold any one to blame for it, as I know the palace authorities had taken every care to use nothing but the best they had, and the rein looked practically new.

"I tried to fix it up for him, but finding I could not, mounted him on my horse, which was quite a staunch animal. I rode the other back until I found some spare horsemen, and got a new rein.

"I arrived back on the scene of the chase when the boar was at bay, and saw him charge one of the Jodhpur sirdars broadside on, who narrowly missed being knocked over. Shortly after the boar charged H.R.H., who met him coolly with the point of his spear, but the shock bowled over the Prince's pony, and I was afraid there was going to be trouble, but we managed to divert the boar's attention while H.R.H. got up and re-mounted. Fortunately, neither he nor his horse was hurt, and after some more exciting moments the boar was at last killed."

Of the same incident another expert eye-witness writes :

"H.R.H. had a mighty heart and tremendous keenness, but at the start he was handicapped by lack of knowledge of the game. The Prince met the pig practically standing still. An old hand at pig-sticking might either have turned his horse and fled, or managed to push him into a gallop to meet the boar's charge. But the charge was very sudden, and H.R.H. had just changed mounts, and was on a totally strange horse.

"At Patiala the Prince was a very different pig-sticker from what he was in those first days in Jodhpur. As at polo, he was extraordinarily quick to learn how to use his legs and push his horse and, as his heart was just as big as ever, he there [at Patiala] put up a really good performance."

For those who were present, the killing of that first pig was a sufficiently thrilling and anxious moment.

The correspondent already quoted writes :

"The Prince's second kill was accomplished out of the view and hearing of the onlookers. Nor did any other pig have the good sense to choose the carefully-cleared ground in front of the towers for his deathbed. Those about to die did not salute us. And not even the charmingly expressed intentions of a young lady to catch a pig, and lead it on a string to the Prince for killing, drew one forth from the jungle. Sport was given over by half-past eight, and the hungry hunters returned to a well-earned breakfast."

Of another stirring incident of this same day Colonel Worgan writes :

“ On the first day, de Montmorency, the Sirdar Gunar Singh, and I were in the same heat, the Sirdar getting first spear, and leaving it in the boar, who then charged me. He was a very heavy fellow, and I, having speared a little far forward, had difficulty in holding him off, and eventually also left my spear in him. He then charged de Montmorency, whose horse was knocked over just in the same way as happened to the Prince. De Montmorency got up and mounted, and then the boar was killed. Luckily no one was hurt.”

Another run produced a very plucky action on the part of one of the Jodhpur sirdars. The Prince, Captain Metcalfe and Sirdar Harut Singh were in pursuit of a very big old boar. They had a most exciting ride, and all three stuck to him.

At the very beginning, first Metcalfe, and then Harut Singh, broke their spears in him. After a long chase the boar made for a broken wall, on the top of a mound where there was a lot of scrub. The horsemen being on him, he turned at bay with his back to the wall and with the two spears in his flank, an extremely dangerous brute.

Fresh spears were procured, and the three went up to finish him off. From the position the boar had taken up it was impossible to get him from behind, so Sirdar Harut Singh rode up in the bravest way and killed the boar as it was charging him. It was an extremely gallant action, as it was impossible to get on the left of the animal (as one does ordinarily in pig-sticking), but the Sirdar had to kill him with his horse tucked up right against the wall.

A hyæna was also ridden down and speared on the second day, after a very nice run. It was in a heat in which Lord Louis Mountbatten, Colonel Waddington, Captain Metcalfe, and Sirdar Harut Singh took part.

During the course of the heat a large hyæna broke out of the jungle, walloping along through the broken country as hyænas do. As there was no pig, it was decided to ride the hyæna. Although these animals do not appear to go fast, in reality they cover ground at a tremendous pace, and the members of the heat had to gallop very hard in order to overtake the brute. The Sirdar Harut and Metcalfe, however, killed him when he had almost escaped them. The hyæna was making for some rocky country, where probably he had his lair, and had practically reached some big sheets of stone—of glass-like formation—where it would have been impossible for a horse to

follow, and where he would most certainly have got away ; indeed, had he gone another ten yards he would assuredly have done so. In the end the animal made no fight ; hyænas never do. Metcalfe finished him off.

SECOND DAY

December 1st.

On the second day, though the sport on the whole was good, the Prince's heat had hard luck throughout the day. But there were three hours of strenuous work which was the best of practice ; and H.R.H. and everybody else enjoyed the two days' sticking at Jodhpur immensely.

The following is an extract from the Game Book in the possession of Captain Bruce Ogilvy :

November 30th, at Khana-ka-kna :

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	} In Heat 1 (two boar).
Captain E. D. Metcalfe	
Sirdar Guthi Singh	
Sirdar Harut Singh	
H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur.	} In Heat 2 (one boar).
Lord Cromer	
General Watson	
Sirdar Ralpat Singh	
Mr. [now Sir Geoffrey] de Montmorency	} In Heat 4 (one boar).
Sir Godfrey Thomas	
Colonel Worgan	
Sirdar Gunar Singh	

Field Note.—The party had a very good morning's sport. H.R.H. got his first spear. Heat 4 had an exciting incident with a pig. After a long run with two spears in it, it charged de Montmorency's horse, knocking it down. No damage was done, except the horse slightly cut.

At Banar :

Mr. A. Metcalfe	} In Heat 1 (no boar).
Captain the Hon Bruce Ogilvy.	
Sirdar Sher Singh	
Captain Poynder	} In Heat 2 (two boar).
Captain the Hon. Piers Legh	
Sirdar Harwant Singh	
Mr. Tempory	} In Heat 3 (no boar).
Lord Louis Mountbatten.	
Sirdar Gay Singh	

Field Note.—The party at Banar had a moderate morning's sport, only seeing two pigs, both of which were killed. The first pig was hunted by both Heats 1 and 2, Captain Poynder getting first spear. The second pig gave Heat 2 a fairly long run.

December 1st, at Buria :

Colonel Worgan and two others . . .	In Heat 1 (four boar).
Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy . . .	} In Heat 2.
Mr. Reynolds and two others . . .	
Lord Louis Mountbatten . . .	} In Heat 3 (two boar).
Captain Metcalfe . . .	
Colonel Waddington and Sirdar Harut Singh	
Lord Cromer . . .	} In Heat 4 (five boar).
Colonel Harvey . . .	
Admiral Halsey . . .	

Field Note.—An excellent morning's sport over very bad country. Besides the pig killed, Heat 3 had a very nice run after a hyæna, which was ridden down and speared.

At Khana-ka-kna :

Mr. de Montmorency . . .	} Three boar.
Mr. Temporly and another . . .	
Sir Godfrey Thomas . . .	} Two boar.
Mr. Gazalit and another . . .	

Field Note.—The Khana-ka-kna party had a very good morning's sport.

IN PATIALA

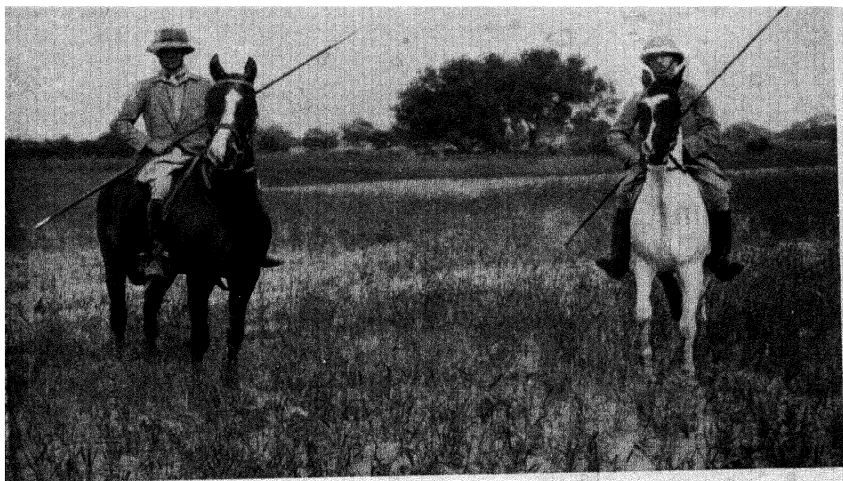
February 22nd to 24th, 1922

The Prince had two days' pig-sticking in Patiala, in very good country. The preparations which were made were most elaborate.

There were five coverts ; three facing to the east, and two to the north in front of the Bir. The distance from each to the jungle was about 100 yards. The tracts were all numbered, and in each a party of four or five sportsmen was posted. Spare spears were provided for the party in case of emergency. In each tract, a shikari was on a tree with a flag, to keep watch and give the signal when any pigs were seen breaking from the jungle in the range of each heat. Within a radius of two miles at the back of the covert, ten watchmen were placed on different high trees to look out over the area, and send news through the sirdars, who would carry the message to the nearest heat.

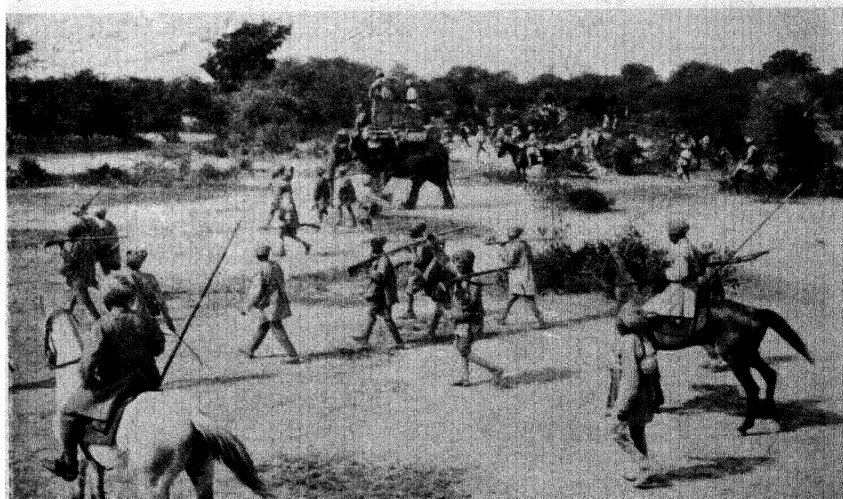
Each party was accompanied by one sirdar, who was supplied with printed forms, on which he entered the bag of each sportsman. Printed labels were attached by him to each boar killed. These had on them the names of the person who had speared, and thus any mixing of trophies was avoided.

The beat was arranged so as to form a triple line, and the elephants of all the guests, who went as spectators, were arranged in a line. They kept in front of the beaters, and were given opportunity to shoot small game. They saw the sounders rushing through the beat, and also saw the chase outside in the open country.



THE PRINCE PIG-STICKING AT PATIALA.

An expert eye-witness writes: "At Patiala he was extraordinarily quick to learn how to use his legs and push his horse, and, as his heart was as big as ever, he put up a really good performance."

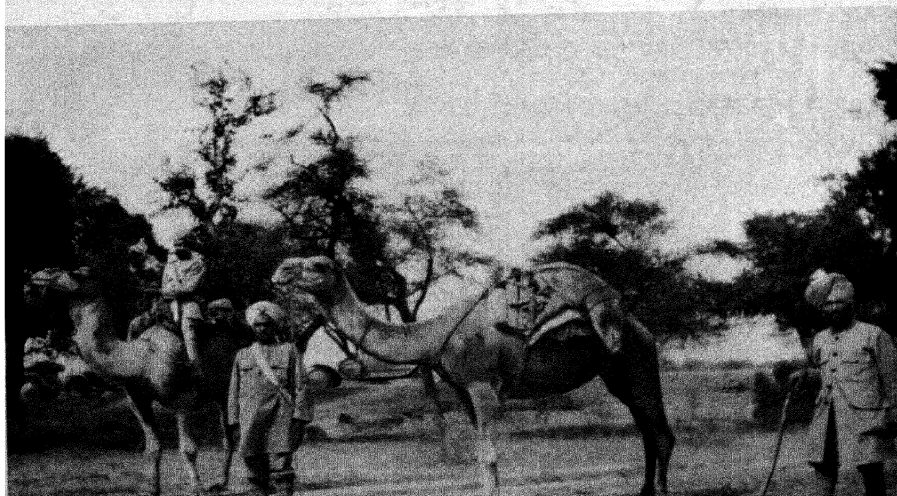


Photographs: Central News.

THE BEATERS WORKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, PATIALA, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1922.



A REST DURING PIG-STICKING IN PATIALA.
The Prince and the Maharaja taking refreshments.



Photographs through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, G.C.S.I., &c.
SOME OF THE "BAG" BEING CARRIED TO THE BASE ON CAMELS, PATIALA,
FEBRUARY 24TH, 1922.

The Prince's kill is seen on the nearer camel.

The second line of beaters, infantrymen, were given guns with which to fire blank cartridges, and drive the pig out.

When H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala gave the signal, the beat started. After all had reached the end of the jungle, the near line of beaters, who were still waiting at the starting point as a stop to prevent pig from going back, started, and the fresh line of beaters took their original places in the rear, by going from the outside of both flanks, and thus quickly the third beat was formed. The elephants came back through the centre main fire line, to take their original places as before. In the third beat, both the right and left flanks were guarded by cavalry, who stopped the pig from breaking through the line of beaters.

The jungle is divided into systematic squares, and two broad jungle fire lines are made from either side, so that a motor-car can drive comfortably through, and thus facilitate the arrangements for beating.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, motored from the Moti Bagh Palace to Sinaur on the morning of February 23rd, and reached the pig-sticking ground at 7.30 a.m. They found the horses here in readiness. The respective parties then took their places in each cover. There were four heats altogether, composed of different members of the staff and guests. As soon as the parties had taken their positions, the beat started. When the line of beaters reached half-way through the thick scrub jungle, a large number of pig were driven into the open.

The first forty-five minutes brought no luck to heats 2 and 3, although they chased some very large sows. Soon after, however, Captain Metcalfe, of Heat No. 3, which included H.R.H., Colonel Jogindra Singh and Major Sutherland, got the first spear after a good run.

The party had hardly had time to return back to cover after their run, when khubber was brought in that there was a large boar on their right. The party went in pursuit, and he was soon discerned. The boar had a very dark-coloured coat, and a fine pair of sharp tushes, and seemed ready for a desperate charge. Captain Metcalfe made a determined attempt to get on him, but the beast was too quick for him and got out of his reach. It eventually came near the Prince, who got on to him at full speed and speared him, rolling him head-over-heels. Colonel Jogindra Singh, who was following immediately behind, rushed up to put the animal out of its pain. The boar was full of courage, and pulling itself together before getting another spear into it, went for the Colonel's horse and cut open its hind quarters.

In the course of the next twenty-five minutes, the same heat started off after another boar. From a distance it looked quite a small one, but as it came closer it proved to be very large. Major Sutherland, who was riding a cavalry-like charger, speared it after a short run. The rest of the party had some difficulty in finishing it off.

Shortly afterwards, the watchmen from the tree gave the same heat the alarm that two pigs were coming from the right flank. Hearing this, the party immediately got into their saddles and waited to watch the animals break covert. Then the word was given, and all the riders shot off. One of the two pigs got over the ground with great speed, and kept ahead of all the ponies for about a mile and a half before beginning to slacken.

H.R.H. was riding a pony named Moti, one of the fastest ponies from the Maharaja of Patiala's stables. The boar made his way through the thick thorny scrub jungle, consisting of babul and kikar trees, and the Prince, paying no attention to the scratches on his face and hands, followed at a tremendous pace. The boar soon emerged into open country, and the Prince with a dash was on him. He got him with a single spear through the heart and killed him instantly. It was a very fine performance.

After about an hour and a half from the time the second and third beat started, No. 2 heat got sight of a nice-looking pig, but when they got to close quarters, to their surprise found it to be a heavily-built sow, which looked very much like a boar from a distance. After a good chase they let her go.

No. 4 heat, after waiting for a long time, got sight of a pig and Captain Poynder got him after a long run. The animal was very clever, and tried to dodge them in the cornfields and thorn scrub, but in the end they managed to kill him. The boar was a very fair one.

No. 3 heat was very unfortunate and drew blank. The pig always avoided the tract of land where the horsemen were.

After having bagged eight large boars, the party returned to the Moti Bagh Palace for lunch. It had been a great day for the Prince's heat, but the remaining heats, with the exception of two runs, saw and did nothing.

The following is an account of the day's sport, written by Sir Godfrey Thomas, who took part in it :

" Patiala, February 23rd.

" A good morning's pig-sticking. I was in Heat No. 4 with General Saroop Singh, Poynder, de Montmorency and Dickie (Lord Louis Mountbatten), and had a very nice horse called ' Not Much,' a small chestnut.

“ They beat out some jungle, about 500 yards, away with elephants (on one of which was Dudley North with a gun—also Newport). H.R.H.’s heat was next to ours, and contained Captain Metcalfe and Major Sutherland (Imperial Service Troops). We got away with a rush, and had a good gallop, only to find we were after a big sow. Soon afterwards we got on to a big pig, and went straight off. Poynder got the first spear in some high crops, where we could not see the animal at all. He went for Dickie’s horse, and then cleared off, giving us another good gallop, till we lost him in some thick thorn. It was the most damaging stuff, extremely painful, and the horses did not care for it at all. However, Dickie casting forward saw him slipping out, and after another short burst we finished him off with difficulty in another thorn-brake.

“ We returned to our covert, and though H.R.H.’s heat got off on two occasions, we had no luck. The Prince’s heat came close and passed us once going full out, and I never realised before how fast a pig could move.

“ There was one more beat later on, but nothing came our way beyond an occasional sow and some squeakers. H.R.H.’s heat got five boar, two of which he speared himself, and we got one—which was the total bag—the other people having had no luck at all.”

Many ladies were interested spectators of the sport, two being placed on each howdah elephant. I asked one of these what she thought of it, and these are the impressions of the day, from a lady’s point of view :

“ We all left camp about 5.30 a.m., and went out in the cars to the pig-sticking country. When we arrived we were all stuck up on elephants, and arranged at intervals on the rear side of the jungle. From here, we watched H.R.H. and the other pig-stickers ride through the fields behind us, to try and put up any pig that might still be grubbing about there. They had no luck at all ; and as soon as they had time to get to the other side of the cover, the beat began. We were a tremendous line, as all the Maharaja’s cavalry, infantry, and shikaris were there in force. The cavalry had their spears, and the infantry their rifles with blank ammunition, and the shikaris with lathis and axes. They were all supplied with bombs made of grass and stuffed with powder inside, and covered with different coloured papers. As I was interested in these, the soldiers gave them to me to throw. As several of them threw the bombs to me at once, they generally burst on the elephant or the mahouts, which put them in a

great rage. The pig did not care, and they simply charged the line. An old tusker gave my elephant one of the best on the trunk, which made us swerve out of the line. It then knocked over a man, and rather hurt his leg. Later on another pig knocked a man off his horse. I thought the man was dead, but he had come round by the time the car had been fetched.

"I think we beat the jungle about six times, but I am not sure. An elephant with refreshments wandered about and we got something to eat, but not half enough, as the amusing Goanese boy did nothing but say 'I must keep the last six sandbeefs for H.R.H.' I told him in vain that it was better to give H.R.H. none at all than only six, and that he had much better give them to me.

"The last heat ended at 1.30, and H.R.H. went back. I think he got three or four pig, but I am not sure."

For the following day, February 24th, the big mixed shoot had been arranged, which has already been described in an earlier chapter. The Maharaja of Patiala's entertaining was, as always, on a princely scale, and the number of guests who were being put up for the period of the Prince's stay was prodigious. Competition to go on the shoot was, as has been said, so keen, that places had to be decided by drawing lots.

H.R.H., however, had found the previous day's pig-sticking so enjoyable that he preferred a second day to anything else that could be offered to him, and Lord Louis Mountbatten, Colonel Worgan, Colonel Harvey, Captain Poynder, and Captain Metcalfe accompanied him, while Lord Cromer and other members of H.R.H.'s Staff joined the shooting party.

The following is a list of those who took part in the different heats :

- | | | |
|------------|---|---|
| No. 1 Heat | . | (1) H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala.
(2) General Chanda Singh.
(3) Colonel Harvey.
(4) Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart. |
| No. 2 Heat | . | (1) General Sir Harry Watson.
(2) General Peitam Singh.
(3) Mr. Mackenzie.
(4) Count de Madre. |
| No. 3 Heat | . | (1) H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
(2) H.H. the Maharaja Dherez Bahadur.
(3) Colonel Jogindra Singh.
(4) Major Jaswant Singh.
(5) Major Sutherland.
(6) Captain E. D. Metcalfe. |

- No. 4 Heat . (1) Lord Louis Mountbatten.
 (2) General Saroop Singh.
 (3) Colonel Worgan.
 (4) Captain Poynder.
 (5) Lieutenant Bharapoor Singh.

In all, during the pig-sticking in Patiala, H.R.H. stuck three good boar.

Killing one of his boar with one spear in Patiala, getting three difficult tiger in one day in Gwalior, shooting a king cobra in Nepal, and, above all, winning the Hog Hunters' Cup, are feats of which H.R.H. may justifiably be very proud in looking back on his Indian tour.

THE KADIR CUP

The Prince of Wales, though not qualified to ride in the meeting, was present at the Blue Riband of all pig-sticking—the Kadir Cup—near Meerut, which was run off on March 13th, 14th and 15th. Honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales, favoured by glorious weather, with a strong (though not quite as good as a pre-war) entry, and the curious ending, it was, in common opinion, the best meeting since the war.

After the shooting and pig-sticking at Patiala, the writer had returned to Bombay ; but a chance meeting with Major [now Colonel] Norton of Everest fame, the President of the meeting, on March 10th, at the Bombay Natural History Society's Museum, led to his joining the Royal party at Gajraula once more.

Major Norton was on his way up to Darjeeling to join the Mount Everest Expedition, and took in the Kadir *en route*. The writer did not reach Meerut till March 13th. It was a blazing hot day, and the train reached the little station of Gajraula, in the heart of the pig-sticking district, about mid-day. He and Captain Holt then hacked across country for about twenty miles, arriving at the camp about 5.30. There were three camps, all situated at some distance from one another :

(1) Sir Harcourt Butler's camp, he having relieved the Honorary Secretary of all anxiety by having his own camp, at which he entertained H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as also the Commander-in-Chief, who never misses a Kadir Cup.

(2) The ladies' camp at a place some distance away, called Sherpur.

(3) The main camp, where were all the members of the Meerut Tent Club, and which I was told was very full.

Making for the last-named, which was in a beautiful little coppice with a splendid jheel on one side of it, we were met by a great crowd

of beaters carrying a comrade who had suffered badly in the day's sport from the tushes of brother boar. It was a striking scene; the setting sun, the gorgeous camp of H.R.H. in the background, flanked on one side by the ladies' camp, and, in front of us, the beautifully shaded camp of the Tent Club, with the group of coolies in the foreground with their wounded comrade, who seemed to be in great pain, groaning at intervals. Near by were eight or nine fine boars lying on the ground, covered with blood, and with marks of the point of the spear on their sides. Away in the distance could be seen the great line of pad elephants, moving very slowly as the day's heats were not yet finished.

We entered the camp, and after a welcome tub and a change into "slacks," for dinner jackets are absolutely out of order in this sportsmen's meeting—to be perfectly correct, one should always be in riding kit with high boots and shirt open at the front—we went to the mess which was a space marked out under the trees, where deck-chairs and stools were scattered about. Then the ever welcome "chota peg," and the sportsmen began to roll in.*

Dinner that night was a very jovial affair, and the deeds of the day were recounted again and again. There were seventy-seven starters, making twenty heats. Many old hog hunters were present who had taken part in pre-war Kadir meetings, and the horses included two previous Kadir Cup winners in "Drogheda" and "Doleful." Three winning spears and as many runners up were competing. H.H. the Nawab of Rampur and other Rajahs had lent their elephants for the meeting, and eighty had been collected all told—a record for a Kadir Cup Meeting.

As usual, the first heats had been run off from a place called Bisauli. Cover was plentiful, and more extensive than it had been for many years. Many pig were lost, and the heats that remained longest on the line had only themselves to thank. However, out of the twenty heats, only one, it appeared, had remained undecided. The going was fair riding country, and most heats went all out, and though falls were not infrequent, only Captain Close was seriously damaged, his horse crashing in a blind nullah. Unfortunately, though nineteen heats had been decided, it was done at the expense of using up part of the country earmarked for the next day.†

* The notes in my diary I have supplemented with information from an article in the *Field*.

† Captain Colin West, Hon. Secretary of the Meerut Tent Club, considers that this failure to make the most of Monday's pig had its effect on the rest of the meeting. Tuesday's seven heats took the whole day to run off, and left only the Mukarampur grass for the final, with no reserve in hand. "On Wednesday the worst happened. A strong wind got up at night, and in all that grand grassland not a pig was lying. Years ago a similar wind had the same result. It was a sad pity, as that is the ideal country to run off the finals, and the long blank draw is very trying to the spears left in."

The next morning we were all up very early, having gone to bed betimes after the day's exertions. I intended to ride behind the heats, but a throw prevented me, so I mounted a huge howdah elephant rather late. The mahouts were most assiduous in their attention to me, when they saw I was very stiff, putting cushions at the back of the howdah to relieve my back.

After about an hour's jog on the elephant, through thick grassy country, with here and there a village gaily decked out with flags, with their inhabitants all lined up to watch people pass, we crossed the river and came upon the line of elephants at a place called Sherpur Ghat. Changing on to a pad elephant, I was soon with every one else watching the heats, which had already commenced.

Very few people realised that H.R.H. had arrived until he was seen riding behind the centre heat. The eighty elephants were most disgruntled at not having been permitted to trumpet the Royal salute, and no mahout could be made to believe that the Prince really preferred to ride across the Kadir to sitting in a comfortable and spacious howdah.

Pigs were very scarce, and I think this was due to the wind carrying the sounds of the approach of the vast army of elephants, people, horses and spectators.

The elephants performed their beating most silently and carefully, and one could scarcely hear them move. Indeed, throughout the whole meeting, their discipline was excellent. The temperature was very high, but a peculiar point I noticed about the whole meeting was that as the line proceeded we always seemed to beat in the direction which placed the sun at our backs. By lunch, only four heats had been decided. It was served under a lot of shady trees, where was a large table, on which was spread a wonderful repast of all kinds of food and cool drinks, calculated to refresh tired sportsmen. Here H.R.H. and the Staff lunched, with the ladies who were present, whilst the rest of us sat round on little wicker chairs, which were spread about everywhere.

After lunch the remaining heats were run off, and much to every one's regret, and especially to H.R.H.'s, no pig could be found on the way home to enable him to spear his first boar in Kadir country.

As on the night before, every one went to bed very early, and was up betimes in the morning. The semi-finals commenced about ten o'clock, and were run off as usual on the Mukarampur maidan. It was not, however, till nearly noon that Captain Scott Cockburn was able to spear a good pig and qualify for the final. The other semi-final was nearly an hour longer on the line, but was

at last sent away on a boar, which took an easy line. Captain Baldwin speared.

It was about mid-day, and a halt was then made for a quarter of an hour, so that Captain Scott Cockburn and Captain Baldwin might rest their horses. Then every one mounted again, and the end came very dramatically. It had been decided that a good boar could probably be found in heavy country across the deep nullah. It was, however, left to H.E. Sir Harcourt Butler's elephant to put up a really fine one in the line. The heat got away at once; but within 500 yards Captain Scott Cockburn's mare came down in a deep drop, and though Captain Baldwin rode the boar and had a chance, he lost it in heavy cover and Major Poynter signalled no heat.

It was then realised that Captain Scott Cockburn's "Cherry Blossom" had run her last heat. In the words of Captain West, "the good mare had taken her last spear, and dropped into her grave in the heat and excitement of the chase." This left Captain Baldwin's "Blue Baron" the winner of the 1922 Kadir Cup: a really good horse, but an unsatisfactory ending to a glorious meeting.

After lunch the Hog Hunters' Light Weight Cup was run off, but as this has to do with the Prince's racing, I have dealt with it under that heading.

The Prince and Staff were leaving that night for Karachi, and we all went down to the station and said good-bye there to the Prince. Over the dinner that night, given by the Meerut Tent Club on the conclusion of the meeting, I must draw a curtain. Suffice it to say, never have I sat down to dinner on any previous occasion in such jovial and gallant company.

There was an historic occasion at one of these dinners when the elephants even came in and responded to a toast.

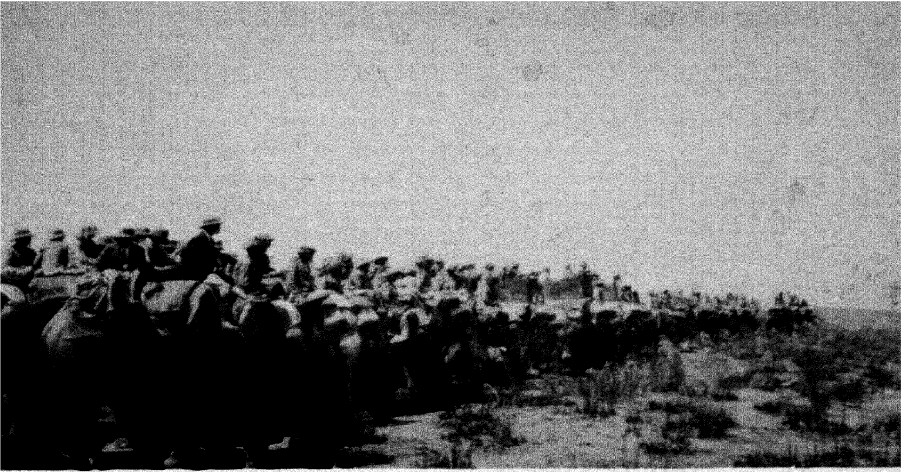
The programme of the meeting, together with the umpires' reports on the semi-final and final heats, is given herewith:

MEERUT TENT CLUB

KADIR CUP MEETING, 1922

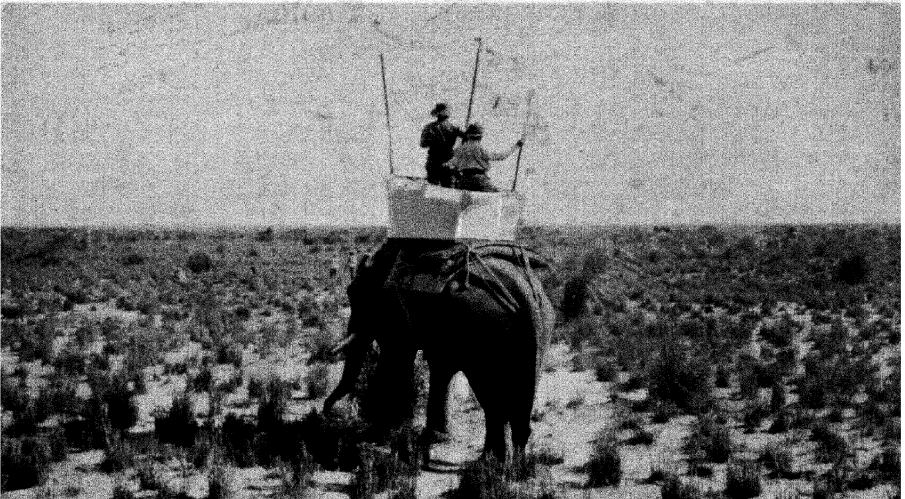
Committee

President	.	.	Major E. F. Norton, R.A.
Members	.	.	Major W. P. Paynter, R.F.A.
	.	.	P. Marsh, Esq., I.C.S.
	.	.	Captain Davison, 2nd Lancers.
	.	.	The Hon. Sec.
Field Master	.	.	Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Ballingall, R.F.A.
A.D.C.	.	.	Mr. H. C. Phipps, R.H.A.
	.	.	Captain Harman, R.F.A.



Photograph through the kindness of Captain Colin West.

THE LINE OF ELEPHANTS ADVANCING AT SHERPUR GHAT, MARCH 14TH, 1922.
The Prince of Wales, though not qualified to ride in the meeting, was present at the blue riband of all pig-sticking—the Kadir Cup—near Meerut, which was run off on March 13th, 14th and 15th, 1922.



Photograph: Central News.

THE SIGNAL ELEPHANT, TO WHICH IS SIGNALLED THE RESULTS OF "KILLS"
FROM VARIOUS HEATS.

By the use of numbered flags, spectators are enabled to follow results as the drive proceeds. Gajraula, March 14th, 1922.



Photographs through the kindness of Captain Colin West.

ELEPHANTS CROSSING THE RIVER ON MARCH 15TH, 1922.

About mid-day a halt was made for a quarter of an hour, and then the end came very dramatically, when Captain Scott Cockburn's mare came down in a deep drop, leaving Captain Baldwin's "Blue Baron" the winner of the 1922 Kadir Cup. Throughout the meeting the Prince of Wales rode behind the centre heat, and in the top picture is one of the three horsemen.

FIRST ROUND

Second Nomination

Heats

Heat 20.

1	Major Yorke	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Solomon.
2	Captain Kemp	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Gipsy.
3	Mr. Thompson	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Flash.
4	Captain Nadin	.	.	XI./XII. Cavalry	.	.	Fellaheen.

Umpire : Major Norton.

SECOND ROUND

First Nominations

Heat 1.

1	Captain Marriott.	.	.	14th Lancers	.	.	Rataplan.
2	Mr. Houston	.	.	XI. Hussars	.	.	Jack Frost.
3	Captain Davison	.	.	2nd B. L.	.	.	Doleful.

Umpire : Major Paynter.

Heat 2.

1	Mr. Wright	.	.	R.F.A.	.	.	Moonlight.
2	Captain Kemp	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Dacca.
3	Major Walker	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	May Fly.

Umpire : Mr. Branford.

Heat 3.

1	Mr. Alms	.	.	XI./XII. Cavalry	.	.	The Vicar.
2	Mr. Kimmins	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Rassputin.
3	Captain Baldwin	.	.	XI./XII. Cavalry	.	.	Blue Baron.

Umpire : Captain Freer.

Heat 4.

1	Captain West	.	.	—	.	.	Bombay Duck.
2	Captain Scott Cockburn	.	.	4th Hussars	.	.	Cherry Blossom.
3	Captain Wallington	.	.	Royal Sussex	.	.	Priceless.

Umpire : Captain Kemp.

Heat 5.

Second Nominations

1	Major Brooke	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Birthday.
2	Captain Marriott.	.	.	14th B. L.	.	.	Drogheda.
3	Captain Norrie	.	.	XI. Hussars	.	.	Corporal.
4	Major Norton	.	.	R.A.	.	.	Love Lace.

Umpire : Major Yorke.

Heat 6.

1	Captain Davison	.	.	2nd B. L.	.	.	Signet.
2	Captain Pilkington	.	.	16th Lancers	.	.	Chukkor.
3	Winner of Heat No. 20	
4	Mr. Carrol Leahy	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	Battle.

Umpire : Major Paynter.

DETAILED REPORTS OF THE UMPIRES REGARDING THE SEMI-FINALS
AND FINALS OF THE KADIR CUP

Heat 1.

Semi-finals

1	Captain Davison	.	.	2nd B. L.	.	.	Doleful.
2	Captain Scott Cockburn	.	.	4th Hussars (spear).	.	.	Cherry Blossom.
3	Major Walker	.	.	R.H.A.	.	.	May Fly.

Umpire : Major Paynter.

The heat was put on to a good boar, which was almost at once lost for some seconds in high grass ; an " ideal spectator " shouted and waved and Cockburn got on at once and speared.

Heat 2.

- | | | | | | | | |
|---|-----------------|---|---|------------------|---|---|-------------|
| 1 | Major Yorke | . | . | R.H.A. | . | . | Solomon. |
| 2 | Captain Baldwin | . | . | XI./XII. Cavalry | . | . | Blue Baron. |
| 3 | Major Norton | . | . | R.A. | . | . | Love Lace. |

Umpire : Mr. Branford.

On the line for three hours, boar found in bush, roused, and heat got away together. Baldwin first on the pig, but Norton got in on the jink. Pig crossed a nullah. Baldwin first on him again, and hunted with him while Yorke close behind on his right ; boar turned sharp to the right across Yorke, and both speared. Baldwin winning by a matter of inches. H.R.H. took Baldwin's spear from the umpire, but meanwhile boar charged Norton, who killed him. Norton's horse " Love Lace " was a little lame behind from yesterday's hard gallop.

Finals

- | | | | | | |
|---|------------------------|-------------|---|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | Captain Scott Cockburn | 4th Hussars | . | . | Cherry Blossom. |
| 2 | Captain Baldwin | . | . | XI./XII. Cavalry | Blue Baron. |

Umpire : Major Paynter.

On failing to find a pig at Mukarampur, the line was taken across the deep nullah into heavier country. A fine boar got in the line, and the heat was put on at once. The pig turned sharp right-handed, and Scott Cockburn's mare fell at a deep drop into a nullah. Baldwin followed the pig, but lost in another hundred yards in thick cover. Scott Cockburn's mare broke a hind leg, and had to be destroyed. This left Baldwin the winner.

NOTES ON THE KADIR CUP

The Meerut Tent Club hunts the country on both banks of the Ganges, from January to June. Save for a few patches these lands, forming a noble plain, have been the bed of the great river. Where the new river now flows, in future years young pig may be born, and on the other hand the waters may have reclaimed the present hunting grounds.

The country is a paradise for wild life and wild sport, the cover being chiefly coarse grass with jhow and thorn jungle. Here and there the sweet-smelling mimosa thrives, and over the whole stretch are spread jheels and swamps and great patches of reeds, sanctuaries for birds and beasts. Here is a great scope for the field naturalist, and without doubt much of interest escapes the notice of the ordinary

sportsman ; but the pig at least may claim that he receives ample attention.

The Kadir country is rather cut off from some big reserves in the south of the railway at Garhmuktesar.

Fresh blood and fresh supplies of pig are always to be found in the Byner borders, perhaps the best of all pig-sticking country.

In a good season, 150 boar will be killed here. The pig in the Kadir country do not run big like the forest animal ; $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches measured from wither to heel (the regular method of measuring adopted by the club), and 300 lb. weight is the record. The best pig from the point of view of sport is one of about 30 inches. He can both run and fight.

The pigs seem to move bodily from the country composed of grass, jhow or thorn jungle to the country consisting of a certain amount of jheel and swamp. Some days they will be all in the grass ; but they hate grass in the wind, no doubt because they cannot hear.

They appear to have no definite breeding season, but in June and July the young are chiefly seen, and it is probable that sudden and heavy rains and floods do more to keep down the stock than all the efforts of the Meerut Tent Club, the poacher, and the leopard. Litters are met all the year round, and this question and the point as to whether there is any method of telling a barren sow deserve investigation.

The Kadir Cup competition is open to the world. The Meerut Tent Club reserves the finest bit of its country for it, and for it men all over India "train their horses and strain their credits."

"Before the war, as many as 150 horses have been entered, but 80 to 90 are as many as may be expected now," says the writer of an article in *The Sphere*. "Some 150 competitors and spectators, 60 to 80 elephants, horses, all the necessary transport, and perhaps 1,500 or 2,000 servants and coolies have to be arranged for. The meeting lasts three days, and nearly always takes place during the second half of March. It has now been competed for on these lines for more than fifty years. To gain the Cup, a horse must win four heats, and one mistake puts him out of the competition. The meeting is more than a pig-sticking competition. For three and a half days one may hear the news of all the pig of all the lands, meet old friends and new horse and man—shikari and mahout. Long hard days, and merry cheery nights. After the actual Kadir Cup, the Hog Hunters' Cup and Heavy-Weight Point to Point races are run. These are races for pig-stickers over fair hunting country, and 'fair hunting country' may and does mean some very heavy going. The distance being four miles, the races furnish a very severe test for both horse and man."

CHAPTER XIII

POLO AND RACING

I.—POLO

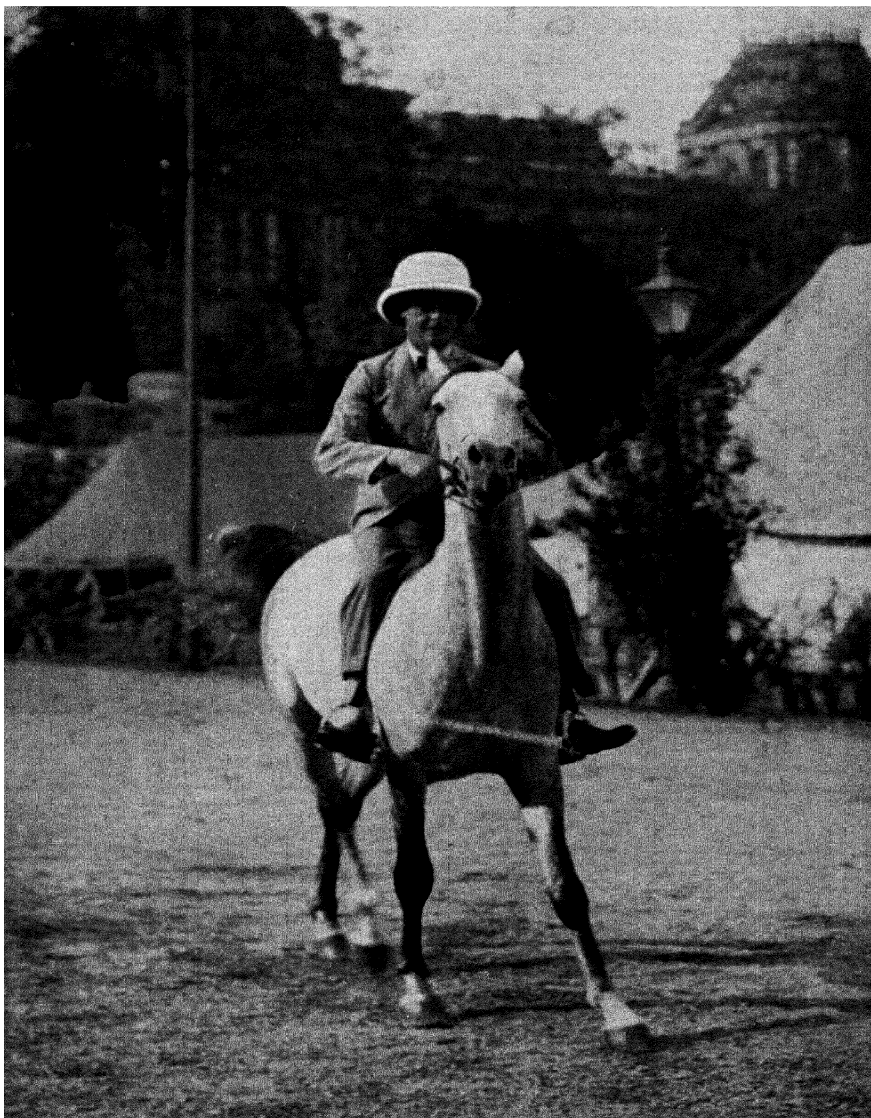
WHETHER it was in India or Persia, as is disputed, that the game was first developed, India is, for all practical purposes, the true home of Polo.

Nearly all the ruling princes play ; and some play very well. Almost every State maintains its team ; and their excellence has become familiar to the British public by the performances of some of them at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and elsewhere. The Indians of all classes in the mass love watching a polo game, and nowhere, even in Ireland, will you find a more appreciative and understanding crowd. It is also from the officers of the Indian Army that the main strength of English polo is drawn. The Prince, then, naturally looked forward to his polo in India with great keenness.

For the purposes of the tour, two classes of horses were needed ; namely, (1) those for parades, State entries, &c., and pig-sticking, and (2) the polo ponies. No horses of any kind were taken out to India from England. As for the former class, the Remount Department of the Government of India could, and very satisfactorily did, supply all that were needed ; but it could not produce polo ponies, so other arrangements had to be made.

An appeal was, therefore, addressed to the Maharajas, Colonel Worgan, in asking their help, being careful to stipulate that they should not lend or offer to the Prince any ponies which were likely to be needed for their own—or their teams'—use in the tournaments which were coming on. The response to the appeal was so generous that one doubts whether much attention was paid to this stipulation. All the Princes put practically the entire stud in their Palace stables at the disposal of His Royal Highness.

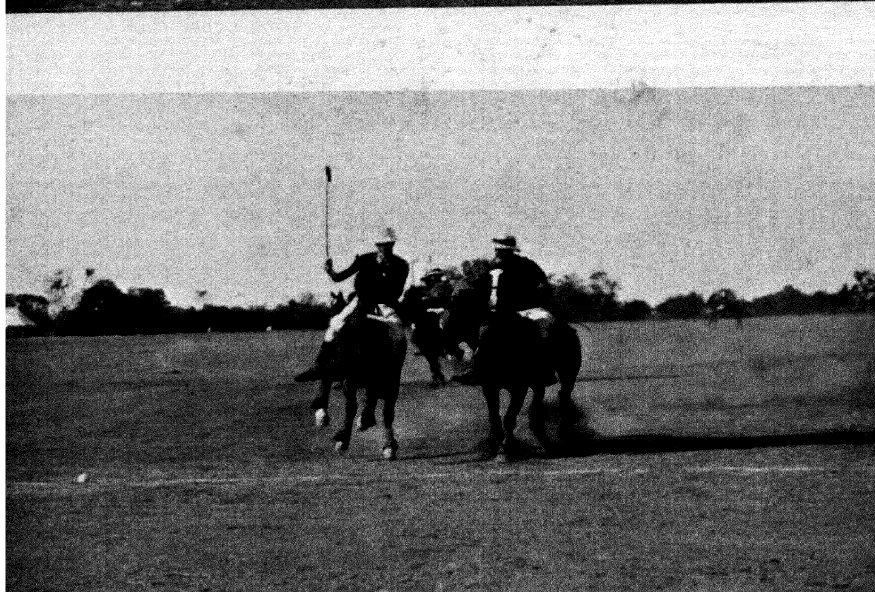
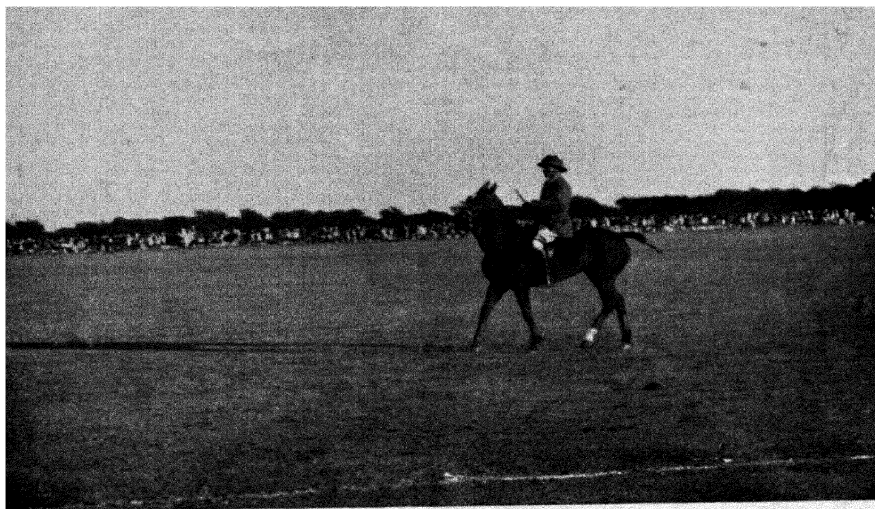
Colonel Worgan had the ponies thus generously offered collected in Bombay before the Prince's arrival, where they were ridden and tested by Captain Metcalfe, with the result that twenty, judged the most suitable, were selected, and these proved enough to mount the Prince and his Staff well at every station at which they stopped where polo was possible. The twenty were ready and waiting when the



Photograph : Central News.

THE PRINCE'S PRESENT.

The Prince of Wales has a Trial Run on the Arab Pony presented to him by his Indian Staff, December 25th, 1921.



Photographs by Hertzog V. Higgins, Mhow, C.I. Kindly given by the Hon. Secretary of the Polo Club.

THE PRINCE ON THE POLO FIELD AT MHOW.

India is the true home of polo, and the Prince of Wales had great opportunities for play and seized every chance.

Renown reached Bombay ; and, as a matter of fact, the Prince was out trying some of them by 6.30 the next morning.

A list of the twenty is appended :

LIST OF PONIES LENT TO AND RIDDEN BY
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

H.H. the Maharaja of Rutlam (5)	.	.	<div> <div>“ Mademoiselle.”</div> <div>“ Metallic.”</div> <div>“ Brownstone.”</div> <div>“ King Croft.”</div> <div>“ Dreadnought.”</div> <div>“ Victor.”</div> </div>
H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur (5)	.	.	<div> <div>“ Baghdad.”</div> <div>“ Basra.”</div> <div>“ Warwick.”</div> <div>“ ———.”</div> <div>“ Princess.”</div> </div>
H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala (3)	.	.	<div> <div>“ Alphonse.”</div> <div>“ Maisie.”</div> </div>
The Raja of Baria (2)	.	.	<div> <div>“ Twinkle.”</div> <div>“ Grey Arab.”</div> </div>
H.H. the Maharaja of Dhar (1)	.	.	“ Diana.”
H.H. the Maharaja of Alwar (1)	.	.	Unnamed.
The Rajkumar Des Raj Urs (1)	.	.	“ Destiny.”
General Sir Hari Singh of Kashmir (1)	.	.	“ Ballyaggan.”
The Indian Remount Department (1)	.	.	“ Queensland.”

Among the ponies which H.R.H. liked most of all, three of the Maharaja of Rutlam were especially suited to him. Two of the Maharaja of Jodhpur, the one of General Hari Singh of Kashmir, and the one of Rajkumar Des Raj Urs were also great favourites of his.

The conveyance of the animals—horses and ponies together—all over India was something of a problem. They were divided into two sections, each under the charge of a conductor from the Remount Department. The whole lot were not sent to every place the Prince of Wales visited, but a necessary number were taken to each station where they were likely to be required. H.H. the Maharaja of Rutlam lent one of his officers, Captain Sagram Singh (a “first-class man,” one of the Staff calls him, and another writes of him as “a topping fellow”), who accompanied the party on the whole tour, and was in charge of all the ponies, syces, &c. His help was invaluable.

Whenever possible, in order to save expense, the ponies travelled by the Prince's own personal train, or by the supplementary train. Where this was not possible, the railway authorities provided “specials,” or had the boxes attached to other trains, so as to ensure them reaching their destination in time, the railway companies and all concerned being most obliging and doing everything in their power to help.

The Prince thus had practically the pick of India's stables. The majority of his mounts were Walers or Australians. There were no English horses, but a few Arabs, among which were the five lent by the Maharaja of Jodhpur. Of the five lent by H.H. of Rutlam, three were eventually purchased at a nominal price, and together with another pony from the same magnificent stud, brought back to England at the end of the tour.

There was some talk of bringing home more than those four ; and there were other animals which H.R.H. would dearly have loved to have. But the advice of the polo experts as well as of the Indian veterinary surgeons—on account of the difference in climate and the character of the grounds—was against it.

Besides the ponies, another difficulty to be surmounted was in regard to the sticks. The sticks which the Prince brought from England were too stiff for the hard Indian grounds, some of which have no grass at all, others but little, while all are harder and faster than we ever know a ground to get in England.

Again H.H. the Maharaja of Rutlam came to the rescue, sending his own special stick-maker to accompany the party on almost the whole tour. He was an excellent craftsman and an indefatigable artist, who turned out dozens and dozens and dozens of sticks for Captain Metcalfe's approval. The Prince was thus, in due time, admirably suited ; and so abundantly that it almost needed an extra truck to carry the sticks round the country.

As there are no weather conditions to be considered in India—no rain or snow to stop a game, as too often happens in England—H.R.H. had great opportunities for play, and he seized every chance. Moreover, the ponies over there being, as a rule, better trained and schooled, and easier to play, he enjoyed the sport immensely ; and it was particularly fortunate that he showed such love for what is really a national pastime, and was able to play side by side as a comrade with his Indian subjects—or subjects-to-be. On one occasion at Delhi, he led out a team of Indian Maharajas against a team of British officers captained by the Commander-in-Chief.

With the continuous practice, he improved rapidly at the game, and soon became very good.

As a polo player the Prince of Wales is not a natural hitter. But he is tremendously keen, and he loves horses and horse-exercise. In India he quickly learned not only to use his legs, but to school and ride a polo pony. He is a most conscientious and thoroughly unselfish player, and is now a really useful No. 1, who fully pulls his weight in any average team.

In the same way H.R.H. is now easily one of the best light-weight

riders to hounds in England, largely as a result of the increased enthusiasm for horsemanship which his Indian tour gave him. He "came on" out there very rapidly, and has never gone back, but keeps on improving.

In India he was generally up and out at 6.30 in the morning—no matter how late State balls or banquets had kept him up the night before—either to ride half a dozen or more gallops on the racecourse before breakfast or to knock a polo ball about. In the intervals between formal engagements during the day, if one did not know where the Prince was, it was generally a safe "draw" to go to the polo ground.

Not only was he extremely keen, but it would have been impossible for any one to have played as he did who was not extraordinarily fit. It has already been mentioned that he was up early and out on the polo ground on the morning after his arrival in India, when the ceremonies attending that arrival had been arduous enough to have justified most men in taking a good long night's sleep. Not only that, but later in the same day he played a practice game with his Staff team at the Willingdon Club.

In Jodhpur he played one day after a strenuous morning's pig-sticking. In Bharatpur, in spite of a hard forenoon with duck, he played six chukkers of polo in the afternoon.

Even in Nepal in the midst of the jungles, where the shooting camp was pitched, beneath the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas, H.R.H. managed to get some practice, the hospitable Maharaja having provided a useful polo ground on the only bit of level in the whole country, situated near the station of Bikna Thori. The British Envoy to the Court of Nepal placed his ponies at the disposal of the Royal party, and every morning the Prince was out and in the saddle early.

On one occasion he had at Gwalior what might have been a very ugly accident. He was knocking a ball about, mounted on a pony which, though admirably keen and well-schooled on the polo field, hated to go up in cold blood to a dead ball lying on the ground. On this occasion it refused to do it; but H.R.H. thought otherwise. In the end the pony went straight up on its hind legs, without any warning, and threw itself backwards. The Prince managed to slide out, all but one leg, but it was a nasty shock and he was badly bruised about the hip and knee; so much so, that those who knew about it took it for granted that he would not be able to ride, as he had intended, in the Gymkhana that afternoon.

The present writer happened to be standing at the racecourse when the time for the Prince's race came on, next to one of the stewards who had seen the accident in the morning, and, having

helped him off the ground, knew how badly the Prince was shaken. As the horses came out for the race, there was the Prince in the saddle leading the string. "Great Scott!" said the steward, "But he is a plucked 'un."

A more painful accident happened to H.R.H. in Manila, after his departure from India, on the way home from Japan. The following account of it is given by Sir Herbert Russell, K.B.E., in his book, "With the Prince in the East":

"The polo in the afternoon was cut short by an accident which, happily, proved to be less serious than was at first feared. The Prince was riding hard and bending forward to swipe at the ball when an American officer cut at it not more than three yards away. The ball flew up and caught His Royal Highness upon the eyebrow, the peak of his helmet taking the full force of the blow and breaking under it. The result was a nasty cut which bled freely. The Prince shouted out that he meant to finish the chukker, but the other players stopped dead and a general exclamation of consternation broke from the crowd. Surgeon-Commander Newport came running up and, holding the horse's head while the Prince dismounted, led him to the pavilion to examine the damage. He considered the cut sufficiently serious to need stitching up, and though the Prince protested loudly that he was all right and quite able to finish the game, his personal medical attendant insisted that he should return to the ship and rest. So the Royal party got back to the *Renown* just before dark, when the most alarming rumours spread like wildfire, notwithstanding Admiral Halsey's statement that the mishap was not really at all serious.

"The accident . . . precluded the attendance of His Royal Highness at the banquet and dance given in his honour by the Governor-General, as well as resulting in a black eye of first-class order, and a certain degree of pain which the Prince bore with most cheery fortitude."

Even on the sea his enthusiasm did not abate. On R.I.M.S. *Dufferin* going out to Burma, the Prince had a polo pit specially built amidships, and here he used to spend three hours a day practising shots on a wooden horse, to keep up his form. He did the same on the *Renown* all through the tropics on his way back to Japan; an unprecedented thing, one imagines, on board a British man-of-war.

The Prince's ponies were not sent to Burma, but he played four games there, he and his Staff being mounted on the little Burmese ponies of about 13.2; little and good—but some of them knew how to pull!

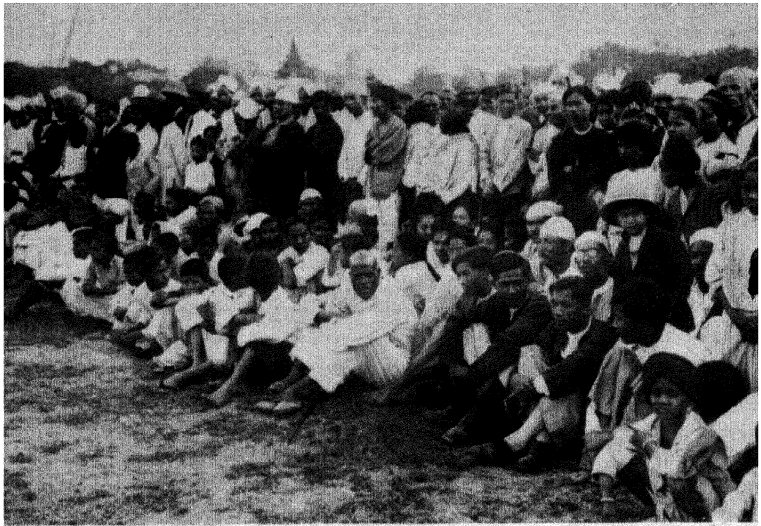


THE PRINCE PLAYING POLO AT BHOPAL.



Photographs : Central News.

THE PRINCE PLAYING POLO AT BIKANER.
H.R.H. has just hit a goal.



A SECTION OF THE CROWD AT MANDALAY.

Whether at races or polo, whenever the Prince was present, the enclosures were always a seething mass of motley humanity.



Photographs : Central News.

THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTS CUPS TO THE RUTLAM POLO TEAM, WINNERS IN THE FINAL OF THE POLO TOURNAMENT, AT THE WILLINGDON SPORTS CLUB, BOMBAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1921.

The Prince's Staff team in India generally consisted of himself (No. 1), Captain Metcalfe (No. 2), Colonel Worgan (No. 3), and Colonel Harvey (back); but the Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan of Bhopal also played on several occasions, and was a tower of strength to the team. Lord Cromer, Admiral Halsey, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Captain Poynder and Mr. A. Metcalfe also played.

It would be useless to attempt to give a detailed account of all the games played upon the tour, and unjust to single out any one game for description; nor is this intended to be a critical account of all the Prince's polo and racing, but only such a general impression as will convey an idea of the sporting atmosphere of the tour. A list of the places where the Prince played is appended.

PLACES AT WHICH H.R.H. PLAYED POLO DURING THE TOUR

Bombay	November 17th and November 21st, 1921.
Jodhpur	November 30th and December 1st, 1921.
Bikaner	December 5th, 1921.
Bharatpur	December 7th, 1921.
Lucknow	December 9th, 1921.

WON TOURNAMENT

Allahabad	December 12th, 1921.
Patna	December 22nd, 1921.

WON TOURNAMENT

Calcutta	December 26th and 28th, 1921.
Rangoon	January 3rd and 9th, 1922.
Mandalay	January 6th and 7th, 1922.

WON TOURNAMENT

Madras	January 13th and 16th, 1922.
Bangalore	January 18th, 1922.
Mysore	January 19th and 23rd, 1922.
Delhi	February 17th, 19th and 20th, 1922.
Patiala	February 23rd and 24th, 1922.
Lahore	February 26th and 28th, 1922.
Jammu (in a dust-storm)	March 2nd, 1922.

Writing of H.R.H.'s play, one who played with him a lot in the course of the tour says :

"He was always extraordinarily hard working, a quick and useful man to his side, and one who never spared himself. He was always thinking of his side's team work alone, and was altogether the most unselfish polo player I have ever seen. He never by any chance made a shot himself if he thought another was in a better position to take it, and heaps of people preferred to play with him, rather than with other and better players. He improved in every game, and was one of the most useful men at the end of the tour you could want

to have on a side. And he worked always like a little beaver from start to finish."

Mention has already been made of the polo game at Delhi, the final in the Rutlam Cup, between Jodhpur and Patiala. Rarely, if ever, has any game been played before so brilliant an assemblage, with the Prince and his Staff, the Viceroy and Lady Reading, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and a battalion or so of field officers, besides some half a hundred Indian princes and endless lesser chiefs, officials and distinguished guests. Outside the reserved stand a huge crowd of Indians walled in the ground. Among the princes in the grand stand were the Maharaja of Patiala and Sir Pratap Singh, Regent of Jodhpur. For some ten years or so the Patiala team had been recognised as the finest in India and had swept all before them. By the middle of the third chukker, they led by 3-0, and many thought the game was over. Then Jodhpur scored a miraculous goal and became a different team. Steadily they crept up, until, with three minutes to go in the last chukker, the score stood at 5 all.

Three minutes more! And through those three minutes important men like major-generals, Indian princes and dignified officials stood on tiptoe waving their hats and shouting themselves hoarse; and women screamed. Only one figure sat, it seemed, immovable.

In the front of the grand stand sat Sir Pratap Singh; and all India knew that the Jodhpur polo team was the very apple of his eye, his darling and his pride, and that he had coached and nursed it for this fight. Through all the game he sat without apparent movement of so much as a muscle or an eyelid; even in that last demoniac minute, when Jodhpur scored its last goal and won, he was as a figure carved out of wood. Then, as the horn sounded, people from all sides broke, cheering and tumultuous, to congratulate him, the Prince of Wales the first. And as the old man stood up at last, tears poured down his cheeks.

There is not a man of all the thousands who watched the match who will not say that it was the greatest game ever played on a polo field.

II.—RACING

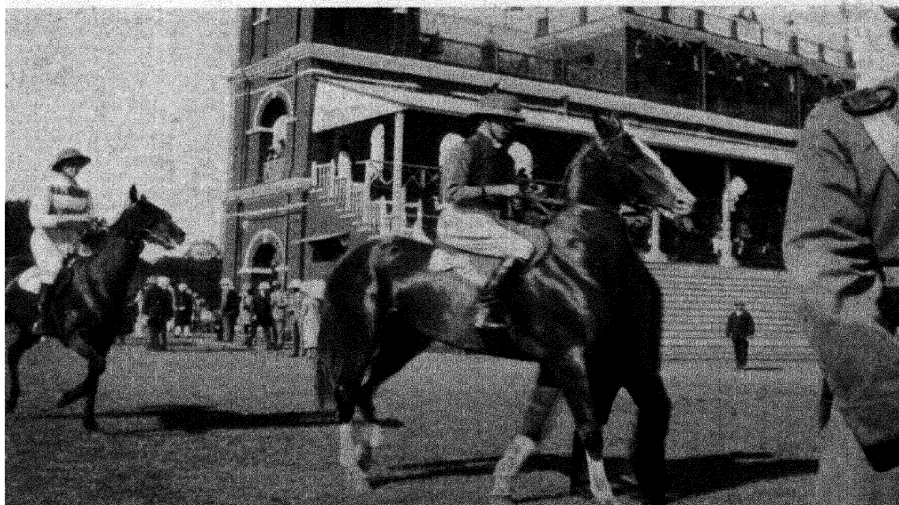
Racing in India plays a vastly larger part in the social life than it does in England.

The premier racing organisation of India is the Royal Calcutta Turf Club; and the great meeting of the year is that in Calcutta in Christmas week, when the Viceroy's Cup is run for; and the Prince's tour was arranged so that he would be in Calcutta at that time. We



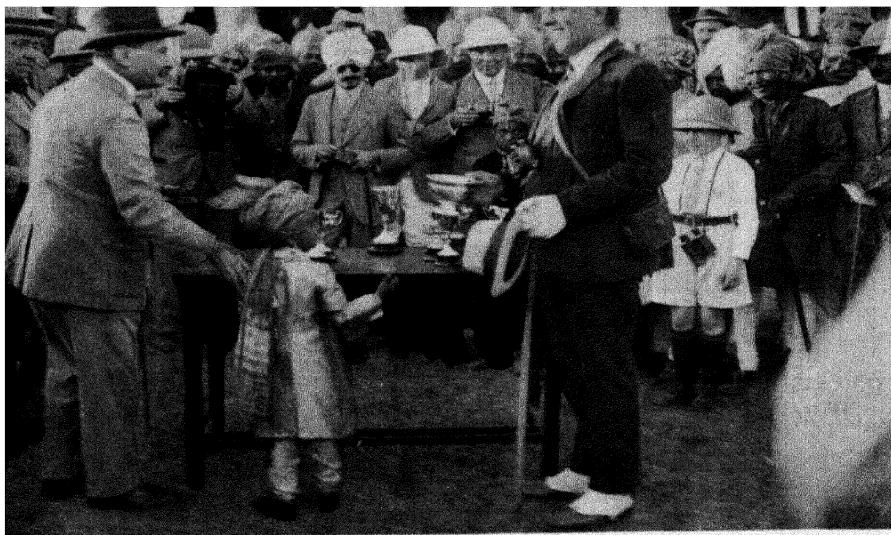
THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE RACECOURSE.

1.—The Raja Shripal Singh's "Rainbow," H.R.H. up, being led in by the owner after winning a race at Lucknow.



Photographs : Central News.

2.—H.R.H. going to the post on the Raja Des Raj Urs' "Destiny" at Gwalior for a race in which he finished second.



PRINCE GEORGE JJIVAJI RAO OF GWALIOR GIVING AWAY CUPS AFTER THE RACES
Mr. W. E. Jardine, C.I.E., the Resident of Gwalior, is seen on the left of
the picture.



Photographs : Central News.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL PRESENTING CUPS: THE PRINCE (ON THE RIGHT)
APPLAUDS.

have in England no course which, taken all round, compares with Calcutta. The main course itself is nearly two miles round, and concentrically inside it are two other flat courses and a steeplechase course. But it is in the accessories, the arrangements for the comfort of spectators and participants—the grand stands, paddock, lawns, smoke rooms, bath and dressing rooms, &c.—that it most conspicuously leaves English courses behind.

The Western India Turf Club, with its courses at Poona and Bombay, ranks next to the R.C.T.C., and here again the courses and all the appointments are admirable. It was at Poona that the Prince first saw racing in India; and at few places in the world is racing to be seen under more charming conditions.

At Lucknow, Lahore, Rawal Pindi and Gwalior, H.R.H. also had—and in some cases took part in—most enjoyable days, while, at Madras, Guindy, with, in addition to its fine racecourse, the proximity of the river and boat club and the golf club and course, is one of the most attractive sports centres imaginable.

The advantages which Indian racing has over English are many. There is generally plenty of room. You can, at the proper season, count with certainty on your weather. The resources from the totalisator usually furnish an abundance of means for any desired improvement; and, perhaps most important of all, there is the difference in the social atmosphere. In India nearly everybody knows nearly everybody else; and a race meeting has something of the character of a gorgeous garden party, suggesting something of Goodwood, something of the enclosures of Ascot, but friendlier, more leisurely and spacious than either. In England many hundreds of thousands of well-to-do people never visit a racecourse. They simply do not care about racing. In India you must care about it. It plays much too large a part in the life and pleasures of the community to be ignored.

The proportion of the members of the European community that rides, keeps horses, plays polo or races, remains—even though sadly diminishing of late years owing to the increased cost of living—immensely greater than it is in any community at home. Apart from the big race-meetings, the gymkhana is an institution of such importance that it has been said of it that it is chiefly the gymkhana which saves the English official in India from going mad.

When it is said that the Prince “took part” in the races at various meetings, it must be understood that those were not the big meetings, but gymkhanas. He did not ride against professional jockeys, but only against gentlemen-riders at semi-private gatherings—though nothing would have prevented great crowds of Indians of all classes

from swarming out to the courses wherever H.R.H. was expected to ride, or even to be present. They thoroughly appreciated the Prince's sporting qualities, and seized every opportunity to show it. The news of what he did at Poona, only two days after his arrival in India, undoubtedly travelled ahead of him all over the country, as things so mysteriously travel in India.

At Poona the Western India Turf Club had organised a special race meeting in his honour on November 19th, 1921. H.R.H., having left Bombay at 12.30 a.m., arrived at Poona in the early morning. After a forenoon spent in public ceremonies and the inspection of war veterans, he lunched with the stewards of the Turf Club, and after luncheon, drove up the course (and a very beautiful course it is) in state, getting a tremendous reception.

Before the first race was run, the stands and lawns of the Turf Club were full, while the other enclosures were a seething mass of motley humanity. Many thousands who either could not, or would not, pay for admission to the enclosures thronged the rails on the inner side of the course, all eager to get even a distant glimpse of H.R.H. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of cheering and tumultuous shouts.

The Prince was plainly moved by the warmth of the reception, and he made ample return for it. From the Royal Box he witnessed the second race. But, before the horses came out for the next, he descended from the stand and, accompanied by H.E. the Governor, Sir George Lloyd, walked along the whole length of the great crowd behind the inner rails.

"It was a humble crowd," writes one who was present. "Among those people there was no purple or fine linen. Their lot in life compelled them to work hard for a meagre pittance, and the day's *tamasha* was of incomparable significance in the toilsome monotony of their lives. But none could have welcomed the Prince with more generosity of feeling. Every step made by the Prince was accompanied by a running crowd, which shouted and cheered till every throat must have been hoarse.

"And the culminating point came when the Prince re-crossed the racecourse and entered the second enclosure, which rose as one man to do him honour, almost overwhelming him with their plaudits, and pressing in their eagerness so hard upon him that a road was with difficulty cleared for him."

To all who accompanied the Prince through India this incident on the Poona racecourse remains one of the outstanding memories

of the tour. As the correspondent of *The Times* wrote at the time :

“ The Prince’s visit to Poona must anyhow have been a great success, but mere success was converted into a brilliant and overwhelming triumph by one of those personal inspirations which are so characteristic.

“ It was in the middle of the afternoon. From the grand stand one looks over a wide plain, hemmed in by a lovely line of hills. Below the stands, with their lawns and paddocks, run the courses, on the farther side of which, on the interior circle, was massed an immense assemblage of natives, who were gathered, in spite of the talk about a boycott, to see the Prince. It was hoped that H.R.H. would start the horses for ‘ The Prince of Wales’s Steeplechase,’ for which he had presented a Cup, as he did also for races at Calcutta and Madras. Before the start of that race, he had agreed to inspect a number of war veterans on the course, near the starting-gate. This was to take place on the right of the stands, at the beginning of the ‘ straight.’ A short walk would have taken him there.

“ That was the official plan. But the Prince thought otherwise. Leaving his place in the stand, he turned left, crossing the course diagonally, so as to arrive, on the farther side, at the extreme end of the crowd of natives. Thence, striding well ahead of the Governor and his Staff, who were accompanying him, he passed down the whole half-mile, brushing close to the rails, laughing, acknowledging cheers, exchanging greetings, and touching the hands reached out to him.

“ It was a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm. He went amid a tempest of hand-clapping and shouts of *Yuvraj ki jai* (‘ Victory to the Prince ’), the whole mass swaying after him. On his reaching the end of the straight, the crowd poured over the rails to surround him at the spot where he inspected the veterans. That he did in the centre of a mass of Indians—no more visible from outside than one bee in the middle of a swarm . . . The effect, as shown by the enthusiasm of individuals in the crowd, was quite indescribable. The Prince, we know, has often shown his willingness to cut across the formalities of an official programme, but, surely, never before did his instinct lead him more finely aright.” *

It is not proposed to attempt to describe in detail all the racing in which the Prince took part ; but the following delightful account of the meeting at Lahore, which Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe has been good enough to write, tells very much more about the Prince’s racing than any ordinary reporter’s description could tell :

“The Prince of Wales was coming to Lucknow. It was the one topic of conversation in official and other circles. The Municipal Board and every other body prepared addresses of welcome. Bunting was bought and stages erected along the streets. Guards of honour practised presenting arms approximately in time. The Government House staff kept the telephone busy. The Taluqdars prepared fetes and fireworks. Police officers wore uniform and a worried look day and night.

“As Commissioner of Lucknow, and therefore responsible for the mis-government of the capital and half of the Province of Oudh, I was deeply involved. My immediate superior had two ideas firmly fixed in his massive brain:—firstly, that I was doing nothing; secondly, that I was doing it all wrong.

“I had often seen the Prince of Wales on the Western Front, when he was with the Guards. Nothing more bored than he appeared to be as a G.S.O. in Lord Cavan's Staff Office, when his regiment was in the front line, can be imagined. He wanted to be in the front line himself all the time, and was frequently to be seen paddling about on a push-bike on roads which were under shell fire. Possibly he may recall a visit to an O.P. called ‘The Berkeley,’ on the La Bassée Road, with General Wardrop. I know Wardrop does. It was a distinctly unhealthy spot that morning. The Berkeley was more profusely decorated with pictures from *La Vie Parisienne* than any other O.P.; but Wardrop was thinking about the Prince Imperial in the Zulu War.

“I knew that processions, guards of honour, fetes, receptions, and addresses were things which occurred with monotonous regularity at every place he visited in India. It was up to me as Commissioner and as A.D.C. to H.M. King George V., to evolve something really bright by way of relief. Why not get up a day's racing?

“I wrote to the Staff. The reply was enthusiastic; and the Prince, in spite of counter attractions at Government House, announced his intention of staying till after the last race. So a programme was prepared; the local stables entered all their horses; handicaps were framed.

“The Prince arrived. The bands played. The 16th Lancers bumped along the streets. Guards of honour presented arms. The innocent peasantry made appropriate noises and massed eight deep round the polo ground. Addresses were presented.

“Early the following morning the Prince was on the racecourse and rode gallops on a lot of horses. He rode a lot more the next morning. He rode all we produced, and looked round for more.

“He elected to ride a bay Arab, belonging to Raja Sripal Singh, in

the Arab race ; a horse called ' Smiling Morn,' the property of Campbell of the Somersets, in the Horse race, and a grey country-bred from Conder's stable in the Country-bred race. These three races were all handicaps. He also selected one of his own polo ponies as his mount in the concluding race of the day—a short sprint for polo ponies. We had him down on the card as riding in his own colours, but he voluntarily offered to ride in the owners' colours if they preferred this. They did. It was a kindly and tactful thing to do. He seems to do this sort of thing instinctively—*machinalement*, as it were, like the young man in ' Ta Bouche.'

" The Raja's Arab looked to have a fair chance in the Arab race. He is not more unreliable than the average of Arabs. As a racehorse the Arab is hopeless. You can try him a stone-cold certainty, and, as often as not, he won't try a yard in the race. Backing Arabs would break the Bank of England. This pony, however, happened to be in a good humour, or perhaps liked his jockey, and won fairly easily. He and another pony started at about two o.

" The stewards heaved a sigh of relief ; the Prince had won a race. He could evidently win on the best horse, which some professionals cannot.

" There is a photograph in existence, showing the little Raja with a broad grin leading in the winner, watched by Geoffrey Brooke, one of our stewards, with his habitual placid and superior smile.

" Next came the Horse race.

" ' Smiling Morn ' is a nice horse with a fair turn of speed ; but, at the weights I, personally, thought that Conder's representative would beat him. The betting showed that this was also the idea of the general public, and ' Smiling Morn ' did not start favourite. I had seen ' Smiling Morn ' run twice before, and thought that he had been ridden all wrong, and had been taken to the front too soon. I therefore suggested to the Prince that he should lie up close behind the leaders during the race, which was six furlongs, and try to beat them with a run at the finish. This is exactly what he did, and just won on the post, after an exciting struggle with George Barker of the 16th Lancers, our crack local jockey, on the favourite. Donoghue could not have done better.

" The assembled populace at once arrived, according to the degree of their intelligence, at one of two conclusions. The more intelligent came to the conclusion that the Prince could ride above a bit ; while the more untutored of the Indians concluded that the whole thing was a put-up job, and that the Prince was meant to win every race. They therefore fell over each other in order to back the grey country-bred in the next race. This noble animal certainly

looked the best thing of the day. He was the only thing on the card that really stuck out and barked at one. His price went to 2 to 1 on.

"The stewards were not so happy. If the Prince won the Country-bred race, and also the Polo Pony race (for which his pony had in the gallops shown himself distinctly useful), every one would say that the whole thing was a frame-up. Geoffrey Brooke's smile of placid superiority faded; Matthew-Lannowe, with bristling moustache, fixed his eyeglass and looked fiercely round for Kirkpatrick the handicapper, who had taken cover behind a saddle in the weighing room. The voice of Mr. Justice Stuart (*alias* The Foghorn) was temporarily hushed. It was a terrible moment.

"The country-breds ran; the favourite was not apparently feeling well, or something, and only ran second. The stewards heaved another sigh of relief! Our reputation was saved. The turf was green, the sun shone. We did not care if it snowed ink. Brooke smiled again. Matthew-Lannowe ceased bristling, and dropped his eyeglass. The voice of Stuart was heard beginning a fresh anecdote. The handicapper emerged from cover, and walked boldly about the paddock. All was well. The Prince could not win *all* his races, and in fact only rode a good second in a very big field in the polo pony race, which was won by one of the 17th Cavalry ponies.

"The stewards congratulated each other. It was the end of a perfect afternoon for us, and I hope also for the Prince. Anyhow, I do not mind telling the world that he rode a really fine race on 'Smiling Morn.'"

In Calcutta H.R.H. took part in a paper-chase early one morning.

The Indian paper-chases are big occasions, and require clever and handy horses and men who can ride. There is a lot of jumping, and the horses must go at racing speed on a course which is far from straight, but twists and turns in all directions over made-up fences, a distance of over three and a quarter miles.

The number of starters in Calcutta is generally about thirty, and how dangerous a paper-chase may be is shown by the fact that on one occasion the whole field went over Lord Louis Mountbatten and Captain Metcalfe who had met with disaster. With the number of starters, the nature of the course, and the unexpected things that happen, it takes a good deal of horsemanship to handle a horse at the racing speed at which the jumps are taken.

H.R.H. never failed to finish in every event in which he started, which is more than can be said for most men, and at Calcutta he finished fourth against a very formidable field, most of whom knew the country a lot better than he did. In these Calcutta events the

first six are "placed," not only the 1, 2, 3, as is common in English racing.

At Lahore and Peshawar the Prince rode to hounds ; at the former place after jackal, on February 28th, 1922. It was late in the season and the crops were high. There was, however, one good run, and the "fox" was killed, H.R.H. being close up in the first flight.

At Peshawar the Prince had a day's drag-hunting (the pack usually hunts jackals), and an officer who was out with him describes the day for me as follows :

"On Monday, March 6th, 1922, the Prince of Wales honoured the Peshawar Vale Hunt by attending a meet and riding to hounds. The Peshawar Vale Hunt was not able to meet at its usual hour, when the sun peeps over the frontier hills and the Vale smiles with its reflected glory ; nor was it possible to find and chase the game 'jack' over stream and furrow, ditch and forbidding bank, through whispering crops, to hustle him through garden or copse, and roll him over in the open in the midst of an excited pack. His Royal Highness had his many duties of review and visit, and the afternoon had perforce to serve its best.

"No certain scent will lie in the Vale as the hours of morning draw on, and for once since 1880 the pack were asked to speak to a drag.

"A field of 150 were assembled at 5 p.m. at Pirbala when the royal guest arrived, and were led by the Master (Major O. S. Fisher) to the appointed spot, where hounds were soon on the line. The breeze of the afternoon had lifted the scent, and a run to Mathra Thana of some four miles followed with the hounds hunting cleverly on a catchy scent, slow in places, fast in others ; the village was soon reached.

"After a short check another line was commenced over more typical Vale country, and ditch after ditch was taken on a screaming scent southwards. H.R.H., not following those of the field who showed a preference for gaps and easy jumping, took everything as it came and showed his back to most of us until he generously stayed behind to rescue from a muddy stream a Hunt member who, in negotiating an unfordable spot, had disappeared completely, boots and all, into its chilly arms to reappear from its muddy depths with head and shoulders only visible. A finish at Pirbala mound ended an enjoyable hour, and H.R.H. and Staff hacked back the six miles to Peshawar. After all, does not Jorrocks tell us that 'Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five and twenty per cent. of its dangers' ?"

At Madras the Prince rode work on two mornings on the Guindy racecourse, having gallops on an English horse, a country-bred and an Arab, all of which were taking part in the Madras races.

But the outstanding incident in the Prince's racing experiences in India was, beyond all doubt, the winning of the Hog Hunters' Cup in connection with the Kadir Cup Meeting. He only decided to compete on the morning of the race, in which, though he had the best horse possible, he certainly rode the finest race in his life over terrible country. General Baden-Powell has given me permission to quote his most graphic account in his (the General's) own words :

"At the end of the Kadir Cup Competition, the Hog Hunters' Cup is run. It is a point-to-point race over four and a half miles of fair pig-sticking country. Fair! Long grass, standing in many places 4 to 6 feet high; *jhow*, a whippy bush which wraps itself round and round your own and your horse's legs; tussocks, hummocks, and tall ant-heaps of hard-baked earth concealed in the grass; dry watercourses with steep rotten sides; deep river pools and quicksands hidden among bush and rushes, &c. And that is what they call 'fair pig-sticking country'!

"One who was an eye-witness on the occasion told me that before the start for the Hog Hunters' Cup, to the horror of every one, the Prince suddenly said that he would ride in the race.

"It is one like the Grand National, where falls are the rule, and often pretty bad falls at that! On one occasion, out of twenty-two runners, ten fell; one man fractured his skull, and four or five others were carried in. So the dangers of the trappy nature of the ground were explained, as well as the fact that even if he came in first he could not win, since the race was for those who had run in the Kadir Cup Competition.

"But the Prince was—well—my informant put it this way: 'You know what it is when you have had a good punching from a better boxer, and your pal says that it is not good enough to go on, better chuck it!' That is just the spur needed to make you go at it with added stubbornness, and probably win. Well, it was just that way with the Prince! He said 'he must have a horse.' We got him one—a good one. And off he went as one of a big field, but at such a cracking pace that it was difficult to keep him in view.

"But by those who took a short cut to see the finish he was seen at the closing phase of the race to be lying third, the leading man apparently with the race in hand, and a hundred yards to the good. But in such a country you never know! The leader going his best jumped some green bush and landed splash in a river! (Don't I

know the game!) It was only with the greatest difficulty that his horse was rescued from drowning, with its forefeet tangled up in the martingale.

"Meantime number two and the Prince made their way through the river, and made a great race of it in the struggle up the far bank, with dead-beat horses.

"But the horsemanship of the Prince and an extra turn of endurance on his part carried him to the front, and he won a ding-dong race by a couple of lengths.

"It was a splendid exhibition of pluck above all things, and of good horsemanship, eye for country and sporting endeavour."

"To have won the Hog Hunters' Cup, perhaps the most difficult race in the world, was a marvellous feat, and one of which any rider would be more than proud," are the words of one who has himself competed in it.

The places in which the Prince rode, either in races or gallops, were as follows :

Lucknow.—December 9th, 1921 : Rode several gallops.

December 10th, 1921: Rode in four races, winning two firsts, and two seconds. Winning mounts were : Raja Shripal Singh's "Rainbow," and Major Campbell's "Smiling Morn."

Calcutta.—December 26th and 28th : Rode many gallops each morning.

December 29th : Rode steeplechase.

Madras.—January 14th and 17th, 1922 : Rode work both mornings.

Gwalior.—February 10th : Rode gallops.

February 11th : Rode in four races, winning one second and one third. Winning mounts were : Second (in Polo Scurry) on the Rajkumar Des Raj Urs' "Destiny," and third on H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala's "Irish Folly."

Lahore.—February 28th : Rode to hounds in morning. In afternoon rode in three races, winning one first and one fourth. Winning mounts were : First (in Stewards' Cup), on Major Van Renen's "Jenny Wren"; Fourth (in Polo Scurry), on the Rajkumar Des Raj Urs' "Destiny."

Rawal Pindi.—March 10th and 11th : Rode work.

March 11th : Rode in five races, winning three firsts and one third. Winning mounts were : Colonel Harvey's "Fizzer," Mr. Sidney Smith's "Chiario," and Captain Russell's "Silver Hawk," and rode third on Mr. Fawcett's "Winkle."

Kadir Meeting.—March 15th : Won Hog Hunters' Cup (light-weight) : First on Major Colin West's "Bombay Duck."

In conclusion, the following appreciation of the Prince's personality is written by one who was with him on the tour, but prefers to remain unidentified. He writes :

"H.R.H.'s outstanding quality is his pluck. To say that a man

'does not know what fear is' is a foolish phrase. Everybody knows what fear is ; but there are men to whom the question of personal danger to themselves does not seem to occur. The risk involved in any sport or action is simply not a factor to be taken into consideration. The Prince is one of them. It is inconceivable that he would be deterred from doing a thing which he was otherwise inclined to do merely because there was a chance of getting killed or a likelihood of breaking a limb.

"On one of the big shoots he remarked to a member of his Staff that it was 'a pity we can't leave all these elephants behind.' He spoke what he sincerely meant. The way that he would like to go tiger-shooting would be to have the general whereabouts of the tiger pointed out to him, and then to be allowed to walk in alone with a rifle and try to get him.

"He will never be as good a shot, or anywhere near as good a shot, as his father, the King. But the kind of shooting that he likes best is to go off with, perhaps, one companion and find the game, big or small, with as little auxiliary *bandobast*—as little pomp—as possible.

"No one who was not absolutely indifferent to danger could possibly have ridden his pigs—that boar that he got with the single spear especially—with the perfect recklessness of his neck that he showed. No one who had thought of his skin for a moment could have done his ride in the Hog Hunters' Cup. Any unknown subaltern who rode as he did, whether with a spear or across country, would immediately establish his reputation as a first-class dare-devil.

"Next to his pluck were his extraordinary keenness and fitness. It is notorious that he was the despair of his medical advisers. He worked so hard and ate and slept so little, getting more and more fine-drawn week by week, that by the time we reached the Punjab the doctors had serious fears that he could not last until he got on board the *Renown* at Karachi. Yet it was after that that he pulled off his great feat in the Hog Hunters'!

"The necessary formalities of the trip—the continual travelling, with the never-ending receptions, parades, durbars, luncheons, reviews, garden parties, banquets, balls and the rest—those alone made hard work enough ; but H.R.H. took them all in his stride and went on hunting up superfluous activities in between times sufficient to tire a dozen men. No one member of his Staff—nor any man in India—could have lived with him through all that he did. When he wasn't off on a shoot, playing polo or racing (any excuse was good enough to get into the saddle and work hard) he was doing 'exercises,' running, dancing, playing lawn-tennis, or billiards-fives or

jumping on a pogo-stick. He was up late at night and out at dawn ; and he was as keen and full of vigour in the afternoon sun as he was in the cool of the morning. There was absolutely no tiring him, and he was as hard as nails. And if, on the one hand, the doctors were terrified, on the other hand is the question whether, if he had not kept himself as hard and fit as he was, he could possibly have gone through all the functions and elaborate programmes as he did without showing any sign of weariness or ever losing his smiling alertness for a moment.

“Then his unselfishness. It is a quality which generally goes with pluck. A man who doesn't think too much about himself is likely to think more of others. And it is an ear-mark of the *pukkeba* sportsman. On more than one occasion H.R.H. declined to take mounts which he thought were being offered to him only because he was the Prince of Wales and which some other fellow ought to have ; and he never wanted to be asked to ride the favourite in a race, though he couldn't always avoid it. His notorious unselfishness on the polo ground is only a manifestation of his unselfishness in all things. In any game or match he would always want his adversary to have the choice of mounts, of cues or bats, of position or any other advantage that was going ; and wherever possible he will shift credit from himself to some one else.

“A prince, especially on such a public occasion as this tour, has a pretty fierce light beating on him all the time, and there is nowhere where the signs of sportsmanship are so well understood, the standards of it so high, as in India. If his pluck, his keenness, his unselfishness had not been part of his very nature—if they had been assumed—he must have been found out. But they bubbled out of him, with a matter-of-course spontaneity that no one could suspect. It is not in the least surprising that H.R.H. is so enormously popular, or that he left among sportsmen all over India the reputation of being one of the best.”

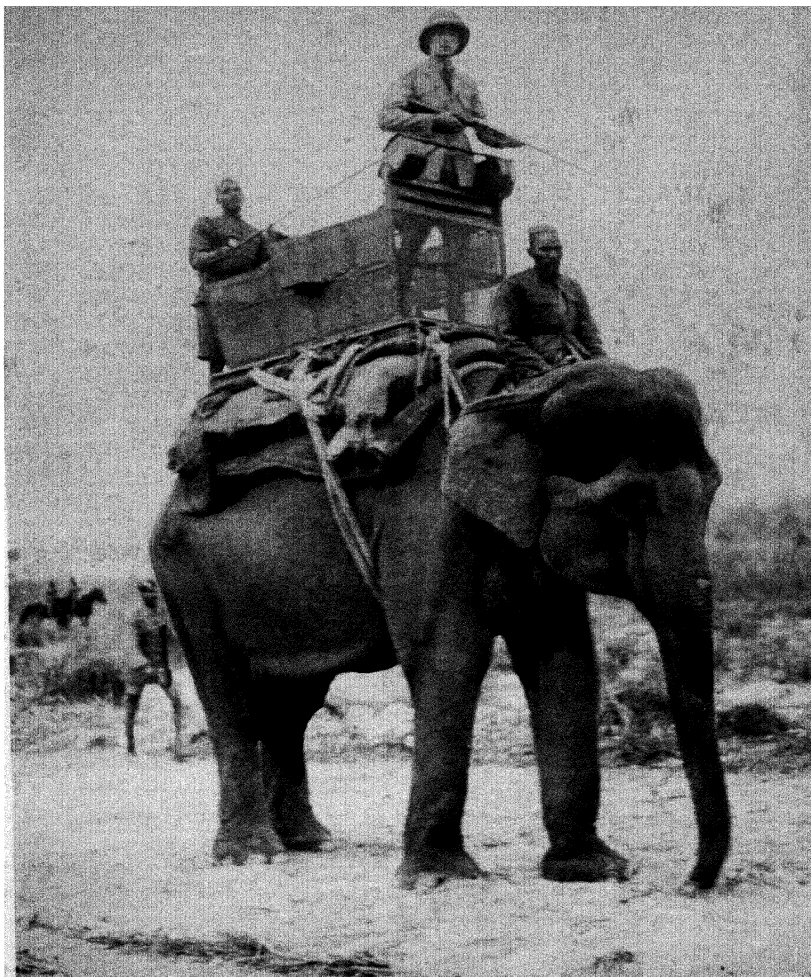
CHAPTER XIV

THE INDIAN ELEPHANT

THE elephant is so magnificent an animal—not merely in its size, but in its intelligence and character—that it deserves to be treated with the greatest humanity. It is not merely that it is of conspicuous value in the service of man and must, therefore, be protected and preserved. All motives of selfishness aside, for the sake of the animals themselves, it is the duty of all Englishmen in India, as of the Government, to do everything that can be done to minimise the harshness used in their capture and subsequent care. No apology is needed, then, for dwelling at length on the subject here. If any were needed, it would be furnished by the fact that the Prince of Wales became deeply interested in the splendid brutes; came to know, admire and sympathise with them. There could be no fitter place for pleading the elephant's cause than in this book which is associated with H.R.H.'s name. Nothing could be better than that one of the incidental results of the tour in India should be to improve the lot of elephants by spreading knowledge of them and urging, in Government and individuals alike, the adoption of the humanest methods possible in their capture and treatment.

The classical authority on the subject, of course, is Sanderson. The work he did was of incalculable value. But a long time has passed since Sanderson lived and wrote, and no excuse is made for presenting here some documents and facts of more recent date.

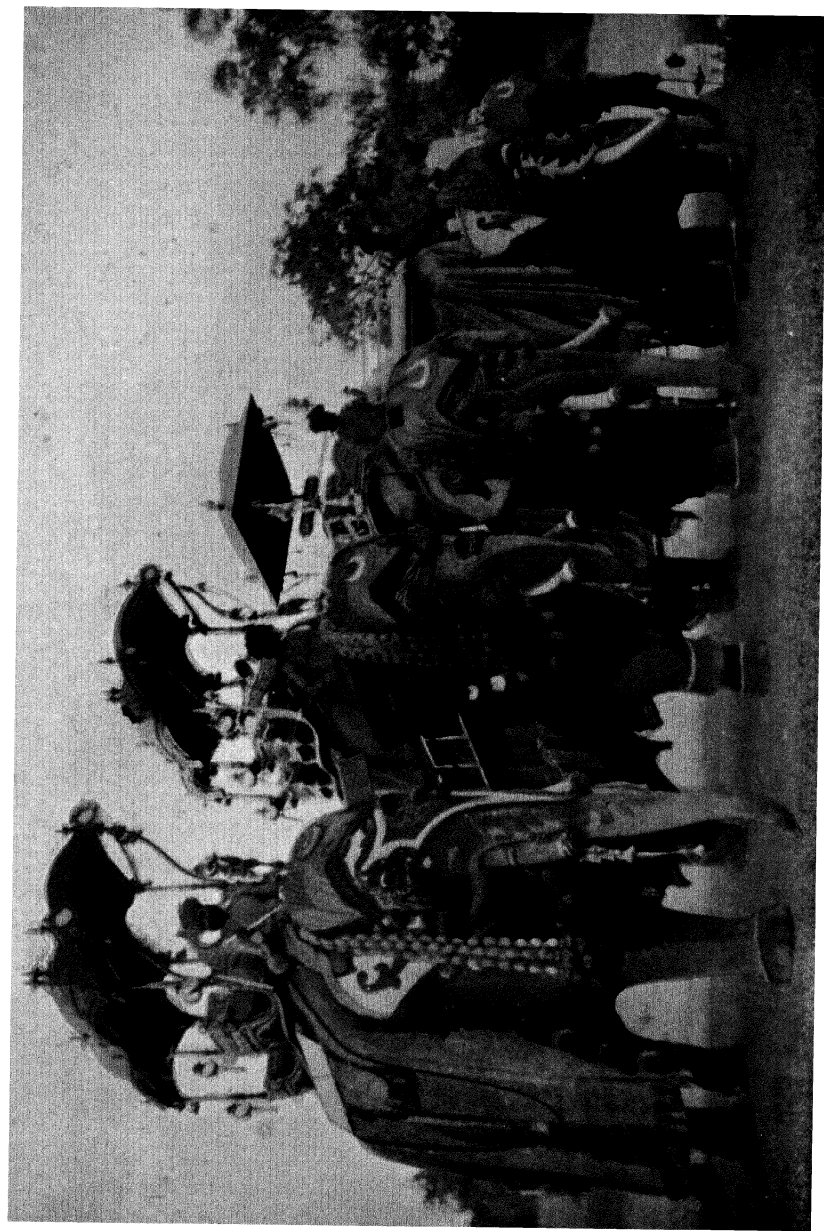
Elephants are found and abound in Southern India, Mysore, the Terai tracks of land in the Nepal State, the lower hills and adjoining flat country in Northern India from the Darjeeling district, all along the Duars and Bhutan hills and the adjoining flat lands of Northern Assam, right up to the Abor country, not far from the Chinese Frontier. On the south bank of the Brahmaputra River, in Southern Assam, elephants are found in the plains and also on the vast expanse of hills extending all the way to Burma. This great extent of unknown and hilly country contains, no doubt, thousands of elephants, and is the breeding ground for the elephants that find their way to Assam and the large number that are to be found in Burma. Elephants are also found in the Khasia and Jaintia Hills and the Garo Hills, all in



Photograph : Central News.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN ON A HOWDAH ELEPHANT IN NEPAL.

On December 10th, 1921, Lord Louis had a very exciting experience, his elephant suddenly going "musth" while he was in the howdah and disappearing in the bush. Fortunately the mahout managed to save the situation, and the rider was not hurt.



Photograph : Central News.
It was at Baroda that the Prince of Wales first met elephants caparisoned in all their splendour. The elephant on the extreme left is the one on which the Gaekwar rode with the Prince. Note the tiger rampant painted on the side of the head.

Assam. A few wild elephants find their way to Mysore from the forests of Southern India, but nothing like the numbers in other parts of northern India or Assam and Burma, where a constant supply come through from the hills of Bhutan, and from the vast extent of the Naga Hills.

In the course of the Prince's tour unique opportunities were afforded of seeing elephants in various parts of the country, both in their wild state and in the different uses to which they are put in domestication. Their strength, intelligence and docility combined (together with the length of time to which they live) make them extremely valuable in the service of man.

Mr. Iyengar, Conservator of Forests in Mysore, told me that in the State the almost universal method adopted for capturing elephants on a large scale is to drive the herds from the forest to the enclosure or keddah, which is surrounded by a deep V-shaped trench except at the gates through which the herd is driven in.

This system is considered more humane than the pit system where the elephants are made to fall into pits dug along their usual track. These pits are lightly covered over with thin bamboos, earth and leaves, so that the animal may not suspect the existence of a trap.

Sanderson introduced the keddah system into Mysore, and a special department was organised by him and operations were conducted under his guidance for some years. The operations were not financially a success, as originally anticipated, owing to the heavy casualties amongst the captives during the early period. The department was therefore wound up in 1900. Thenceforward, keddah operations were organised and undertaken by the Forest Department, only for the entertainment of distinguished guests.

The main principle of Sanderson's method consisted in using force to drive the herd only after it strayed into the area enclosed by permanent surround lines. The main feature of the present method, which is a departure from the old, consists in surrounding the herd where it may be found, and forcing it from that place onwards until it is impounded in the keddah. This method not only became a necessity at first, as elephants instinctively altered their usual movements and evaded trapping, but was found to be advantageous, inasmuch as the necessity to keep a large number of men idle until the elephants got amidst surround lines of their free will was obviated.

ELEPHANT CATCHING AS A BUSINESS

Mr. F. T. Kingsley, who has had large experience in the capture of elephants, especially in Assam and Bhutan, writes to me the following very interesting account of the operations :

“In days gone by, the Government captured elephants and maintained a department for such work with staffs of men and trained elephants for the purpose. Such Government operations were carried out for years in Southern India, by Mr. Sanderson and others, and when elephants got scarce in those parts, the Government operations were moved to the other areas, such as Northern India, below the foothills of Bhutan, the Garo Hills, the Goalpara District of Assam, and then finally in Burma. Now, the Government have given up elephant-catching operations on the scale as carried on in those days, and their trained elephants were all sold off in Burma about the year 1911-12. Since then elephants have been captured by private enterprise on a small scale.

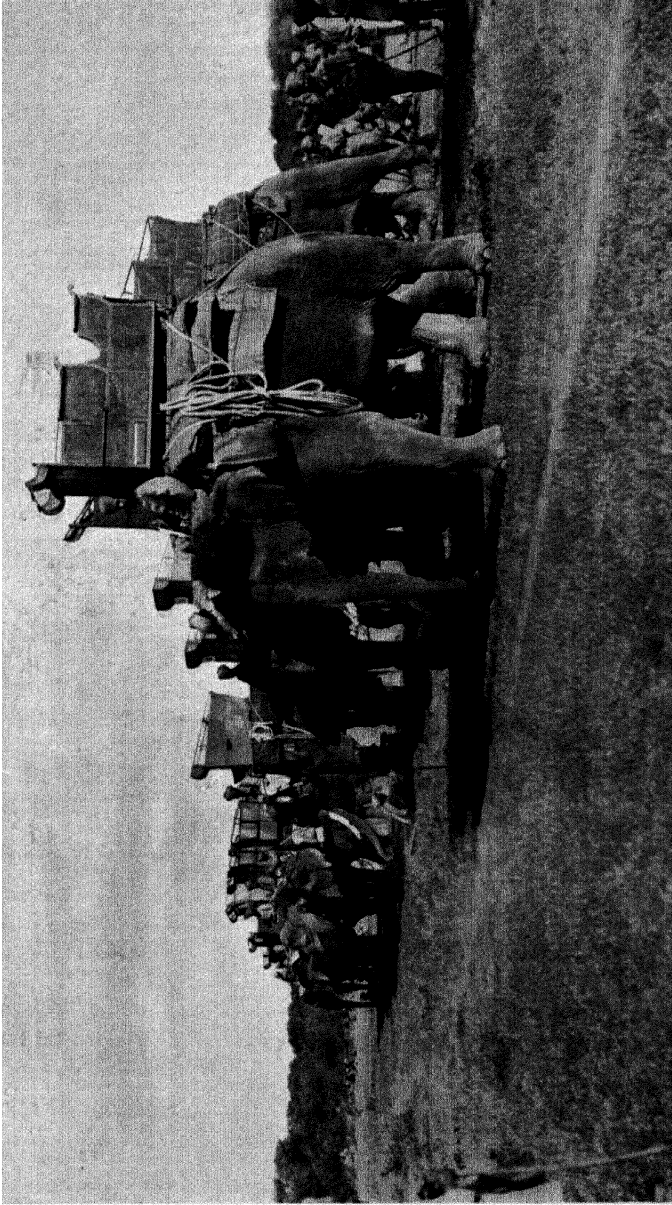
“Even before the Government gave up the work, elephants were captured by private enterprise in Assam and other parts of India. Such an enterprise is generally carried on as follows :

“Tracts of country are selected by Government by rotation for operations ; these are advertised and the licence to capture elephants therein is sold by auction to the highest bidder, the successful candidate being allowed to employ others as agents to enable him to operate over the large tracts of country given out, which may extend to 80 or 100 square miles. Operations invariably take place from October to March, six months during the winter, as this is the most favourable time. It is then cool, and elephants do not suffer so much in captivity and training as they would during the warmer months of the year.

“In former days, when Government conducted elephant-catching operations, things were done on a lavish scale, a large number of men being employed for surrounding the herds and building stockades. But nowadays the herds of elephants are much smaller, and, as they are captured by private enterprise, operations have to be carried out economically to make any profit at all.

“The licensee of a tract of country has to study his ground first by the maps that are available. He has to find out where his stock of elephants is coming from ; this is generally from the hills if there are any in the vicinity. He has to find out the time of year they come through, and whether they come for water or fodder, or both. Sometimes they come down to the plains to salt licks that are known to him. The roads that the elephants always take on their way down to the plains are all important to the elephant catcher, and places where fodder abounds in the winter months on the plains, as fodder is seldom obtainable on the hills during this dry season.

“When all this information is collected, the licensee then has to make up his mind how many stockades he will build. These are on a small scale suitable to the small herds of elephants to be dealt with,



Photograph through the kindness of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, G.C.S.I., &c.

SOME OF THE ELEPHANTS OF THE LINE AT PATIALA.



(1)



(2)

KEDDAH OPERATIONS.

1. Building the stockade.
2. A wild tusker before capture.

Note.—These two photographs, as also are the four succeeding, were taken in 1923 at Kaptai, near Chittagong, where the operations were in charge of E. O. Shebbeare, Esq., I.F.S., with C. S. Steele-Perkins, Esq., and others. A total of 58 elephants were captured. The photographs are supplied by Mr. Steele-Perkins.

which rarely exceed twenty-five in number anywhere in India. In Burma the herds are larger. Stockades are built almost, but not quite, round, an oblong shape being found best, probably 60 feet long by 40 to 45 or 50 feet wide. They are built thus to give the elephants standing room when they first rush into the stockade, so as to capture the entire herd before the door is dropped down, otherwise a portion of the herd may be inside the stockade and the tail end may still be outside, and if the door were dropped down, some of the elephants might be shut out.

“Stockades are built of trees about 1 foot in girth let into the ground 5 feet, with 12 feet or 13 feet out of the ground. They are let into the ground at intervals of a foot, and the spaces in between are filled up with smaller logs. These are lashed across on the outside of the enclosure with the logs laid cross-ways, at intervals of 3 feet. The whole of this is then reinforced on the outside again at intervals of 10 feet or 12 feet with huge logs of trees again let into the ground about 5 feet.

“On the inside of this barrier a large ditch is dug all round, except at the entrance by the door. The ditch is generally 9 feet wide at the top and dug down in a V-shape, 6 feet deep, down to a foot in width at the bottom. This is to keep the elephants away from the barrier, and to prevent them from having any ground to stand on, from which they could get a good push at the woodwork. The soil dug out of the ditch is generally heaped up on the outside of the stockade.

“Stockades are generally built on the beaten tracks of elephants, and if possible close to a salt-lick, as elephants will invariably come to salt-licks once a month. Stockades are also sometimes built on beaten tracks leading to places where fodder abounds, or to streams where elephants water.

“The number of stockades to be built will depend on the area of the country operated over or on the area over which elephants are to be found. Certain tracts may be waterless; others may not have suitable fodder and so on.

“As elephants are most fond of hiding themselves away in hill tracts and valleys, away from human habitation, and only emerge from such places into the plains at the times in the winter months when the hill streams dry up, and when fodder becomes scarce on the hill-sides and valleys, the stockades are sometimes built on such beaten tracks as the elephants take when they are descending into the plains. A stockade is built and run by about thirty men.

“In the Government operations and also in Mysore, a stockade was first built and elephants were driven into it; but in India, working on the scale that we do these days, it is cheaper and more successful

to build stockades in likely places and allow the elephants to come down to them of their own free will, and then drive them in. Where stockades are built within 100 yards of a salt-lick, we generally let the elephants come right down to the salt-lick, then fire off a few rounds of blank cartridges, when they stampede along their beaten track and more often than not run straight into the stockade. Here I might mention that from the door of the stockade we run out wings, also of wooden logs let into the ground and lashed together in the same way, to guide the elephants into the stockade. These wings run out about 100 yards, more or less, according to the country.

"The writer was operating in the Goalpara District of Assam, and also the Lower Hill tracts of Bhutan from 1915 to 1917. One of the operations covered a tract of country some eighty miles in length by about thirty miles broad, and the first season, *i.e.*, 1915-1916, twenty stockades were built, with the result that 272 elephants were captured in the six months. It was found, however, that every stream and valley that came out of the hills in Bhootan contained elephants, so in the second season, 1916-1917, twenty more stockades were put up, when 342 elephants were captured during these six months.

"When a herd of elephants enters a stockade, the man in charge of the door cuts the lashings which hold it back, when it swings to, and the elephants are accounted for. The men then all rush up, bind the door, and form a ring of fires round the stockade, and with long bamboos spiked at the ends keep the elephants back, if they should try to force their way out by dashing up against the sides.

"As may well be imagined, the first few hours is a most trying time for the men, and it takes a good deal of courage and pluck on their part to stand up to the ordeal, and keep the elephants in.

"The most dangerous elephants in a herd are large tuskers, or large females with young by their sides. When large tuskers are caught with a herd they are generally *musth*, or else they would not be with the herd. Male elephants, when not *musth*, generally wander about by themselves, and are known as 'rogues.'

"Such elephants are dangerous to meet at any time, and they are a source of great danger and nuisance to the lonely huts of natives, who live close to the jungles. The elephants get so bold as to go right up to such huts at times for the paddy or plantain trees that may be planted round about. Females will not do this. They always keep together in herds with their young, and are shy and too timid to show themselves to any extent.

"When elephants have been captured in a stockade, information is sent to the nearest depot or camp for *koonkees*, or trained elephants,

to take the wild elephants out. During the four or five days that elapse, while the trained elephants are brought up, the natives used to starve the wild elephants or give them very little to eat or drink, so as to reduce their strength, and so make the taking-out operations more easy. This is, however, a great mistake. It does not pay to starve an elephant, especially when he has such a strenuous time in front of him as he has in his training.

"The trained elephants are sent into the stockade with one man on each. Ropes are fastened round their waists, and to this rope is fastened a long loose rope. After the wild elephants are bucketed or chased round the stockade for five or ten minutes, to frighten them a bit, and also to guard against them attacking the trained elephants, the men take a breather for a few minutes, and then noose or lasso the wild elephants. Generally two lassos, from two trained elephants, are noosed on to the wild elephant sandwiching the wild one in between the two trained ones, and this is how he is walked out of the stockade when all the trained elephants are fixed up. The elephants are then tied to trees and gradually taken to the depots, perhaps in the course of two or three days, when they are immediately sold to native trainers, who do their own training, with the help of the trained elephants above described.

"The training of elephants does not take long, and depends on the size of the animal, ranging from ten days in the case of small ones to one month for the largest. The native traders are very clever in training them. They have to rely to a great extent on personal contact with the animal. For this reason they first pitch their tent or shelter within a few feet of where the elephant is tied. The men are constantly in attendance on him, day and night, and the elephant is hand fed all the time, to get it accustomed to human beings.

"During this time the natives are constantly rubbing the elephants down with bundles of straw, singing songs to them, getting them accustomed to lighted torches, the sound of drums and all such things. As the elephant is tied by the hind legs as well as the fore legs, the men are able to clamber all over his back, rub him down, and generally get him used to the touch of human beings. Every morning and evening the trained elephants come along, to take the wild elephant down to the stream to be watered, when he also gets his daily bath, as well as his daily lesson of moving about with a driver on his back.

"While the elephant is sandwiched between two trained elephants with nooses on, it is comparatively safe for a rider to get up and train his elephant with the help of his feet and the orders which he shouts out to it. These orders are such as 'Go forward,' 'Stop,' 'Go backwards,' with instructions to turn to the right or to the left, and

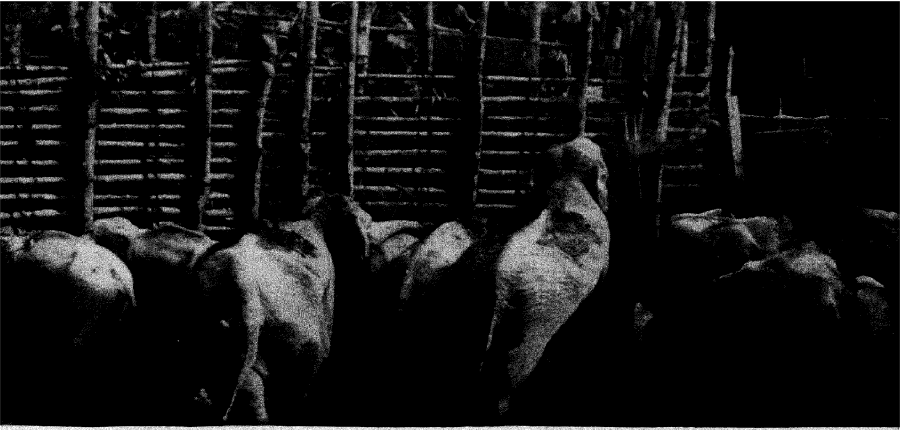
so forth. This parade is kept up for about half an hour every morning and evening until the elephant knows exactly what he has to do, and in a fortnight or three weeks, with all the attention and rubbing he gets, he becomes docile enough to be taken about by the rider on his back, without the aid or presence of the trained elephants.

"This method of hand-feeding the elephants in the training period is chiefly done to get the elephants docile quickly, but it is also done to keep the elephants constantly feeding. Being such large creatures, it does not pay to allow their strength to fail during the training period, when they have to be tied hand and foot for three or four weeks on end, and bucketed about in the training. Apart from the fact that they are not used to this sort of treatment, fear and loss of freedom and sleep reduce the elephants in weight and strength very quickly. Once a wild elephant is allowed to lose strength to such an extent that he cannot get up once he has lain down, it is a bad look out. It is then extremely difficult to bring his strength up again, and more often than not he will die.

"Elephants are also captured by means of the noose or lasso in the open, known to the natives as *mela shikar* (shikar at large), or *phasi shikar* (noose or lasso shikar). This is generally done by elephants working in pairs, or two pairs together, the females generally being taken forward first, as these can approach a herd, frightening the wild elephants less than the males would. Once they get near enough, the man on the elephant's back throws his lasso in the same way as he would if he were operating in a stockade. The moment he gets his lasso on, another man on a trained elephant closes in on the other side of the wild elephant and also throws his lasso, thus getting the wild one sandwiched in between the two tame ones.

"This is a slow method, however, as a herd has first to be located, then followed up, and sometimes chased; and when one or two are lassoed, the rest bolt off.

"The Government, when they caught elephants in Northern India and Assam, used chiefly Mohammedan workers, from the Dacca and Mymensing districts. Recently in Assam, since elephants have been captured by private enterprise, the people of the Province are used, viz., Assamese, Honias (a mixture between Assamese and Burmese) and Khamties from the hills in Northern Assam. Of these three races the Khamties were first used and found to be very good elephant hunters and catchers. They still are to this day, and fearless to a degree, as they live in the jungles and hills on the northern boundaries of Assam, and do not know what it is to be afraid of wild beasts of any kind. Unfortunately they are terrible opium-eaters, and for this reason some people will not employ them.

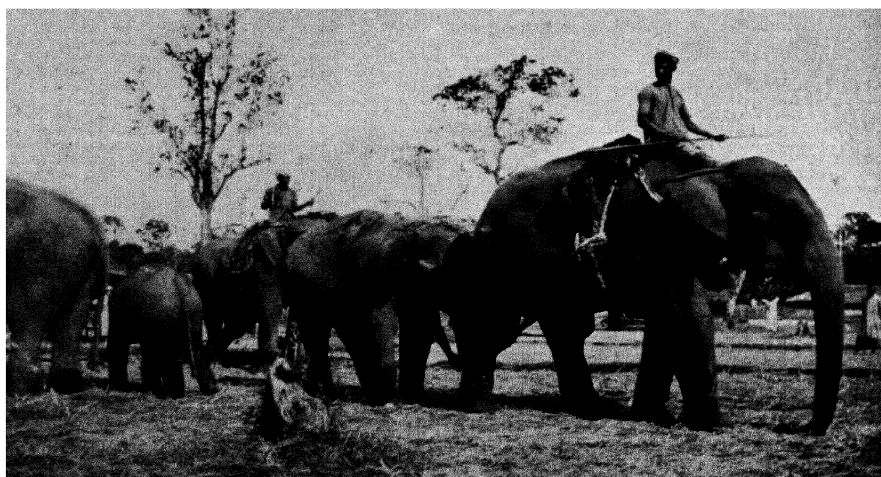
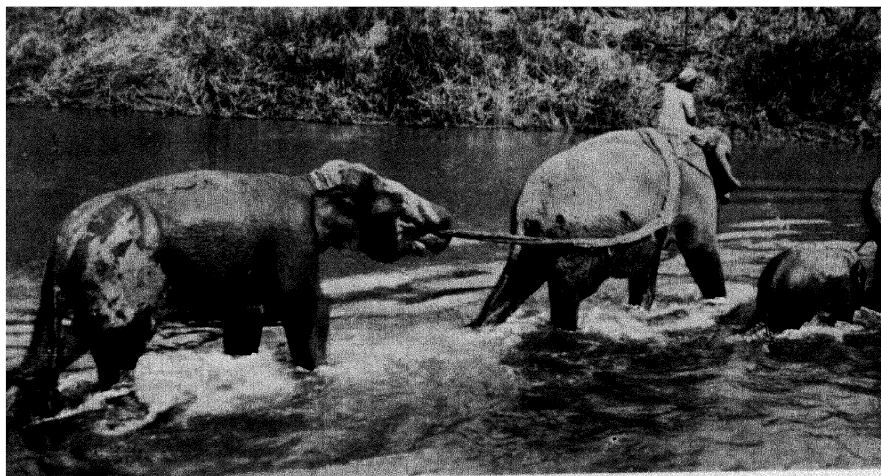


(3)



(4)

KEDDAH OPERATIONS.
Showing part of the catch inside the stockade.



6

KEDDAH OPERATIONS.

5. A captured elephant being taken to water.
6. A captive being exercised between tame elephants in the course of training.

"The Honias and Assamese are very keen on elephant catching, and after a year or two of experience become very good indeed. These too are given to opium eating, but not to such an extent as the Khamties. In Assam the men used for driving elephants, cutting their fodder and attending to them, as well as the men who act as *phandis*, the men who do all the noosing work, both in stockades and elephant catching operations by lasso in the open, are practically all Assamese of the Hindu religion.

"In Bengal and Northern India, chiefly Tharu people are used. These are also Hindus who live in the Terai jungles of Nepal and are really plains people, but they have settled on the Terai tracts of lands in Nepal, probably generations ago, so that the present-day Tharu really considers himself a Nepalese, and talks the ordinary *paharia* language of the hillman quite fluently. They are used by the Nepal Government on a small scale to capture elephants for the Rajah by means of the lasso in the Nepal jungles. They, however, do not know anything of the stockade system, except what some of the men have seen when attending operations in Assam between the years 1916 and 1922.

"In the present-day operations, elephants as soon as they are taken out of the stockades and brought down to the depots, are generally sold to native traders by auction. These traders come from Purnea, Darbhanga, Bihar, and so on. They find out beforehand where elephant operations are to be conducted, and bring half a dozen or dozen men with them to the depots or camps, put up their own bamboo shelters, and live in these camps till operations are concluded. They buy the elephants in their wild state and train them in the camps, with the help of the trained elephants belonging to the person from whom they purchase the wild elephants.

"When the elephants are trained and sufficiently docile they are taken away to such fairs, *melas* or large bazaars as those of Khagra at Kisenhgunj in the Parmah district, Singeshar at Bhagalpur, Sonapur on the B.N.W. in Bihar and so on, and there resold again at a profit. The elephants are purchased by *babus*, *zamindars*, etc., who use them chiefly for riding purposes, as a means of getting about in outlying places in Bihar, Darbhanga, Orissa, &c., &c.

"Baby elephants ranging up to about 5 feet 6 inches in height sell very readily, as these are easily trained with little risk. They can be taken by train to market, and a ready sale awaits them there.

"Young female elephants of from 6 feet upwards probably sell best of all; that is, if they have not become mothers, and still retain their fresh young appearance. These are the most handsome looking elephants, and of a size that can be made use of very quickly for

riding purposes. Females are much more in favour with the *babus* and *zamindars*, as they are more docile in after-life, and do not go *musth*, or give the trouble that male elephants do to handle and keep.

“Old tuskers, with good appearance, large and well-shaped tusks, also command good prices, and are generally purchased by wealthy *zamindars*, rajahs, &c., &c., who have other elephants on their estates which help to keep the unruly male quiet when it goes *musth* or becomes otherwise troublesome.”

The following report on elephant keddahs in the N. Cachar Hills, for the year 1921-22, written and furnished to me by Mr. G. W. Milroy, shows the mode employed of capturing elephants in those parts. It is so extremely interesting and throws so much light on the cost and difficulty of elephant operations, on the methods of training the captured animals and on the nature of the elephants themselves that no apology is made for presenting it here in full.

The elephant is so splendid an animal—it is so big, and in many ways so human—that there seems something peculiarly horrible in its being treated with brutality. When any animal becomes an article of trade, it is inevitable that men should consider the creature's sufferings as unimportant compared to their own profit. But the Government of India has a heavy responsibility in regard to the wild elephants in its dominions, and what Mr. Milroy has to say on the subject of the unnecessary cruelty that is inflicted on elephants in the course of their capture and training, with the suggestions which, from full experience, he makes for the amelioration of existing methods is of great importance.

“ELEPHANT KEDDAHs IN THE N. CACHAR HILLS

Period of Operations

The Keddah Operations begun in the North Cachar Hills in October, 1920, were continued.

Mela and Keddah Shikar commenced on October 1st; the former continued until March 31st, but the stockades were closed on March 15th.

Dhuis Retained

Dhuis (breeding females) had been released during 1920-21, but it was decided that these could be kept this year without unduly diminishing the breeding stock in the forest.

The Share System

The Mahal was conducted, as before, on the share system, Govern-

ment, the *koonkie* (tame elephant) owners and the stockade men being the partners.

Government supplied the raw material in the form of the wild elephants, and the staff for controlling the operations; the *koonkie* owners supplied the necessary *koonkies* and skilled attendants (*phandis*), and the stockade men built and manned the stockades.

Government had to pay the wages of its staff, &c., the *koonkie* owners had to provide for the maintenance of their elephants, and the stockade men gambled on their skill.

Government was responsible for advancing the stockade men the necessary money for their food, the advances being recoverable from the shares accruing to the men as the result of catching elephants.

Advances

About Rs. 9,000 were outstanding from the previous year in the form of advances to stockade men; Government took the risk of giving fresh advances, and was justified in doing so, as the fresh and the old advances, except about Rs. 3,700, had been recovered by the end of the season.

This sum of Rs. 3,700 represents a bad debt, and will have to be written off. It is not, as a matter of fact, all dead loss, because the men to whom the money was advanced did catch a few elephants, Government's share of which was Rs. 1,684-6-0; the whole would have been recovered if they had caught more, as they should have done.

The advances are not made without some security, because the men who receive the advances build the stockades and man them; work worth thousands of rupees, but, it so happens, unprofitable work, unless elephants are caught.

Government not Competing with Private Enterprise

It is necessary to correct the impression that seems to be abroad, that Government has been competing with private enterprise in carrying on keddah operations.

If the North Cachar Mahal had been auctioned in the usual manner, it would have been purchased by a financier, who might, or might not, have been an owner of elephants, and who would have been responsible for paying to Government the purchase price of the *mahal* and the royalty on each elephant caught. He would have recouped himself by admitting pettidars, who would have supplied the *koonkies* for *mela* and *keddah shikar*, and who would have built stockades on the share system with the stockade men. According to custom, pettidars receive a 12 annas share in each elephant they catch

by *mela shikar*, and a 10 annas share from each elephant caught in stockades built by them, out of which comes the stockade men's share. Small pettidars, who do not build stockades, but only supply elephants, receive a 6 annas share in each wild elephant that their *koonkies* remove from a stockade.

If the mahaldar had been an owner of *koonkies* himself, he would of course have made some additional profit by catching elephants on his own, and not through the pettidars.

Government was precisely in the position of a mahaldar who owned no *koonkies*. *Koonkies* and stockade men were not hired, but were admitted on pettidari lines. Our pettidars received a 12 annas share from the elephants caught by *mela shikar*, and a 5 annas share from the elephants caught in the stockades, the remaining 1 anna being used to defray cost of medicines and for rewards to the *phandis*, an important matter that past experience had shown to be necessary if the wild elephants were to be properly treated and not knocked about. The few casualties and the resulting high prices more than made up this anna 1 to the pettidars.

Special Arrangement with Two Pettidars

A different arrangement was made with two pettidars, Sjt Tilo Kanta Phukan and Sjt Chandra Nath Chowdhury.

Phukan Babu had supplied 10 *koonkies* for the mahal last season, and had been of great assistance to us in our work, although there was no necessity for him to stay after he had made over his *koonkies* to us, and he had proved himself to be one of the few men engaged in the elephant business who could be trusted to put humane treatment of the wild elephants before his own personal convenience.

In view of the fact that Government was on the look-out for men with whom mahals could be safely settled (safely, that is to say, for the wild elephants), an arrangement was made with Phukan Babu whereby he paid up the money owing to Government by three lots of stockade men, totalling Rs. 4,500, and was allowed to supply *koonkies* and his own stockade men for the south-east corner of the mahal. He was made responsible for the work in this area, subject to my general supervision, and had to pay Government 4 annas share on each elephant he captured. We sold his elephants and looked after their training in the depot, where he kept his own *mubarrir*.

It is satisfactory to report that Phukan Babu worked his area properly, and I am able to certify that he could be trusted to work a mahal without fear of the elephants being maltreated or neglected. His *phandis* are skilful, and he himself is always to be found wherever in the forest the work may be. He is also capable of making the

bandobast that will be best for the wild elephants, however inconvenient it may be for himself or his men ; that is half the battle in keddah operations.

After Phukan Babu had been allotted his area, and Government had arranged for as many stockades as money could be safely advanced for, there still remained one locality without any stockade, and Sjt Chandra Nath Chowdhury was allowed to build a stockade there. He was to pay Government in cash up to Rs. 1,500 according to his success, and a annas 4-6 share on each elephant captured. He actually paid in cash Rs. 1,411-14. Chandra Nath Babu should have supplied 10 *koonkies* for the stockade he built, but only provided eight, some of which were very inferior beasts.

Reason for a Fortnight's Extension of mela shikar

It had originally been intended to close down the mahal completely on March 15th, but Government sanctioned *mela shikar* being carried on to the end of the month, because it was found necessary halfway through the season to alter the system of dividing up the *koonkie* owners' shares.

Last season the shares from each wild elephant were divided amongst all the owners, the *koonkies* being detailed by me to do the work for which each was best suited ; this was a novel experiment in co-operation that proved a great success. The general custom is for the owners to receive shares only from those wild elephants in whose capture their *koonkies* are actively concerned.

There are obvious disadvantages in this. For instance, the *koonkie* which captures a wild elephant is responsible for feeding it and looking after it, but if the *koonkie* falls sick, and no other owner has any interest in this wild elephant, it is not easy to arrange for the necessary work to be done.

However, it was thought advisable to give a trial to the universal custom, in order to learn from actual experience how businesslike it is, and the arrangement would have been kept to but for one unforeseen circumstance.

There is very little fodder in the North Cachar Hills that can be cut and brought in for tethered elephants, and the *koonkies* had to depend largely on the branches of ficus and other trees. Most of the trees had been lopped last year, and the consequence was that many of the *koonkies* returned from *mela shikar* in very bad condition, and some indeed, which had lazy attendants, died as the result of overworking and under-feeding.

The mahaldar has no responsibility in this matter, as the *koonkies* are out at *mela shikar* on their own ; the mahaldar would much

sooner they remained resting so as to be fit for their stockade work, but the owners continually press for *mela shikar*, because their greatest profit lies in that direction.

Weak *koonkies* are very little use for stockade work, so it becomes necessary to revert to last year's practice, in order that the strongest *koonkies* might be kept for the heavy work and the weaker ones used for training and feeding.

The *koonkie* owners agreed to the change being made on condition that Government allowed them two weeks' *mela shikar* after the stockades had been abandoned.

Number of Elephants Caught

One hundred and three elephants were caught by *mela shikar*, and 189 in the stockades, a total of 292.

Two hundred and sixty-five elephants were taken to the depot for sale and training; one of these was released as being too old, and one on account of injuries received during capture at *mela shikar*.

Of the remaining 27 elephants, 17 were released in the forest because they were old or had very young calves at foot, 7 died in the forest, and 3 were shot.

Seventy-eight elephants were caught in one stockade on nine different occasions. This stockade was not kept open during the whole season because the supply of fodder in the neighbourhood became totally exhausted. To catch nine times in the same stockade must surely be a record.

Casualties

Casualties may be divided into four categories :

- (a) Casualties at *mela shikar*.
- (b) Casualties at the stockades.
- (c) Casualties during training.
- (d) Casualties after and as the result of training.

(a) Very little information ever leaks out about accidents that may occur at *mela shikar*. It is a violent method of capture, and leads to the strangling of a certain number of elephants, principally small ones. Strangling is a very rapid form of death for the elephant, on account of the peculiar structure of its windpipe.

An inquiry was held into the case of a small elephant captured by a *koonkie*, which fell sick in the forest. The wild elephant should have been released, but instead it was kept tied up until a passing *koonkie* came along to take the animal to the depot; it died on the road. The *phandi* had done all he could to keep the elephant alive, except release it, and was unable to realise that Government would

prefer the certainty of an elephant being alive in the forest to the possibility of making a few rupees for its sale.

As mentioned in the preceding paragraph, a female caught at *mela shikar* had to be released from the depot owing to internal injuries, which she suffered at the time of capture.

It appeared that she had fallen into a ditch and strained herself, though the results did not become evident till she had arrived at the depot.

(b) Deaths that occur in connection with the stockades cannot, of course, escape detection in a Government mahal, but it is known that they are not always reported in the case of leased mahals. The incidents take place in remote parts of the forest, and there is every inducement for all concerned to keep quiet about them in order to avoid having to pay the Government royalty.

Out of our ten forest casualties :

Three big males in *musth* were shot.

One *mikbana* was killed by one of the above before it was shot.

Two calves died as the result of being trampled upon by a vicious female in a stockade.

One calf, caught by Phukan Babu, died as the result of a misunderstanding. The animal was captured in a stockade near the railway line, and was kept there instead of being dispatched to the depot with the rest of the herd, in order to be sold to a railway officer, who wanted a small elephant to take to his home. The man, however, delayed very much in coming, and then decided that he would not take the beast, which died from want of proper arrangement to look after it in the forest.

One female suddenly dropped dead a couple of days after being removed from the stockade, presumably from rupture of the heart, as she had not been knocked about at all. Her carcase was removed piecemeal by some *Kukies*, and should last them a long time.

One small elephant, apparently in good health, died on the way to the depot from no ascertainable cause.

One female was strangled owing to the small rope, which keeps the noose from tightening, being snapped as the elephant lunged forward. The rope had been made of rotten jute, so the stockade men were compensated by being given the shares that should have fallen to the *phandis* at fault.

(c) Deaths during training are most lamentably numerous in leased mahals.

One death occurred last year out of 104 elephants trained in the Government mahal, and one out of 263 elephants died this year as the result of bad methods.

The elephant was an old *dhui*, which arrived in the depot with a bad neck wound and was bought by a man who had never trained a wild elephant before. I did not reach the depot till some days after the training of this animal had commenced, and I noticed at once that the purchaser had not been obeying the standing orders on the

subject of training. The elephant could not be saved, largely on account of her age.

The staff were instructed after this to compel orders being obeyed in the spirit as well as the letter, and no other elephant was in any danger of dying.

(d) Records under this head have not been collected before. The *sodagors* (traders) gave as an explanation of the astounding prices for which the elephants were auctioned, that they had been accustomed to buy, say, seven elephants when they had orders for five, because they found that a proportion of elephants were always likely to die within a few months of training.

The elephants we sent out last year were in such good condition and had been so considerately handled that very few died, and so, the *sodagors* said, they were willing to pay more for their raw elephants.

Three deaths occurred this year as the result of injuries to toenails. One would not suppose that this was anything very serious, and probably the treatment we apply is not suitable.

Last year a *koonkie* hurrying along the railway line stubbed its toe against a rail, and died a few weeks later from a sinus that had affected the ankle joint, and the three that died this year had also been injured on the line.

An angry wild elephant is for ever kicking at the earth with its feet, and it is necessary to tie it up where there are no stumps or roots ; but nails cracked by wood have not caused us the same anxiety as those damaged by the hard iron. Two of the elephants which died had been taken over by Government, and it is certain that they did not die for want of attention. The first one was released in the jungle close to the depot, after she had been trained, in the vain hope that she might recover by some natural process, but her feet only got worse and she died very soon.

We determined, therefore, that we would continue treating the second case to the end in the hope of a cure.

She was a very large female, captured just before Christmas ; she gave us a great deal of trouble in the stockade, but none during training, as is usually the case with honest elephants, which put out their full strength at first and then submit docilely.

Men could pass under her belly within three days of the commencement of training, and she was carrying in her own grass in quite a short time. The cracked nails then began to fall off, however, and the sinus trouble started in both forelegs. The elephant was not allowed to walk except to the water ; she was given tonics and country liquor and as much grass as she could eat, but though she did her part nobly and never lost her appetite, one leg refused to get better and

she died on April 20th. Presumably she might have been saved if any slinging apparatus could have been devised.

The third elephant was captured in November and taken to his home by the purchaser, a local *mouẓadar* (village landlord), who reported from time to time that his animal was very fit, but it died in April from a sinus which had not completely healed.

A number of other elephants, including trained animals, were crippled temporarily from losing nails, and, although it is certain that these were all accidents due to mechanical injuries, we were careful to change our ground, in case of infection from some unknown microbe in the soil.

One elephant was killed by being over-marched in the hot sun ; the purchaser's mahout (we learnt afterwards) set out at 9 a.m. on a cloudless day in April to march twenty-two miles across open grass country.

Another elephant died because the owner, a wealthy but miserly *mouẓadar*, was in a hurry to get his animal home, where rice for the attendants would be a few pice cheaper, although I had personally warned him that he had much better wait another week.

A young tusker, which had been bought by a man new to the business, died in the vicinity of the depot about a fortnight after its training had been completed. It was found at the inquiry that the elephant had been speared after passing out of our control, and had only been given half the number of plantain trees daily that other elephants were getting.

Two or three small calves died from not being properly looked after. Very small calves were released from the stockades with their mothers, and all those kept should have lived, but we found they were neglected if bought by Assamese, and orders were given to sell them to *sodagors* only. Weaning is normally a lengthy business with elephants, but calves can be safely weaned at six months' old. The professional traders feed these small beasts with milk, boiled rice, *ghee* (buttermilk) and *gur* (raw sugar), and are most successful in keeping them alive, but it is one man's full work to look after a calf, and the Assamese were not willing to take so much trouble or incur such expense.

Sickness amongst Elephants

There was a considerable amount of sickness amongst the *koonkies*, and several died in the mahal or after being sent to their homes. No responsibility attaches to Government.

The elephants could only be kept in condition by very hard work on the part of the attendants, on account of the fodder difficulty, and

it was very noticeable that elephants belonging to *mahajans* (capitalists, see Glossary, *infra*) of good repute, who were known to settle up their men's accounts honestly, were much better looked after than those belonging to, or hired by, less honourable men.

The five Government elephants, which were in the mahal throughout the season, were worked desperately hard, but the mahouts and grass-cutters played up splendidly, and kept their animals very well considering the great difficulties.

Sale of Elephants

Two hundred and sixty-three elephants were sold for Rs. 5,85,125, or an average of Rs. 2,225.

Last year the average was Rs. 2,499, but we only kept the young animals, which always fetch more than the big ones. It is quite common, for instance, to sell a calf for more than double what its mother fetches, the reason being that the elephant market outside the province demands only youngsters, which are easy to handle and transport.

The big elephants are bought by inhabitants of the Provinces, who expect to get a young full-grown female for from Rs. 900 to Rs. 1,600.

Elephants were very cheap in October and November, as the *sodagors* did not believe that we could have elephants for sale before the end of November, although we had written to them all the previous August, warning them of our expected early successes. The first *mela shikar* elephant was caught on October 1st, and the first herd was impounded on October 8th.

It always used to be the case that elephants went for a mere song once the hot weather had started, owing to the likelihood of many dying, but such was the confidence in the methods of treatment, upon which we insisted, that neither last year nor this was there any diminution in the prices obtained. Our last elephant this year, a 4 feet 11 inches female calf, was auctioned in very hot weather on April 2nd for the high price of Rs. 3,350 (untrained).

The highest price of the season was Rs. 4,610 for an untrained tusker 6 feet 1 inch in height.

Two small calves were sold for Rs. 180 each in October in the absence of competition; similar calves were fetching Rs. 2,000 between December and April.

Money brought into Assam

Rs. 4,61,160 out of the Rs. 5,85,125 represent money brought into the province from outside.

Inhabitants of Assam, including Government, took over seventy-nine elephants out of the 263 for Rs. 1,23,965, but some ten or twelve of these were small elephants, representing speculations, and these were subsequently sold to outsiders.

Feeling between the Assamese and the *sodagors* ran very high at some of the auctions, the latter being most indignant at the Assamese bidding for small elephants solely with the idea of passing them on at a profit.

Tame Elephants in Assam

Enquiries reveal the fact that there appear to be plenty of tame elephants in Assam, despite the heavy purchases for Burma. The Assam Timber Companies could buy all the dragging elephants they wanted, provided they were willing to pay the market rate for them; the days of cheap elephants are over.

Stock remaining in the Mahal

A great many herds left the Cachar Hills for the Naga Hills on the East, and for the Jaintia Hills on the west, due to the persecution they received. These will return in the course of time, and there were still a large number of elephants in the Mahal when the operations were concluded.

Tigers

The numbers of buffalo, bison and pig have been very much reduced in North Cachar by rinderpest, and we found that the tigers had taken to killing young elephants.

The *modus operandi* is for a tiger to watch a herd, and when opportunity arises to rush in and slash with its claws at the hind legs of a calf that has strayed a little way from its mother. If the operation is successful, the mother eventually deserts her calf, and the tiger is able to finish it off. Several small elephants with claw marks just above the heel were successfully treated in the depot, and a number were noosed in the forest but released because their wounds had got so bad that they could not march properly; these, of course, only represent the unsuccessful attempts at ham-stringing.

Reason for Government deciding on Departmental Operation

Representations having been made to the Local Government that a very large number of elephants were killed, apparently unnecessarily, during catching operations, orders were issued for the preparation of a new set of rules, and at the same time it was arranged

that the North Cachar Hills should be hunted under Government supervision, because in the first place there was some doubt as to the number of elephants that could be caught without reducing the stock too much, and because, in the second place, it was known that the mahal would be more difficult to work satisfactorily (on account of the fodder shortage) than any other mahal in Assam, and it was feared that the wastage of elephant life might be on a still higher scale than had been the case hitherto.

The Past and the Future

The Members of the House of Commons were recently so disturbed at the thoughts of a canary being made to perform in a disappearing trick, and of elephants being trained to walk up steps in order to slide down an incline into a pool of water, that they appointed a Commission to inquire into the whole subject. It is safe to say that the House of Commons would have been as greatly disturbed if the members had had any inkling of the conditions under which elephants were caught and trained in India.

The revelations which came out, when public attention was first drawn to the traffic in worn-out horses between England and Belgium, will be fresh in the minds of some who read this report. Elephant catching and training in Assam have been conducted on lines every bit as cruel and barbarous. This is clearly a serious and startling statement, which no one would dare to make unless he was ready and prepared to prove it.

The scandal is so great (and the fact that it is not a public scandal does not make it any less of a scandal), that I will be excused for dealing with it at some length. The general method of disposing of elephant mahals has been to sell them by public auction. There were certain rules regarding the payment of Government dues, and the purchaser was bound to bring his elephants to a fixed depot and report their numbers; but beyond that there was practically no control over his actions.

The general attitude of the small public, which was interested in elephant matters, was well typified by the answer made to me by a mahaldar, with whom I was expostulating because he had killed 48 per cent. of the elephants then captured by him, that he had at least bought and paid for them!

Such specific instances of cruelty and neglect, as we knew of ourselves, were brought to the notice of the Local Government, but that was only a preliminary; our case could not then be prepared in full.

At the risk of being considered egotistical, I must explain that the

only person in a position to take an active interest at that time in fighting the elephants' battles was myself. I had had opportunities during a number of years of studying elephant catching in other people's mahals, and was then ordered to carry out departmental keddahs on a small scale at Kulsi, in addition to the ordinary divisional work. This enabled me to test my theories in practice, and the experiments begun at Kulsi have been completed in the North Cachar Hills.

The results of our experiments may be briefly summarised as proving :

(a) That it is quite possible to get stockade men to turn out early in September, provided the mahaldar is willing to turn out himself, and start the work, and that *koonkies* can be on the ground by October 1st, i.e., that the mahal season is long enough, and that an early start merely depends upon the mahaldar's personal enthusiasm.

(b) That the mahaldar can get to know the country while the stockades are being built, and can complete his arrangements for posting the *koonkies* and cutting paths from them to the stockades, &c., &c., so that later on there need be no delay in summoning the *koonkies* to deal promptly with a catch in a stockade. There cannot be a mahal in Assam which does not allow of *koonkies* being kept within half a day's journey.

(c) That wild elephants can be landed at a depot in good condition and without bad neck sores, if the *phandis* are given some interest in the captives.

(d) That it is absolutely essential for the wild elephants' well-being that they should be sold immediately after arrival at the depot, to permit of training starting immediately.

(e) That the use of spears in training is dangerous to an elephant's health, and delays the completion of training. An elephant that is merely chastised with sticks settles down quicker than one that is speared, and learns its work quicker and more thoroughly.

(f) That the wearing of a neck *phand* (noose) during training is entirely unnecessary, except when the elephant is taken out for training or is being mounted at its *than* (stand). The *phand*, continually worn, is bound to give the elephant a neck-sore, which is dangerous.

The last two statements are likely to be seriously challenged. The *koonkie* owners came to the writer in November, 1920, wringing their hands and declaring that spears must be used and *phands* worn if the elephants were to be trained, and that otherwise disaster would follow and they would be let in for a loss.

Our answer was to point to Government elephants recently

trained at Kulsi, one, a tusker, the cleverest young elephant in Assam, bar none, that was used to lead a wild calf about only eighteen days after his own education had started.

The answer was regarded as quite unconvincing, and we had a hard struggle during the first few months in compelling purchasers to train according to our lights ; but in the course of time people began to see that we were perfectly right, and we had no trouble at all this season except with new comers, who all arrived firmly convinced that the way to train an elephant is to spear it hard and often, and keep it tied up tight by the head.

We have also proved, and this will be regarded by some as the most important, that :

(g) attention to points (a) and (f) ensures a minimum of casualties, maximum prices, and consequently hitherto unattained profits.

Sir Nicholas Beatson Bell was much distressed to learn that bad management was responsible for such heavy loss in the mahals. He called for a set of new rules to be prepared, extended the Cruelty to Animals Act to the whole of the Province, and approved of North Cachar being hunted departmentally, as we promised that, given a little time, we would prove that elephants could be kept alive and handsome profits made by the exercise of common sense and by the expenditure of energy rather than money.

Further than this he wrote an order to the effect that, if elephants could not be caught and trained humanely, he would not allow them to be caught at all.

This order, in Sir Nicholas' own handwriting, is in the file. He was wont to refer to it as the 'Elephants' Charter,' and presumably it is a charter, which Government will always be prepared to uphold ; perhaps it deserves to be more widely circulated than it has been, as Government's fundamental attitude on the subject.

Financial

The gross revenue, in cash and in kind, of the Forest Department, amounted to :

Rs.	a.	p.	
1,51,134	1	0	remitted to Treasury.
2,867	9	3	awaiting adjustment.
32,500	0	0	value of ten elephants taken over and trained.
<hr/>			
1,86,501	10	3	

The total expenditure (of which my salary was the most formidable item) amounted to :

Rs.	a.	p.	
22,307	12	1	as per accounts submitted monthly to Government.
200	0	0	estimated expenditure to be incurred in finally closing down the keddahs.
25	0	0	stolen by absconding temporary forest guard.
3,705	1	0	irrecoverable advances.
9,000	0	0	value of two elephants which died, and of one which escaped.
<hr/>			
35,237	13	1	

	Rs.	a.	p.
Total surplus in cash	1,27,763	13	2
Total surplus in kind, one tusker, seven females, worth	26,500	0	0
Total surplus in cash and kind	1,54,263	13	2

(Each female elephant which has been taken over by Government has been valued at Rs. 3,000, and the tusker at Rs. 5,500, a sum actually offered before it was trained.)

Profit

It is impossible to demonstrate definitely that Government made a real profit by working the mahal departmentally. A very much larger cash revenue was netted in this way than by selling the mahal, but to find out if there was any real profit resulting from the transaction it would be necessary to add together a hypothetical sum representing the amount the mahal would have yielded if sold, and a still more hypothetical sum representing the amount of problematical sylvicultural good that the writer of this report might have done if employed elsewhere on forest work.

Male Elephants

Attention may be drawn to the fact that 368 elephants have been removed from the North Cachar Hills in two years, and that only three of these were big males, which were shot.

Here, as elsewhere in Assam, keddah operations can only lead to there being in the jungle a large proportion of males, which have no connection with herds, but which despoil villagers' crops and are a general nuisance.

Such beasts have very little justification for their existence, and their destruction by accredited sportsmen should be encouraged. Innocent herd elephants are commonly blamed for the depredations of these *goondas*, especially by people interested in getting mahals opened.

The new rules were published in the *Gazette* of February 22nd, 1922, and should the auctioning of mahals be resumed, and should

the mahaldars keep to these rules, the elephants would undoubtedly be saved much suffering.

At the same time the point must be emphasised that if we had the definite proof, which I am now in a position to produce, of the evils that have gone on in leased mahals, we would have been able to make out an irresistible case against mahals ever being sold again by auction.

The subject is a long and intricate one, but the principal objections are as follows :

(i.) The impossibility of preventing mahals from falling into unworthy hands.

(ii.) The impossibility not only of ensuring that orders are obeyed in the forest, but even of hearing that orders are not obeyed.

The fact that it was to no one's interest to expose the horrors that went on has led to Government assuming that all was well.

(iii.) Government does not receive full value for its produce.

The alternative to auctioning is to admit pettidars under Government in the small *mela shikar* mahals (as was done successfully this year for the first time), and to settle keddah shikar mahals with approved mahaldars.

Our experiment with Phukan Babu, as related earlier in this report, has shown us that Government can expect at least a 4 annas share from a settled mahal, and this should yield considerably more than auctions ever bring in.

The rules, as recently gazetted, might suffice for the conduct of settled mahals if the one serious omission is made good, and a limit is placed to the length of time during which elephants can be kept inside a stockade.

There is at present no conscience at all on this point, but as the result of experience I can say that the maximum time should be fixed at eighty-four hours, and that every elephant that has not been removed before the expiry of this time should be released forthwith. Elephants, or at least some of the herd, can be kept alive much longer than this inside a stockade, but it is cruel and wrong to do so.

There may be strong opposition to this time limit, but if Government in its own most difficult mahal is able to make dispositions so that adequate *koonkies* can reach every stockade within twenty-four hours of a catch being effected, mahaldars can be compelled to do so in their mahals.

It will be absolutely necessary, too, for Government to be furnished with complete records of elephants caught and elephants killed, and for Government to arrange for some sort of intelligent inspection, unless things are allowed to drift back to very much what they have been.

The question of spearing elephants during training will most obviously be an extremely vexed one.

We know that the custom of using spears is cruel, unnecessary and prejudicial, and yet the majority of elephant men in Assam have no notion that a method of training has been evolved which is a great advance upon the methods of their fathers and grandfathers.

I would be the last to suggest that there should be any temporising with evil in connection with elephants, but more permanent results usually follow when people are convinced of the wisdom of a line of action than if they are merely forced to follow that line ; if there is adequate inspection of the training depots, and if adequate punishment follows on the mutilation and death of any elephant, the spearing is likely to be greatly lessened. If not, then uncompromising veto of the spear must be enforced.

A great danger that is likely to befall the wild elephants from the settling of mahals is that there will always be a temptation to reward good and loyal service by giving a mahal to a man who has done well by Government, but it would hurt an elephant just as much to be done to death by a good man as by a bad man.

Good and loyal conduct alone cannot be considered as any recommendation for a mahal ; such a man can be rewarded with a lease of trees or other inanimate objects ; but an elephant mahaldar must be a man who is able and willing to do his best for the elephants, and if such cannot be found, surely it may be demanded that Government falls back on its charter and closes down all hunting rather than run the risk of making the elephants suffer for its own political ends.

Lest any one should be tempted to think that what is written above merely represents the vapourings of a fanatic, I must make the personal explanation that in the course of investigations into the conduct of a business which has been carried on under Government ægis, I have seen sights which have sickened me from my food and have prevented me sleeping at nights, and that at the expense of much energy and of enduring more than a little hardship I have been able to prove with such solid proofs as rupees in the Government Treasury and elephants in the flesh, that there is no occasion whatever for brutality in connection with elephant catching and training, and that brutality can only lead to loss all round. Results such as have been obtained from the Government mahal should enlist the services of both the materialist and the idealist on the side of the wild elephant.

I would draw the attention of the former to the fact that, as things are, elephants constitute a much more valuable form of produce than do the trees of the forests in which they live. Out of 600 odd elephants

caught in two years in Goalpara and Bhutan, it is believed that between 150 and 180 died either before, or during, or as the immediate result of training. Such economic waste is nothing less than a sin in these hard times, and a return to such conditions cannot be contemplated. To the idealist I would suggest that as there are two ways of carrying on the elephant business, one cruel and unproductive, one less cruel and productive, the better way should be unhesitatingly adopted.

I cannot but confess, in conclusion, that my mind remains much perturbed regarding the future of the wild elephant in Assam. Individuals composing Governments are frequently changed, and unless some definite policy is now inaugurated there will always remain the chance of this report being decently interred in a pigeon hole.

Much trouble and fuss would be avoided in that way, and as bad luck would have it for the elephants, there is no public conscience that can be aroused in the matter."

ANTIPATHY OF ELEPHANTS TO MILE STONES

When motoring from Mysore to the shooting camp at Kharapur on the occasion of the royal shoot in the vicinity, I noticed along the roadsides the mile stones and road gauges. At the beginning, the first twenty miles, all were marked white with black figures; the latter part of the journey, however, they were exactly *vice versa*. Someone told me that the latter mile stones and road gauges are marked thus on account of their being in elephant jungle, and that elephants have curious antipathy to the former mile stones and uproot them always, but in the latter case they tolerate them. I took photos of these mile-stones, and wrote to Mr. Theobald, the well-known naturalist, who replied as follows :

" You are quite right about the mile stones being painted black, as it has been found that if painted white, elephants uproot them. I do not think it is due to any bad trait, but mischief. Even the wooden railings are painted black for this reason. White seems to catch the eye of elephants, and they apparently cannot resist playing with them."

Colonel T. J. McGann, of Mysore, confirms this. He has been a considerable number of years in the State, and says :

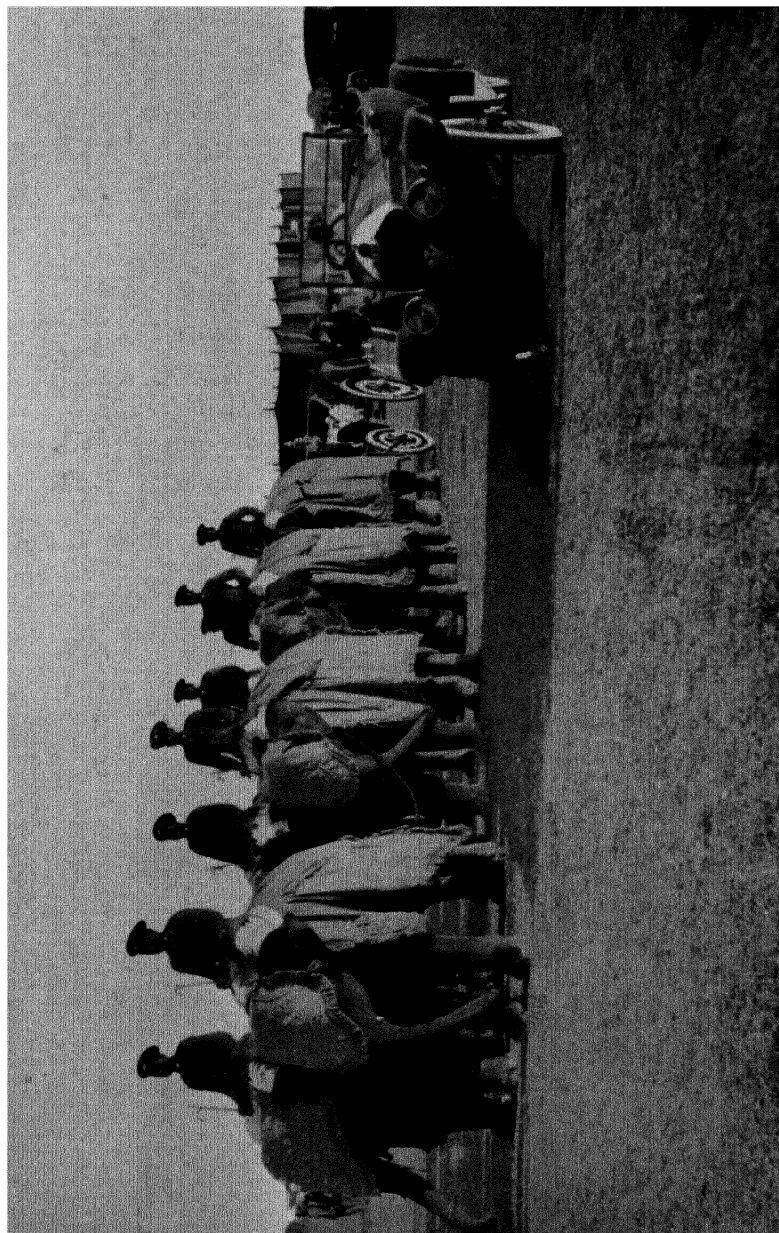
" It seems evident that elephants dislike white coloured mile stones, and displace them, and do not mind dark coloured ones."



THE WAY MILESTONES ARE PAINTED IN JUNGLES IN MYSORE WHERE THERE ARE NO ELEPHANTS. If painted white, elephants uproot them. White seems to catch their eye, and they apparently cannot resist playing with them.



THE WAY MILESTONES ARE PAINTED IN JUNGLES IN MYSORE WHERE ELEPHANTS ABOUND, NEAR WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES VIEWED THE KEDDAH OPERATIONS.



Photograph: Central News.

CONTRASTS IN TRANSPORT.

The Maharaja of Bharatpur's silver carriage drawn by eight elephants and the Prince's Crossley car at Bharatpur, December, 1921. On most of the big shoots arranged for the Prince in India, the Crossley cars used to take the Prince and Staff to the scene of the shoots. Then "pad" elephants would be mounted to take the party to the line of "howdah" elephants waiting in position.

Mr. P. F. Bowring, the Commissioner in Mysore, also wrote to me saying :

"I have heard the same thing about the elephants objecting to white mile posts and not objecting to black ones, or rather, if they happen to be white ones, they pull them up. Muttannah, the late Conservator of Forests, declared it was so."

The following notes from the chapter on elephants in "Of Distinguished Animals" will be of interest :

"Such scenes as those of which Captain (afterwards Sir) Cornwallis Harris tells in his 'Wild Sports of Southern Africa,' where, on one occasion, 'the whole face of the landscape was literally covered with elephants,' are not for every sportsman nowadays. The African elephant, it is true, is more often seen in the open and in numbers than its Asiatic relative ; for the latter is no lover of sunlight, but prefers the shadows of the forest thickets, where its great body is often so hard to see that Colonel MacMaster tells how once he waited for some time 'within a few feet, not yards' (so it is written) of a huge tusker, 'unable to see anything more than an indistinct dusky outline of the form,' until at last the elephant took alarm and, bolting, made good his escape.

"General Hamilton records how, when a party of hunters were creeping in Indian file upon a herd which they knew was close at hand, a cow elephant, hitherto unseen, thrust out her trunk and blew at the chest of the leading man so suddenly that he fell back into the arms of the man behind him.

"The African elephant in many districts haunts not the forests but open expanses of thick scrub or grass, no higher than itself, so that its back remains exposed to all the heat of the tropical sun ; but even then, so dense sometimes is the scrub or grass that, writing of East Equatorial Africa, Mr. Neumann says :

"'In such places you may hear and even smell the elephants ; but unless you approach within a few yards you are not likely to see them. And even when, by perseverance and caution, you have arrived almost within arm's reach, perchance only a foot, a forehead, or a waving ear may be visible.'

"As showing how easy it is for even a number of elephants to exist unseen in the tropical jungle ('as easy as for a rabbit at home'), Mr. Chapman cites the case of 'two Englishmen who had gone snipe shooting on a marsh bordered by narrow belts of heavy reeds. For some hours they had been shooting away merrily, when from these

reeds there emerged a whole herd of elephants quietly moving off in search of a less noisy siesta. . . .

"Happily, however, if the elephant is hard to see, it is, though possessed perhaps of the finest sense of smell of any animal, itself short-sighted. Were it not so, elephant shooting on foot would, as Mr. Neumann says, be 'almost equivalent to suicide.' Many a sportsman has owed his life to the fact that the great beast, infuriated and searching for his enemy, was unable to distinguish him from surrounding objects at a very short distance. Often an elephant, charging by scent, has crashed by the hunter, almost grazing him, having missed his point by a yard or two. Sometimes also the man appears to be saved only by being too close to his enemy to come within the range of its vision. 'They had not seen us, simply because we were so near,' writes Mr. Chapman, of one thrilling experience. 'As a matter of fact, the elephants all this time had been looking far beyond us—over our heads.'

"Even as it is, however, many authorities consider the elephant the most dangerous to hunt of all wild animals; and among the Sudanese it is said that a professional sword-hunter of elephants never dies in his bed, but always, sooner or later, under the feet and tusks of one of his adversaries. For, for all its bulk, an elephant is extraordinarily quick in movement, one having been timed to cover, in its queer shuffling trot, 120 yards in ten seconds; which is to say that the elephant could give the fastest human sprinter some 16 yards start in a 100 yards race and catch him at the winning post.

"The elephant's legs are different from those of any other animal, straight and columnar, excellently adapted to support its weight; and their shape, coupled with the fact that elephants so seldom lie down, was doubtless responsible for the old belief that they could not bend their limbs. So Shakespeare:

The elephant hath joints, but not for courtesy;
Its legs are for necessity, not flexure.

"It is still doubted whether they ever lie down in a wild state. Gordon Cumming thought that he found evidence, in marks upon the ground, that the adult bulls did stretch themselves out full length for a few hours' rest about midnight, but the young and the cows, he believed, remained always on their feet. Mr. Selous doubts whether even the old bulls lie down, and he has known a herd to keep moving and feeding throughout the twenty-four hours. 'Except when rolling in mud and water,' he thinks it likely that an African elephant 'never lies down during its whole life.' Cases, indeed, are known of elephants dying, and, after death, remaining standing.

"All authorities seem to agree that elephants 'sleep less and more lightly' than any other animal, and Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling estimates the period of slumber taken standing up to average about four hours in the twenty-four. But the life of an elephant is placid, and it is free from the worries of a conscience; so that though sleeping so little, and in spite of the continuous strain of supporting its huge bulk (the still lamented Jumbo weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons), it lives to an age almost great enough to justify the poet's fancy of the 'contemporary trees.' Aristotle said that elephants lived for 200 years, and he may not have exaggerated, for there seems to be an authentic record of one living to be 130 . . .

"It is perhaps curious that neither in the Old nor in the New Testament is the elephant directly mentioned in the canonical books of the Scriptures, though references to ivory are frequent enough from the time of Solomon onwards. In the Apocrypha, however, the elephant figures conspicuously. In the first Book of Maccabees we have details of the army of Antiochus Eupator, which included 'two and thirty elephants exercised in battle':

"'Moreover they divided the beasts among the armies, and for every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail and with helmets of brass on their heads; and, besides this, for every beast were ordained five hundred horsemen of the best . . .

"'And upon the beasts were there strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast to them with devices; there were also upon every one two and thirty strong men that fought upon them, beside the Indian that ruled him.'

"Thirty-two men on one elephant is doubtless an exaggeration, but the reference to the mahout, 'the Indian that ruled him,' is curious. Later in the same book we learn how Eleazar, the son of Mattathias, earned the surname Saravan, for that he 'crept under an elephant and thrust him under and slew him.'

"The elephant, then, was primarily a great engine of war, and in Oriental legend it is always a symbol of power and prowess in battle. It has not, however, always been a comrade in arms to be trusted. It was not only at the siege of Arcot, when the British bullets threw the elephants into panic and drove them back to spread havoc in their own ranks, that the 'castle-bearing elephant' has been more dangerous to his friends than to his enemies.

"Alexander, we are told, in invading India, found himself opposed by 'olyphauntes berynge castelles of trees on their bakkes,' but having fortunately been informed that the said 'olyphauntes' were afraid of pigs, he placed in the forefront of his fighting line a herd of swine, which were driven against the enemy, and the 'jarrynge

of ye pigges' so shook the nerves of the Behemoths that they fled incontinently and 'keste down ye castelles and slewe ye knyghtes.'

"Elephants are, indeed, afraid of many things smaller than themselves, as, according to the Vedas, of the sparrows; and there is Spenser's 'Elephant and the Ant.' Also they hate mosquitoes; but the most dreadful story of the obnoxiousness of the great beast to the attacks of puny enemies is that told by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck:

" 'In the middle of the night, perhaps about two o'clock, my old keeper awoke me with the news that one of the elephants was making a rattling noise in its throat and seemed to be ill. . . . An hour later another keeper knocked and brought a similar piece of information; this time I roused myself and was in the stables in a few minutes. But I was too late. One elephant lay dead and two others lay dying. An examination showed that the soles of the feet of the dead animal were gnawed through in several places, blood still flowing from the wounds. "Rats," said my old keeper, and so it proved to be; for the marks of their sharp teeth could be plainly recognised in the horny hide, and the dying elephants had similar injuries. Who could have foreseen such a danger? One can only learn those things from experience. There was wooden flooring in the stable, and under these planks the rats had made their nests. The next morning we slew nearly sixty of the assassins.'

"The destruction which elephants sometimes work in the forest is said to be almost incredible by one who has not seen it. Trees which are too big to be either pulled up with their trunks or pushed down with their foreheads, they uproot with their tusks. Sir Samuel Baker recorded seeing trees, 2 feet in circumference and over 30 feet high, torn up in this way, and there seems to be no doubt that the elephants help each other in their task and work co-operatively:

" 'For miles the forest was absolutely devastated—wrecked; huge trees overthrown, one upon another, their limbs rent asunder; cedars and cypresses, mimosas and acacias torn to shreds; the tall grass trampled flat; while amidst the ruin chewed branches and disgorged masses of bark and fibre everywhere littered the ground. We could plainly distinguish places where several elephants had worked collectively to overturn some extra strong tree.'

"How formidable a tool (or a weapon) the tusk may be, will be understood when it is remembered that the tusks of an African elephant may be 11 feet long and weigh 230 lbs. It is no exceptionally large bull which carries ivories from 7 feet to 9 feet long, and these may have anything up to, perhaps 7 tons of intelligently applied weight behind them. The Asiatic elephant is generally smaller than the African, rarely exceeding 9 feet 6 inches in height at the shoulder,

though specimens up to 11 feet do occur. A normally well-grown African male is only a few inches under the latter height, while they are said to reach the huge stature of over 13 feet. Many writers have pointed out, however, that even this portentous size is exaggerated in appearance as the wild elephant confronts the hunter in the 10-foot high elephant grass or other jungle ; for, when on the alert, the beast may stand a foot or two higher in front than at the shoulders, while the great ears (which in a large African elephant are themselves some 6 feet by 4 feet in dimensions) stand out on either side of the head. The whole brute, then, as seen from in front, may have an apparent surface of 13 feet or even more in height by upwards of 10 feet wide ; and what this means one can imagine by measuring the space roughly with the eye on the wall of any room—provided the room be large enough !

“There is no need to multiply examples of the bulk or might of the beast which—

lent to Alexander the strength of Hercules,
The wisdom of our foreheads, the cunning of our knees.

“Of all elephant stories surely the finest is that which tells how the standard-bearing elephant of the Peishwa won a great victory for its Mahratta lord. At the moment when the elephant had been told to halt, its mahout was killed. The shock of battle closed round it, and the Mahratta forces were borne back ; but still the elephant stood and the standard which it carried still flew, so that the Peishwa’s soldiers could not believe that they were indeed being overcome, and, rallying, in their turn drove the enemy backwards till the tide swept past the rooted elephant and left it towering colossal among the slain. The fight was over and won, and then they would have had the elephant move from the battlefield ; but it waited still for the dead man’s voice.

“Then (so the tale goes on)—

“‘For three days and nights it remained where it had been told to remain and neither bribe nor threat would move it, till they sent to the village on the Nerbudda, a hundred miles away, and fetched the mahout’s little son, a round-eyed, lisping child—and then at last the hero of that victorious day, remembering how its master had often in brief absence delegated authority to the child, confessed its allegiance and, with the shattered battle-harness clanging at each stately stride, swung slowly along the road behind the boy.’”

CHAPTER XV

THE KING COBRA, OR HAMADRYAD

(*Naia bungarus*, Boulenger)

BESIDES the incident of the Prince of Wales encountering and killing a king cobra in Nepal, another incident of an encounter with this reptile of notoriously evil reputation came to my personal notice. When we were Mahseer fishing in Mysore, Mr. Bowring's shikari put his foot on a large snake near the river, and quite close to a lot of long grass. It was the size and colour of the king cobra, and we all were of opinion that it was one. Mr. Eugen Van Ingen, the famous naturalist of Mysore, moreover, was of the same opinion. Incidentally the snake, which was probably sleeping, seemed to be as frightened as the terrified shikari, and after coiling itself round the man as rapidly uncoiled itself, and very quickly made off and crossed the river.

King cobras are often met with in the Mysore jungles; they are fond of water, and rarely found far from it. They lie in pools in hot weather, and evince no hesitation in entering creeks. They swim gracefully, and the damp places with long grass, such as that where Mr. Bowring and myself were fishing, are the kind of haunt for which they show a preference.

Much has been written about the aggressiveness with which the snake is credited, and on this account I have endeavoured to obtain authentic information from friends, and readers can draw their own conclusions from the evidence brought forward as to whether they make the unprovoked attacks on people which they are supposed to make or not.

The hamadryad is without doubt the most formidable reptile in India, and has been described as a "magnificent variety of the cobra, having no markings on it." On account of its large size, and still more, its fiercer habits, it is much more feared than the ordinary cobra, though fortunately less common.

INFORMATION REGARDING THE KING COBRA IN THE SOUTH OF INDIA

(1) Mr. T. R. Bell, C.I.E., late Chief Conservator of Forests of the Bombay Presidency, writes to me from Karwar, North Kanara,

South India, a letter which is so exceedingly interesting that I have no hesitation in quoting it in its entirety :

“The king cobra, or Hamadryad (*Naia bungarus*, Boulenger), known as *Ophiophagus elaps* (Gunther), when I first came to India, is of not uncommon occurrence in the North Kanara District in Bombay. It is called ‘Nagin’ by the inhabitants. During a residence here, practically constant, for the last forty years, I should say that I have actually seen a dozen or so, and heard of another twelve. My first acquaintance with one was on an occasion that produced, I believe, the first specimen ever kept by the Bombay Natural History Society. I was young in those days, and did not particularly notice much about it except that it was large, black with faintish yellow bands, and that everybody was very much afraid of it. It was brought in by a coolie here in Karwar from Gudehalli, a forest-clad hill close to the sea. Karwar is in the North Kanara District of the Bombay Presidency where I have resided most of my service.

“My second specimen was shot on the same hill, and we brought it down to skin for the Bombay Natural History Society, I and a friend who was staying here, H. S. Wise, who was much more interested in snakes than I was. He used to keep pet cobras and things that he would play about with. We laid the snake in a water-channel, head pointing down the slope, and Wise set to work to skin it. I suddenly saw a funny sort of, as I thought, tongue appearing out of the mouth, and drew W.’s attention to it ; then I laid hold of it and pulled. Out came the remains of a ten-foot python ! All the front half had been nearly totally digested, but judging by the position of the vent, it must have been about ten feet long when originally caught. We did not know much about a king cobra’s snake-eating habits in those days (notwithstanding the name *Ophiophagus*), and were considerably surprised. However, we learned better afterwards. The python had signs of the remains of a hare inside it.

“There is a record in the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society by E. H. Aitken (always known as E. H. A., or ‘Eha’ from his books) of the Salt Department, of a similar case on the Goa frontier, where one of the salt inspectors found a king cobra with a nine-foot python inside it. One day quite recently, here in Karwar, my motor boy came and told me there was a large snake down by the motor shed. He was always talking about snakes, rats and the like, so I did not pay much attention. It was about seven in the morning. I was writing. Shortly afterwards he came and told me there were two snakes. I got my gun and went down, and found quite a

crowd of people looking at a perpendicular 30-foot bank forming the inner side of the road, the bottom of a forest-clad hill on which our bungalows are. I soon became aware of a very fine king cobra, very black, blue-glossed in the morning light, with her tail curled round a rock at the entrance of a rabbit hole (or what looked like one) in the face of the cliff. She was lying with her hinder half or more on a very steep piece of earthy, weed-covered ground, the smaller half hanging free with the neck and head horizontal, or nearly so. From her mouth hung, perfectly straight down, a Russell's viper (*Daboia elegans*), caught by the front half of the head and both her jaws, closed, gripped by the cobra. She, the latter snake, was perfectly rigid, like a bar of steel, and did not seem to think anything of the dead weight, which must have been considerable, for the viper was $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and thick at that. Every now and then the cobra made a quick, short, grabbing motion with her head, presumably to get a further and more satisfying grip. It made rather a fascinating picture of wild life, both the aggressor and victim being in the glossiest of new skins. They were both iridescently new, with the grey-blue bloom of the newly-sloughed snake. As I approached the cobra drew back a bit with her whole body, but never showed the slightest sign of effort; she moved as easily and freely as if she had only her own weight to deal with. I shot them then; shot at the heads, and they fell into the road below at once. There was nothing else to do. I should have liked to have taken the king cobra alive, but had no appliances, and she would probably not have stayed until I had fetched them. I could not even fall upon her and catch her as I remember it was suggested I should have done many years before when I told an authority I had come across a hamadryad in the jungles. She was on the side of a cliff this time, and such a proceeding would have been impossible, given the greatest will in the world. As a matter of fact I do not altogether like poisonous snakes, and should never dream of handling one except with a very long stick. I skinned both these snakes; they were both females, and the viper had a decent-sized rat inside it; the king cobra was absolutely as thin as she well could be.

"H. M. Murray, of the Forests—he was Conservator then—found a pair of king cobras in possession of the Supa District Bungalow; they lived in a hole in the base of a white ants' heap, I believe. I say they were in possession because the caretaker would not remain and had cleared out. When Murray got there he could not see anything of them for some time. However, in the end he managed to shoot them both. I believe, as far as my recollection serves, that he enticed them out with a pan of milk. I have tried the same dodge

quite successfully with the ordinary cobras. Neither of these Supa cobras ever attacked anybody or attempted to do so.

"Another time, when I was living in the Forest Bungalow at Kadra, at the top of the tideway on the Kalinaddi River (Supa is above the Ghats on the junction of the Kalinaddi and the Pandrinaddi, some 1,500 feet high, also in big jungle country), where there is good forest, I had a visit from a pair of king cobras who took up their abode in a hole in the compound. We eventually managed to do for them with big sticks. They never attempted, either, to attack anybody that we could hear of.

"When in the middle of the Supa high forest country, doing the working plans of that part, I had a lot of men under me, including a body of surveyors. They came in breathless one day, and said they had been attacked and chased quite a long distance by an enormous nagin on the slopes of a deep ravine called the Nagzhari. They said nothing would induce them to go back there until it was killed. They had evidently had a bad time of it, for several of them were considerably bruised, while others were scratched all over from bolting through thorny bamboos. I had to go and patrol that bit of jungle for several days looking for the snake, as I wanted the survey work done as soon as possible. Of course I never saw the reptile. But it was quite a time before I could induce my men to go and finish the work there.

"Again, being on the subject of the aggressiveness of nagins, I remember a case in which W. R. Woodrow of the Forest Department, and Dick Wingate, as he was always called, of the Indian Survey, swore they had been attacked or chased in the dusk by one of these snakes when returning from a tiger beat through an evergreen somewhere near Sirsi. The shikari who was with them vouched for the fact too. There is no other evidence, however, and it has to remain at that. It is certain that Wingate lost a shoe which he never retrieved, and that Woodrow fell down in his efforts to get away. But it was getting late, it must have been very dusk in the evergreen, and from my knowledge of the manners and customs of men in those days, they would have had a couple of pegs before starting for home. Both, on the other hand, were old at the job (of shikar), neither of them had any idea of fear; they were both perfectly truthful in ordinary life; and last but not least, neither of them could possibly have been unduly influenced by a mere couple of pegs, however powerful.

"Still another case. W. E. Copleston,* then Divisional Forest

* Writing to me himself Copleston, who like all great sportsmen is very reticent, says: "Personally I have no evidence that the king cobra is really aggressive. I have not seen many, and have shot only four that I can remember. I have known natives refuse to beat a jungle for tiger, knowing that a pair of king cobras had been seen in the jungle."—B. C. E.

Officer in Kanara, was walking through some high grass, somewhere near Castle Rock, near the Goa Frontier one day. He had a rifle with him; indeed, I think he was stalking. A king cobra got up in front of him and only a few feet off. She (it was probably a female) sat up with her hood out and looked extremely aggressive. He fired from his hip and, luckily, shot her. He then found she was sitting on eggs, or had eggs close by. Castle Rock seems rather a good place for these snakes. Wasey, of the railway, once got one there with thirty-seven eggs, I think it was. She had the eggs in a heap of dead leaves.

"Two days after I killed the snake that had nabbed the viper, I went up to the Gudehalli Bungalow, a sort of country seat of mine, and was walking up to the Peak above it when I put up another that was the exact counterpart of the one shot down below. It was similarly new and black, and about 12 feet long.

"At Talewaddi, on the Goa frontier, on the Customs Line between Castle Rock and Anshi, I was one day walking along a footpath through a bit of evergreen above a running nullah, looking for caterpillars. Suddenly there was a violent rustle and a loud noise of sliding, and I saw the largest king cobra I ever clapped eyes on leaving rapidly. She was very thick, very yellow, and must have measured at least 15 feet. The ordinary sort of size we get in Kanara is from 12 to 14 feet. This particular snake must have been within a foot of me when she started. I was standing still examining the leaves of a bush, otherwise she would have probably remained doggo, and I should have been none the wiser.

"In my working-plans days I lived for months in the bed of the Kalinaddi River, where it flows in a deep valley with forest-clad slopes directly from its banks to a height of 1,500 feet. The bed is very rocky in the non-monsoon months, but there is always lots of water, even running water, that rushes impetuously through 'gates' in the dykes where there is a sudden fall, or murmurs languorously over pebbly beds where the ground slopes gently between the dark deep pools. The trees come down to the very edge, and often actually grow in the water, besides which there are many islands where they grow large and thickly in the well-moistened soil, beautifully cool and shady in the hottest months of the year. My work used constantly to take me along the banks for miles and miles, an ordinary morning's walk being from ten to twenty miles, including the hill work. I had several times noticed a sort of small cave among the boulders at one point, and a snake's face peering out of it. Every time I passed, or practically every time, there the face was; and it would start back or gradually withdraw, according to circumstances: always quickly

when I happened to heave in sight suddenly. I invariably carried a .500 Express rifle, and always loaded. One day, it must have been the fifth or sixth time of asking, the snake happened to be much further out of the hole than in, and I was able to have a shot at it. I hit it all right, but it made off amongst the boulders. I followed and tried to catch it. It never turned or attempted to defend itself, and I finally nearly cut it in two with another bullet. It was 14 feet long and very dark. I dragged it three miles home to my camp and skinned it. I extracted the fangs; the poison glands were enormous. I examined the fangs, and threw them into a little pool by the side of which I was operating. The little fishes, of which there were lots, immediately went for them and ate everything they could tear off the poison sacs. It seemed to agree with them! I remember I also pricked my finger with the very end of a fang, and of course thought I was as good as dead. However, nothing happened at all. Presumably I had not even gone deep enough for anything to get into the blood; or, perhaps, there was not enough poison left to do any harm? The Bombay Natural History Society wanted skins in those days, but I am ashamed to say that I never sent them that one or any other. Such is life!

"It is rather surprising that in all one's jungle life one has seen so few king cobras. If they were very aggressive I fancy one must have seen many more. As a matter of fact I fancy that, like every other snake, they keep clear of possible enemies and get out of the way whenever they can. I do not believe there is one of the lot that is really aggressive until attacked or bullied. The ordinary common cobra will turn in such cases. I have had one go for me that I dug out of a hole in the ground after pinching him one or twice to see whether he was not a bird! I was after the eggs of a *Mellitophagus swinhœi* (Hume), a very pretty bee-eater that abounds in the sandy beds of the Kanara rivers. I saw a bird come out of this particular hole, and naturally concluded there would be eggs in it, which I at that time wanted. I put my hand in, but it did not reach far enough. So I dug away a bit and tried again. I could just feel something and pushed. There was a hiss, and I of course withdrew my hand hurriedly. But that was mere instinct. I was not thinking about snakes at all. All bee-eaters, kingfishers and things that make their nests in holes hiss when touched. So I dug a bit more and tried again. This time I took hold of whatever it was and tried to pull. It felt very hard and cold and disagreeable. I thought it might be a young bird! Instinctively, all the same, I was sure that it was not. It was not the parent bird, of that I was sure, for there was no feel of feathers. Luckily, perhaps, for me I refused to again put my hand

in. My companion—I was with another man—wanted me to do so. Somehow I thought I would rather not, and dug out the hole. I had not quite finished doing it with a stick when the cobra came rushing out very quickly. It got on its legs at once, erected the forepart and spread its hood and went for my companion, I am glad to say. He had a gun, and was some way away, which enabled him to shoot it. Luckily he was loaded, for we had been walking down the river bed and expected jungle-fowl or something. We were ornithologists in those days, and always carried loaded guns for specimens. That cobra was evidently angry, probably fed up at being disturbed, and had a good meal of bee-eater's eggs and perhaps thought we meant to do it some harm. Anyway I am certain that it really meant to attack the man who was with me.

“Another day I was with a companion who saw a cobra (the ordinary one again), and ran after it to try and kill it with a stick. It bolted into some thick stuff by the side of the road we were on, and he followed it. He got caught up in creepers while doing this and trying to hit it. It suddenly ups with its head, and turned on him—went for him in fact. He could not strike because of the thickness of the growth, so beat a hasty retreat on to the road, where it followed him. There he dispatched it, still with its head up.

“In the same way I am quite sure that a king cobra would, given the provocation, attack a man. Without it, no. Unless of course the snake happened to have eggs about. There is no telling what any beast will not do in defence of its progeny, even when they are still only eggs. I once knew of a female bustard quail—it was a male, as a matter of fact, in all probability—that attacked two overgrown men with vigour and pecked their legs repeatedly, the cause being, upon investigation, a brood of little ones only just out of the egg.

“Snake charmers are fond of king cobras when they can get them. They do not often succeed in making a capture. They say that they are not fierce—but this is not for the public. They will tell you ordinarily that they *are* fierce and angry and dangerous, all there is that is bad and wicked. However, in private, when you meet them (the charmers, not the snakes) in the jungles where they catch them, it is different. They say that if you catch the snake by the tail he will not turn, will not attempt to bite you; that it just does all it knows to get away. I heard this the other day too from one of the Kunbi inhabitants of Gudehalli village, on the hill mentioned at the beginning of all this; he said he had caught one by the tail a week before, and held it while his brother killed it with a stick.

“One particular snake charmer I met at Supa in 1914 had the most beautiful female king cobra with him that I ever saw; he had, he said,

caught it some days before. He had extracted its fangs and fed it on oil and water—coconut oil, which he declared was quite sufficient in the way of food, and had a soothing effect upon lacerated gums! He brought the snake out of a sack and showed it to us. It was a really regal looking beast when it sat up with its lopsided hood expanded. He made it sit up, and it was a couple of feet high, held itself quite rigid and perfectly motionless, its bright eyes shining under a brow that somehow reminded one strongly of an eagle; and remained like that for twenty minutes or more, only turning its head very slowly and deliberately at long intervals. It ought to have had a crown on, it looked so high-bred and disdainful. Its colour was a golden yellow with the bands lighter, and it gave the impression of clean glossiness. The man implied that they did not strike as does a common cobra when irritated. He played music to it in the ordinary way, but it did not sway itself about at all."

(2) My friend, Mr. T. S. Pipe, who also resides in the same district, writes :

"My own experience of the king cobra is limited. In the rocky bed of the Kaneri River, a tributary of the Kalinaddi, I once stepped down from a large boulder very nearly on top of a king cobra. It made the usual low hissing noise, and moved off as fast as it could. I did the same; but as nearly as possible in the opposite direction. As it moves it makes a purring sound, the result of the movement of the scales, I suppose. It always reminds me of the sound which a mechanical toy makes.

"Another day some coolies discovered one coiled high up in a bamboo. They stoned it, and cut the bamboo down, and I killed it, but it never made any attempt to attack.

"On another occasion I was out with Marjoribanks of the Forestry Service. We were thirsty (it was in the Rains in North Kanara, among the foothills below the Ghat), and had a race to a stream where we frequently used to drink. There was a flat stone where one could drink fairly comfortably. I got there first, and nearly stepped on to a king cobra curled up on the very stone. I moved off with fair alacrity, and we cut two sticks. I then returned and gave the snake a terrific slash, and, to my surprise, it only moved about 18 inches of its body—the head end. I noticed that the body was very thin, and really was merely a skeleton with a skin on. When I hit it the blow sounded hollow. Anyhow, I laid it out with two blows on its neck and head. I then examined it to find the cause of its slackness. It was evidently dying, and the process presumably

was from the tail towards the head. All I could see was a small bloodless wound on the underneath side of the body, about half way along."

(3) Mr. Eugene M. Van Ingen, the naturalist of Mysore, writes to me from Bissal Munti, Mysore, as follows :

"A brother of mine had a most exciting experience with a very large hamadryad in the Kadur district. He saw it on a small tree and decided at once to capture it alive. Cutting a long bamboo and making a noose from a thick tuft of hair from his pony's tail, he soon noosed the snake. A mistake he made was to prevent the noose slipping too tight and strangling the snake. When he found he could not get it off the tree he had the tree cut down, and with the help of some coolies, who poked the snake with bamboos, he induced it to get into the open. Being a fisherman, his idea was to play the snake till it was thoroughly exhausted, when its capture would have been quite easy.

"The snake, which was by this time in a great state of excitement after all this worrying, was making frantic lunges at him, the bamboo bending like a rod till the snake was within a yard or two of him. Had it only kept this up he would soon have captured it ; but the snake changed its tactics, and getting its head round the bamboo twig, broke it short about a foot from the tip. Then there was trouble. It went for everybody at sight, and my brother had an extraordinary escape. It eventually got into the thick jungle, where he could not follow and kill it with a stick.

"On another occasion one of these snakes went for him, and more than two hours afterwards he returned to the same place with a shot gun, thinking he might meet the snake ; and strange to say, when he reached the spot the snake erected its head over the shrub to look round, and he promptly bagged it.

"Another brother of mine, while stalking bison in Kollengode, down south, found a fine specimen dead which must have been killed during the night, probably by a larger king cobra. He then came to a small pool of water and saw what he imagined was the head of a murrel disappearing under a rock in the water. Thinking of having fish for dinner, he got a long stick and pushed it under the rock. You can imagine his and the trackers' surprise when, instead of a murrel, a king cobra dashed out. Fortunately its one idea was to get away, or somebody would have been bitten, as trackers were in the pool.

"I got a skin a short time ago from a young officer who was

shooting the Kadur district. He said the snake jumped off a bridge, and got into a nullah just as it was getting dark. Thinking it was a python he followed up and killed it with a stick. He said the snake rose up in front of him, and he was very lucky to kill it.

"I do not think the king cobra is extra savage when on eggs. Every snake is loth to leave its eggs for the simple reason that it cannot get well over them again. Perhaps the female king cobra may be extra savage when the eggs are hatched."

(4) Colonel Batten, of Edmonstone, Kodaikanal, Madura District, South India (whose experiences in Burma will be found below), procured for me the following information about the habits of the king cobra from Dr. A. S. Wilson, of the same place. The latter writes :

"Some twenty years ago, with a couple of friends at Kholapur, I was beating up the bushes for quail when one of my friends saw a king cobra, about 30 feet from him, coiled up at the base of a bush. He covered it with his gun and shouted to us to come over, but before we had gone ten steps the snake started to attack him, and he was obliged to shoot it. It measured about 14 feet long. Whether or not it was a female guarding her nest, I cannot say, but the reputation of these snakes in that region is that they will attack without provocation."

(5) Mr. G. T. Mawson, of Bombay, sends me a letter from Mr. J. Counsell, who is a great shikari. He says :

"I shot a hamadryad once with a charge of No. 4 shot. I was seated on the ground at a beat, expecting jungle fowl and other small game, when the cobra came straight towards me. I was in a sitting position at the time, and jumped up. The snake had not seen me till I moved, and he immediately turned and tried to bolt. I shot him. He did not attempt or threaten an attack.

"On another occasion I was coming into Poona from Satara, by tonga, and was sitting alongside the driver, when he left the road and drove across some fields—very rough ground—to make a detour. I assumed some road or some bridge was under repair, but as we progressed I saw no evidence of it, and when we regained the pukkha road I asked the driver why he had left the main road, and he said a king cobra had her nest on a tree alongside the road, and attacked persons using it. I stayed in Poona with a Mr. Gordon and told him the story, and he went out a couple of days later to investigate. He

found the place and approached the tree to within ten yards, but there was no movement from the nest, which was clearly visible. He fired a shot (No. 4 shot) at it, and the king cobra fell out so badly wounded that it could not move at any speed, so he killed it. He said he thought the snake tried to get at him when it lay wounded below the nest, but was unable to move. He had approached within 10 to 15 feet before it made such an attempt. He found a number of eggs in the nest.

"The natives certainly believe the hamadryad on its nest will attack, but I have read sportsmen's stories to the contrary. The king cobra will attack and devour the common cobra."

(6) Major C. H. Stockley, D.S.O., of Razmak, N.W.F. Province, who has had a considerable amount of experience with hamadryads, writes to me, saying :

"I think the tales of their making unprovoked attacks are exaggerated, although they undoubtedly do so at times.

"The first hamadryad I ever met was at the base of the Nilgiris, on a coffee plantation, and it dropped out of a creeper-covered tree about 25 yards away, and came straight for me and my companion, the owner of the estate, who shot it with my gun, which he happened to be carrying at the time. This was a female, over 12 feet long. I believe these unprovoked attacks are invariably made by females or a mating pair."

IN BURMA

(1) Regarding the occurrence of the hamadryad in Burma, Major Stockley writes :

"I came on, at least a dozen hamadryads in the course of three months' shooting in the Magwe district of Upper Burma at the beginning of the rainy season in 1914, and three of these were at very close quarters; yet they went off quite peacefully. Again, as I crossed back into Burma from Siam at the end of April, 1920, the first snake I came across was a hamadryad which I disturbed from among some dead leaves. I expected an attack, as it was not three yards away, but it also went off.

"Again at Mettapalaiyam in (I think) 1902, the Deputy Commissioner was holding court under a large banyan tree, and after over an hour's session noticed several of the natives round him continually glancing up into the boughs above him. Looking up himself, he saw a large snake coiled up in the branches, and sending for a gun,

shot it. It proved to be a large hamadryad. This was told me soon after by a European witness of the incident as an instance contradicting the proverbial pugnacity of the species.

"There was an article on hamadryads in the middle Irrawadi districts, where they are plentiful, published in the *Rangoon Gazette* in 1914, and the writer gave an account of two hamadryads which took up their residence under a culvert a short distance from the Pakekku club, and on the main road leading to it. As far as I remember, they were said to have killed a club servant, a syce, and a pony before they were killed by the combined efforts of several Europeans armed with shot guns.

"The most curious incident I ever had with a hamadryad was in the Tounghwindgyi district, in Upper Burma, in July, 1914. I was out after sambhur, and passing through some bamboo jungle saw what I thought was the horn of a sambhur passing behind a low ridge about 40 yards away, the rest of the animal being, I thought, concealed by the ridge. I ran round the end of the ridge to cut off the sambhur, and found myself within 20 yards of a large hamadryad which was progressing quite fast with more than half its length raised vertically from the ground. Its head was certainly seven feet from the ground, as it was at least level with the top of my topi, and I am, as you know, well over six feet. I have heard of the African black mamba progressing in this fashion, and was distinctly sceptical on the subject, in spite of Caldwell's plate in 'Jack of the Bushveldt,' illustrating an incident of this nature. The mamba is said to do this to raise its head above the level of the long grass; but in the case of this hamadryad there was no long grass, the ground being a small and fairly open flat in bamboo jungle on the edge of a small ravine. I have seen a green pit-viper (*Lachesis gramineus*) raise itself off the ground to reach an overhanging spray of bamboo until only about 6 inches of its length remained in a half-circle on the ground to support it, and it then drew itself up into the bamboo; but this was quite a different case, as the hamadryad was going quite fast and passed me at about 20 yards in the above-described position."

(2) Major J. Taylor, D.S.O., I.M.S., of the Pasteur Institute, Rangoon, sends me a letter which Colonel Fuller Good kindly furnished at my request. He says:

"About December, 1904, the late Fielding Hall and myself were shooting near Kameghmundaw in Sajaing district. One afternoon while resting we heard a hullabaloo at the village, and a runner came and told us a king cobra had chased a little girl into the village and

was then hiding near some firewood. We went along, and got a female 12 feet 3 inches in length. I sent the head to Colonel G. H. Evans at Rangoon. The little girl was terribly frightened, and Fielding Hall as D.C. called the reptile a small panther, and gave her a reward of Rs. 10.

“What had happened was that she had gone out among the ruins of some old pagodas which abound everywhere at Kameghmundaw, to gather firewood, and was chased back to the village, a distance of over 200 yards, by the king cobra.”

Colonel Fuller Good added that his own experience was that this reptile bolts like other snakes, but turns when attacked. He says he saw one five months ago at Thayetingo which submitted fairly quietly to be killed by Burmans.

(3) Colonel Batten, of Kodaikanal, writes :

“In 1906 I was stationed in Burma and often used to go out shooting. One day I was out shooting quail. The country was flat, with a good many small bushes and grass. I was near a clump of palmyra trees when I heard a loud hiss which brought me to a halt. I looked around to see whatever had made the noise, and at first could not see anything. I started to move again, and was greeted with the same noise. Looking carefully around I saw some palmyra leaves on the ground, and while looking at them I saw what I had thought to be the stalk of one of the leaves move and sway a bit sideways, and then realised a few feet in front of me was sitting a large king cobra with his head extended, objecting to any movement on my part, so I shot him. He was almost 8 feet long.

“On another occasion I was at Falam, in the Chin hills, in 1896. Outside my hut was a deep hole used as a latrine. It was built out like a little summer house. While I was sitting there a large snake which proved to be a king cobra came down from the roof and hung on the doorway. Seeing me, it turned its head towards me and swayed towards me, hissing. I yelled for my orderly to bring a gun and shoot it, which he did. I did not attempt to interfere with the reptile all the time it hung in the doorway. All I could do was to sit back as far as I could, feeling all the time that he might slip down and get me.”

(4) Mrs. Forbes Knapton, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Henry A. Forbes Knapton, I.M.S., who has lately retired from India, and whose latter years were spent in the Bombay Presidency, writes to me :

"I remember a friend of mine, the wife of a well-known General, relating an experience of hers to me. They were stationed in Burma at the time, where hamadryads are plentiful, and were moving to another station. Everything was packed, but my friend thought she would take a look round the house in case anything should be left behind. She went into her store-room, where there were high shelves above her head, but she could just with her hand search them, and this she did, feeling among the bits of paper lying there. Suddenly she felt something which she lifted right up, and very soon dropped when she felt it wriggle, knowing it must be a snake! She went off for her husband, who came back with her with his gun, prepared to shoot the snake. But it was no longer on the shelf. However, after a little search the enemy was discovered behind the door, trying to escape. The General killed him, and it proved to be a very fine specimen of king cobra! He was changing his skin, and I suppose that was why no attack was made. It was a marvellous escape for the General's wife, and I think few ladies can boast of having actually held a king cobra in their hand."

(5) Mr. G. T. Mawson writes to me, saying that he had referred my questions to a friend of his who had been in India twenty-four years, and spent a great deal of his time in Burma. His reply was that he had never known of anybody actually being followed and attacked by a king cobra, and although it was his firm belief that they would always get out of one's way, he nevertheless said that this belief was ridiculed by the Burman, who asserted definitely that king cobras would follow, track and attack.

IN THE NORTH OF INDIA

(1) Colonel A. E. Ward, of Kashmir, writes to me :

"There are a good many hamadryads between Haldwani (under Naini Tal) and the Sarda River, and when out shooting we killed a few during our beats when on elephants. Frank Mitchell hit one once with a stick when it was going over the parapet wall of the Naini Tal road, but it did not attack, and was afterwards shot. On one occasion we killed one swimming.

"I was told by a strictly accurate Forest Officer that a king cobra came towards him and expanded its hood, but as my friend had no stick or gun in his hand he stepped back. By the time his gun bearer came up the snake had vanished."

(2) Mr. J. C. Ridland, a member of the committee of the Bombay Natural History Society, quotes from a friend of his, who says :

“ I have only seen one king cobra : it hesitated as to what it would do, and then went for its hole like greased lightning ! The pace it went was far faster than any snake I have ever seen, and in rough jungle where a man cannot move fast it might hustle him a bit. I believe that the story of their attacking is well founded.”

Mr. Ridland tells me that he remembers reading an article in *The Times of India* about king cobras attacking two men on the golf course. He remarks : “ Whether it happened after tiffin or before was not stated ! ”

(3) Colonel F. Wall, C.M.G., C.M.Z.S., I.M.S., the great authority on snakes in India, to whom I wrote, replied :

“ It is curious that you should have thought of writing about the hamadryad, for I have just written an exhaustive paper on the snake and sent it to the Bombay Natural History Society. I had notes extending back twenty-eight years, much too voluminous to write *in extenso*.”

(4) Major F. C. Fraser, I.M.S., who has met the hamadryad five times in his wanderings after dragon-flies, wrote to me giving me some very interesting information which he supplied to Colonel Wall, and on that account I refrain from quoting him. The conclusion to be drawn from his evidence, however, is that sometimes the snake attacks and chases people (one time it actually came down the road after Major Fraser's car), and at other times it makes off at a great pace.

(5) Dr. T. Bainbrigge Fletcher, the Director of the Agricultural Research Institute, Pusa, Bihar, writes to me saying :

“ They (king cobras) seem to be fairly common along the lower slopes of the Nilgiris. One day when we were motoring in the Nilgiri, below Condalun, we came upon a large dark-coloured snake, about 10 feet long, on the road, presumably a king cobra. The wheel of the car went over its tail, and it emitted a loud hiss, and made off up the bank above the road. We stopped the car, but it had fled. Of course, I can't say definitely that it *was* a king cobra. Possibly it may have been a large rat-snake.

“Major Fraser told me that when he was motoring down this Condalun Ghat road, above Condalun, a king cobra came and reared itself up in the road to attack the car as it went by. He showed me the exact locality, but we saw nothing of it on the day we went down this road.”

(6) His Highness the Maharaja of Dhar writes to me from the Palace, Dhar, enclosing matters regarding the habits of cobras in his State. Though it does not deal with king cobras it is of interest to add it here :

“Cobra will not attack as a general rule. If they see somebody coming they will try to get away, even though there be a small space. If anybody provokes them or accidentally treads upon them they will attack that person. Some members of the Kalbelias tribe—snake-charmers—said that when they sleep in their small huts or so-called tents they often notice that a cobra has passed over their or their children’s bodies at night without taking any notice of them. Cobras in these parts (Dhar States, C.I.) are not revengeful at all, like their brethren in the Deccan, where, I am told, that if anybody points out even a finger towards him, the cobra concerned will remember the fact and take revenge, *i.e.*, will attack the person unprovokedly some other time. In short, he will attack any person. If the man kills him, well and good ; but if he escapes by any chance he is more harmful then, and is likely to remember the event for quite six months (and try to take his revenge).

“There is a practice in these parts to burn a snake and cobras, so killed, with a piece of linen, and I have also heard that there is common belief that if a person sees the mating of the cobras he should throw a sheet of cloth over them, kill them, and then burn them together with a silver coin—a rupee—in their mouth. When the cobras are reduced to ashes that coin should be taken out and put in a safe, or treasury—the idea being that, if this is done, your wealth goes on multiplying and never diminishes !”

OTHER AUTHORITIES

In Vol. XV. of the *Journal* of the Bombay Natural History Society, the following communication appears from Mr. W. R. Noble :

“I am sending you for identification a snake which bit a coolie woman whilst she was plucking leaf on our tea estate. The woman died about twenty minutes after being bitten. It appears the snake instituted an unprovoked attack on the woman, seizing her by the

leg and hanging on, but not attempting to wind round her body. The woman was absolutely paralysed with fear, and apparently did nothing to try and free herself. The other coolie women, who were plucking the same plot of tea, at once went off to get help, but it was not until some coolie men arrived on the scene that the snake released its hold and made off. The men gave chase, and managed to kill it, and they assert that when pressed the snake attacked them.

"I should feel much obliged if you would kindly enlighten me on the following points : (1) What kind of snake it is. (2) Whether it is usual for this kind of snake to attack people, and why it hung on so long to the woman's leg. It had hold of her for quite eight minutes, and could easily have let her go had it so wished, because it did so immediately the men approached it. (3) Whether the snake is venomous, or if the woman simply died of fright. I am not inclined to believe the latter myself, because she was a strong healthy woman, and seemed quite reassured when I told her that the snake was not venomous.

"The symptoms were : much pain and swelling of the part bitten, vomiting, difficulty in breathing, total prostration, and then death.

"The length of the snake was 10 feet 1 inch ; circumference, thickest part, 11½ inches. Prompt measures were taken by my doctor Babu to try and save the woman's life."

To this the editors append the note :

"The snake is undoubtedly a hamadryad or king cobra (*Naia bungarus*)—which is noted for its ferocity—although fortunately not often to such an extent as the above. It may possibly have had its nest somewhere in the vicinity, which might account for its exceptional fierceness."

The same *Journal* has published, from time to time, a number of communications referring to the general habits of the hamadryad. See especially Vol. XIV., No. 3, p. 409 (Vet. Captain G. H. Evans) ; Vol. VII., p. 257 (Mr. George K. Wasey) ; Vol. XII., p. 589 (Mr. A. M. Primrose) ; and Vol. XIV., p. 629 (Mr. E. H. Aitken).

From all the foregoing, the conclusions seem to me inevitable that the king cobra, by its deadliness and the size to which it grows, has become invested in native tradition with greater ferocity than it really possesses. A creature so formidable, having so few enemies to fear, must naturally be less timid than a weaker animal whose life is one of continual danger. None the less, the hamadryad's normal

instinct when confronted by man is to escape. They cannot, moreover, be in the habit of attacking large animals : if they were, they would exterminate them from the jungles which they frequent. Well authenticated cases of their making unprovoked attacks on human beings are evidently very rare. When they do so, it is probably always because they consider themselves or their nests to be threatened, and they are really attacking in self-defence. Very much weaker things than the king cobra will fight under similar conditions.

GLOSSARY

THE following is a glossary of some words occurring in the preceding pages which may be unfamiliar to readers :

ATTA (properly Átá). Flour. As a bait used in fishing, a paste made of wheat flour.

BABU (Bábu). An honorific mode of address ; usually translated “gentleman,” but now used to denote an ordinary office clerk. (*Cf.* the use of “Sir” by a master addressing a small boy.)

BANDOBAST (pronounced “bundobust”). Arrangement, settlement. Perhaps “staff-work” is the best equivalent we have for it.

BANIA. A trader (by casté or calling), mostly of grain ; and “moneylender,” *par excellence* !

BHISTI (properly Bihishtí, but generally pronounced “beasty”). A water carrier. (Mohammedan, derived from Bihisht = Heaven, *cf.* Aquarius ; but used now for any qualified bearer of water, to and from the household.)

CHINKARA (Chinkára). The Indian gazelle, lit. the “Sneezer.” The warning cry of the Indian gazelle is a sharp sneeze or hiss. (The word should really be *chikara*, which is what it is called in vernacular writing.)

CHOTA. Little. Chota Hazri—little breakfast (*petit déjeuner*). Chota Peg—a small drink, generally whiskey (or brandy) and soda.

CHOWKIDAR. A watchman.

DHUI. A female elephant kept for breeding purposes.

DHUN. (Nepal.) A wooded valley in the foot-hills of the Himalaya.

GHEE. Clarified butter.

GOONDA. A lone male elephant.

GUDEELA. A large mattress-like cushion used on a “pad” elephant.

GUR. Sugar in a raw state, produced (by boiling) from sugar cane ; and looking rather like a lump of maple sugar. (The “r” is very liquid, and the word becomes “gul” in some dialects.)

HOWDAH. The structure containing seats on which one (not the mahout) rides on an elephant. (*See also* Pad.)

IDGAH. A Mohammedan place of worship, in the form (generally, if not always) of a long wall and platform, oriented in the usual (for India) westerly direction.

JAT (Ját). A Hindu tribe inhabiting the Delhi and neighbouring districts, and one of the classes enlisted as soldiers in the Indian Army. (The word is also, and frequently, used to denote merely “caste” or “kind.”)

JHEEL (Jhíl). A marshy lake.

JUNGLE. The opposite of inhabited land ; it may be either a pathless forest, or a mere stretch of uncultivated grass and scrub.

KACHA (or Katcha ; but properly Kachchá). Unripe, raw, crude, half-done. Of roads, unmetalled. The opposite to “pukha” (properly pakká), a word which includes any of the three processes of ripening, cooking, and digesting ; and may, perhaps, best be summed up by the English word “thorough.”

KEDDAH. Of doubtful origin. It probably arose in Mysore from a Canarese word *Kédár*, a field or park (in Sanskrit, a meadow). Used specifically to signify the enclosed space into which elephants are driven for capture.

KHABAR (or "Khubber"). News—especially news of the whereabouts of wild animals. (The well-known word "khabardár," of course, comes from this—indicating a person with his wits about him, *i.e.*, on the *qui vive*).

KOONKIE. A tame elephant (used for catching wild elephants).

KUKIES. A forest tribe.

KUKRI. A curved knife broadening at the end—the inner edge being the cutting edge—used by the Gurkhas.

LATHI (Láthí). A long cudgel, similar to a quarterstaff.

MACHAN (Machán). Raised platform, especially a raised platform in a tree or elsewhere from which the sportsman may command a view of the game.

MAHAJAN (Mahájan). A banker; one who finances any operation. (The primary meaning of the word is simply "a great person.")

MAHAL (or Mahál). A place, or area. Used for a tract of land leased out for elephant catching, and so for the operation itself. Also used to indicate a revenue area.

MAHALDAR (or Maháldar). The lessee of a revenue area or *mahal*, or the lessee of an area for elephant catching. *See* Mahal.

MAHOUT. One who rides on and controls, or has charge of, an elephant.

MAHSEER. The "Indian salmon"; a large species of Barbel (or of the genus *Barbus*) belonging to the carp family.

MAHUA. *See* Mhowa.

MASHAK. The water-skin used by a *bhisti*. Readers of Kipling will remember Gunga Din's "Mussock."

MELA (Méla). A fair. (Primarily, a concourse of people.)

MHOWA (or Mahua, or Mhowra). A handsome oak-like tree (*Bassia latifolia*), bearing a very strong-smelling, sickly sweet, deciduous flower with a fleshy edible *corolla*. Alcoholic drink is extensively made from the flower ("country-spirit"); and diversion into power-alcohol is now under contemplation.

MIKHANA. A tuskless male elephant.

MOUZADAR. The holder of a village, whether by lease or otherwise. (*Mouza* = village.)

MUHARRIR. A clerk or writer; an accountant.

MUSTH (properly "mast": pronounced "must"). The seasonal sexual disturbance in male elephants. Used of a human being it commonly means "intoxicated" or sometimes "mad."

NARKAT. Treeless jungle, half grass, half weed, often of great height.

NEEM (Ním: also found in the forms "Nimb" and "Limb"). A tree (*Melia azadirachta*) abundant throughout India. The leaves are often used as an ingredient in curry, and also have a place in Hindu religious ceremonials.

NILGHAİ (lit. "blue cow"). The Nilghai (*Boselaphus tragocamelus*), a species of large antelope.

NULLAH (anglicised from nála). A ditch; commonly a dry water course.

PAD (English). The cushion, forming a sort of saddle, on which one (not the mahout) rides on an elephant when there is no howdah.

PAGRI (Puggari, also Pagadi). Turban: head-cloth.

PAHARIA. Pahar, a hill; so, the language used by "hillmen," generally the inhabitants of the Eastern Himalayan foot-hills.

PETTIDAR. A revenue term indicating the lessee of a small area: a farmer.

PHAND. A noose used in roping elephants.

PHANDI. An elephant catcher. Also used of skilled attendants of elephants. (*See* Phand.)

PUG (or Pag). Footmark, footprint: especially the spoor of game.

PUKKHA (properly Pakká). Ripe, thorough, genuine, good ; the opposite to Kacha (q.v.).

RAJ-KUMAR. Crown Prince. Kumar means "boy": so Raj-Kumar is a princely boy, usually specifically the heir to the throne.

SAIS (or Syce). A groom.

SAL (Sál). A forest tree (*Shorea robusta*), especially common along the base of the Himalayas. It is closely associated in tradition with the personality of Buddha.

SAMBHUR. *Cervus unicolor*. The largest of Indian Cervidæ.

"SHABASH" (Shábásh). "Well done!" "Bravo!"

SHIKAR. A Persian word denoting hunting, and used in India to express all kinds of the pursuit of game and fish, hawking, hog-hunting, etc. Also used, objectively, of the result of the chase or pursuit ; and prisoners of war, even, have been termed "shikar"! The word "sport" may, perhaps, give the most comprehensive translation of the word.

SHIKARI. A hunter, etc. (See Shikar.)

SODAGAR (or Saudágar). Trader, merchant : by calling not caste.

TAMASHA (Tamásha). Entertainment (song, dance), ceremonial show, rough and tumble show ; and so fun and noise generally, and in a bad sense "fuss"!

TONGA. A light two-wheeled carriage.

TOPI. A hat : especially the sun-hat of pith or similar material.

ZAMINDAR (Zamindár). A holder of land (zamin) : in some parts specifically a landlord of high position, like a Highland "laird."

NOTE.—In these pages the common spelling of "sambhur" and "nilghai" has been retained, but there is strictly no place for an "h" in either word.

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